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The Judge Who Shot Down the Gun-Makers • Fashion Preview

Are Judith Regan and Monica Lewinsky the Same Person? By Michael Wolff

APRIL 5, 1999

NEW YORK

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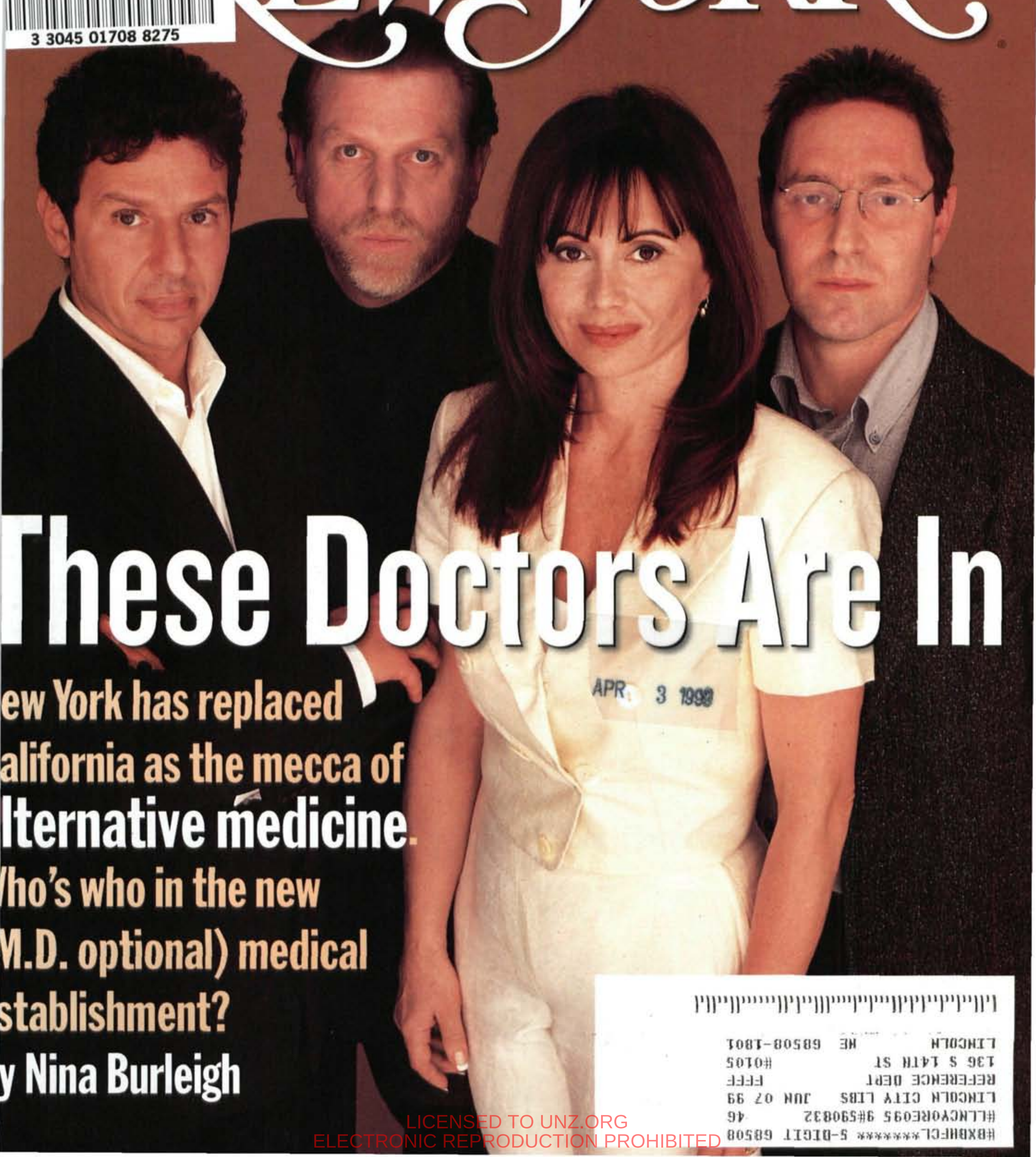

These Doctors Are In

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M.D. optional) medical
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y Nina Burleigh

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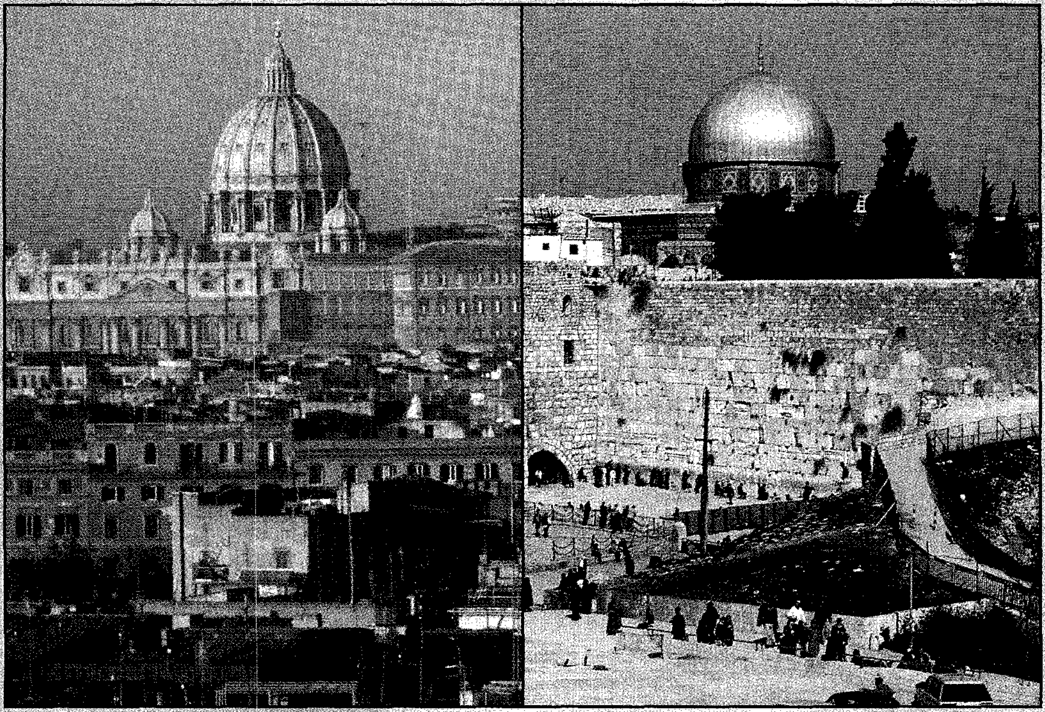

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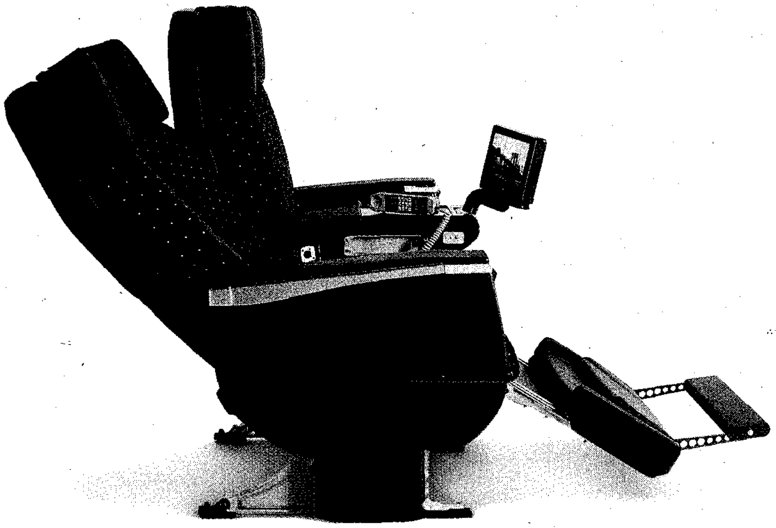

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>
> RON HOFFMAN, M.D., PAGE 22

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By Nina Burleigh

California isn't the capital of alternative medicine anymore. Wealthy Manhattanites are flocking to their own local shamans, spiritualists, crystal healers, herbalists, and Chinese masters. Meet New York's new medical Establishment, but bring your checkbook (HMOs won't foot the bill) and, in some cases, a healthy dose of skepticism.

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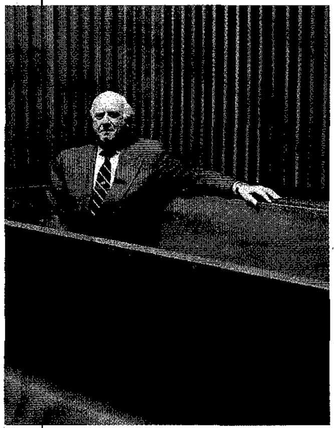
By Patricia Falvo

Eighteen-year-old ingenue Julia Stiles is starring in three upcoming film adaptations of the Bard, and she still hasn't graduated from high school.



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Is it any surprise that the recent court decision against gun manufacturers took place in federal judge Jack Weinstein's Brooklyn courtroom? For 32 years, he's been a model for other activist judges who use their gavels as weapons.

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By Sally Singer

The fall collections in New York, London, Paris, and Milan are dividing fashion followers into two warring camps: sleek, urbane, and black-on-black on the one hand; boho, arty, and mix-and-match on the other. The two contrasting schools brook no compromise: Crossing of party lines or fence-sitting is not allowed.

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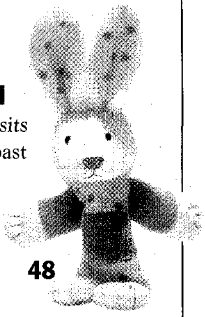

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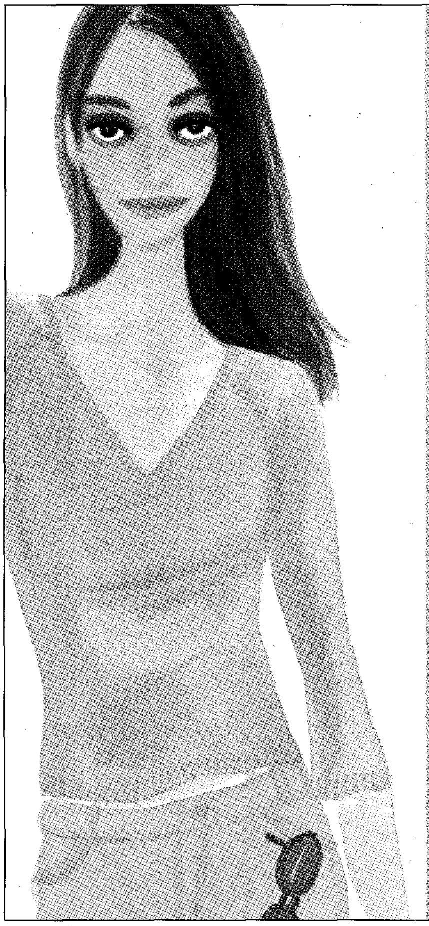

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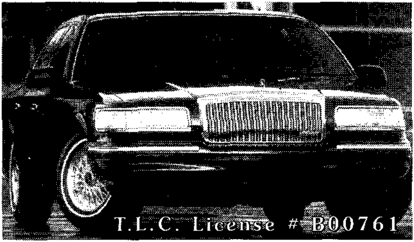

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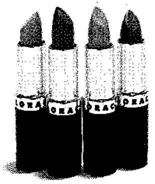

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LETTERS APRIL 5, 1999

Spinderella

Howard Rubenstein makes sure we remember the little people, and his fans write in; natives of '52 Weekends' destinations offer their own getaway tips.

N*EW YORK* MAGAZINE'S EXHAUSTIVE review of the life and times of Rubenstein Associates neglected to mention a not-so-minor item—the associates ["Shadow Warrior," by Michael Gross, March 15]. This 45-year-old agency now has some 160 people on staff with a client roster of some 475 corporations, institutions, and celebrities. It is a company that has attracted some of the most outstanding professional talent in the industry, thereby permitting us to sustain solid business growth in a field that allows little margin for error.

While one critic suggests that I have "lost my fastball," I would suggest that he missed the change-up and ignored both our firm's extraordinary starting lineup and the depth of our bench.

Howard J. Rubenstein
President, Rubenstein Associates, Inc.
MANHATTAN

HOWARD RUBENSTEIN IS A P.R. PRACTItioner of the highest order. He has brought *menschlichkeit* (*mensch,* in Yiddish, is a special man or person. This word involves a whole philosophy of life. It means a human being in the moral and ethical sense—not merely a person but a person with worth and dignity, one who can be respected) into the political heart and soul of our city. This is known by many. It has been a privilege to engage in my philanthropic work with him. His efforts are to be encouraged and praised.

Laura Lehrman
MANHATTAN

IT IS TRAGIC WHEN THE REPUTATION OF good people is tarnished by the "media of destruction." I have known Howard Rubenstein for more than fifteen years, and I consider him a man of great integrity and professionalism. I am neither a close friend of Howard's nor one of the movers and shakers of New York society, yet Howard Rubenstein has always been there for me with ideas and advice, even during the times when I was not a client.

The Reverend Robert G. Gentile
MANHATTAN

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I FOUND HOWARD RUBENSTEIN'S ASSERTION that he has "a good reputation, and a reputation is fragile" to be quite revealing: A truly good reputation is more than strong enough to withstand a profile in a magazine.

David S. Uhler
WASHINGTON, D.C.

THERE WAS ONE PIECE OF INFORMATION missing from your Howard Rubenstein cover story—Howard's telephone number. He is surely the go-to guy anyone would want to call to get anything done in New York. He may or may not carry water on both shoulders, as John Scanlon suggests, but Michael Gross has convinced us that he can walk on water whenever the fee is right.

Jerry Gast
MANHATTAN

Short Trips

YES, MYRTLE BEACH IS A GOLFER'S PARadise, as Bob Roe reports in "Duffer's Paradise," but his tee shot on the area's nightlife hit a sand trap ["52 Weekends," March 8]. Apparently, he was too tired from all the golf to explore the wealth of nightlife choices. Myrtle Beach rocks—the club scene covers the spectrum from blues, country, jazz, and rock to retro and Latin. It's a partyers' paradise, too. If dancing until 4 A.M. isn't your thing, you might enjoy national touring productions, or live performances by stars like Tony Bennett, Alabama, and Aretha Franklin. We're sort of a Nashville East and New York South when it comes to culture. As you'll discover next time, we're known as "The Grand Strand" for good reason.

Mark Kruea
Public Information Officer,
City of Myrtle Beach
MYRTLE BEACH, S.C.

AS A RESIDENT OF NEW YORK AND MYRTLE Beach, I have been commuting between the two for the past twenty years. Anyone who's ever traveled to Myrtle Beach from New York is sure to have run into a group of golfers who, invariably, look and act like a bunch of overgrown frat boys straight out of *National Lampoon.* These otherwise "respected" New Yorkers are headed for a round of pure, infectious fun, which may include Hooters and Thee Doll House but certainly not "intelligent nightlife." All I can say is, "Party on, dudes," and "Y'all come back now, ya hear?"

Elaine Levy
MYRTLE BEACH, S.C.

AS A TRANSPLANTED NEW YORKER WHO has lived in Vieques, Puerto Rico, for eleven years, I'm prepared to share a few of our island's secrets ["52 Weekends: Wide-Open Secret," by Patricia Falvo, March 8]. There is no traffic light on the island, no one selling food or braiding hair on the beach, terrific food (French, Italian, Spanish, and Puerto Rican), and villas with a pool that rent for $1,800 to $3,000 weekly (in season), and the temperature never varies more than ten degrees. I remember those sweltering New York summers; Vieques offers breezes, swimming, and off-season prices to New Yorkers who wish to escape. Best of all, the gorgeous flamboyant tree blooms only in summer, accessorizing the island's natural beauty with its brilliant red flowers.

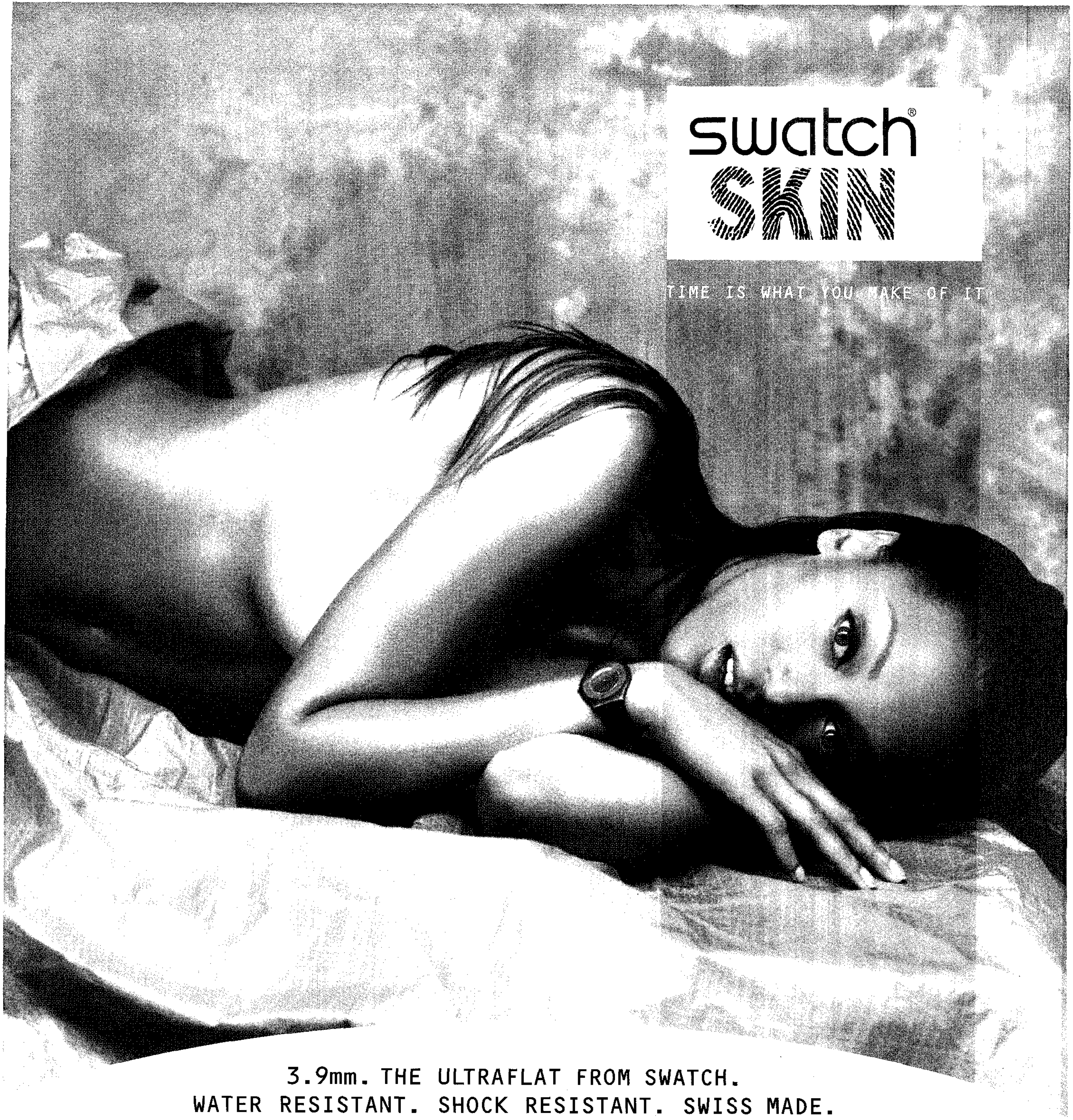
Sheila Levin
Crow's Nest Realty
VIEQUES, PUERTO RICO

IT MAY COME AS A SURPRISE TO THE 671,000 inhabitants of Quebec City to have their home described as a "village" ["52 Weekends: Northern Delights," by Whitney Walker, March 8].

Donna MacHutchin
MONTREAL, QUEBEC

WHILE PERUSING THE "52 WEEKENDS" ISSUE, I came across Jordan Schaps's "Aria and E.R.A.'s." He writes, "A perverse craving for both opera and baseball can be satisfied *gleichzeitlich.*" Surely, Mr. Schaps means *gleichzeitig,* the correct translation for "simultaneously." Could it be that Mr. Schaps had too much schnapps when he was writing the article?

Irmtraut E. Harris
MACON, GA.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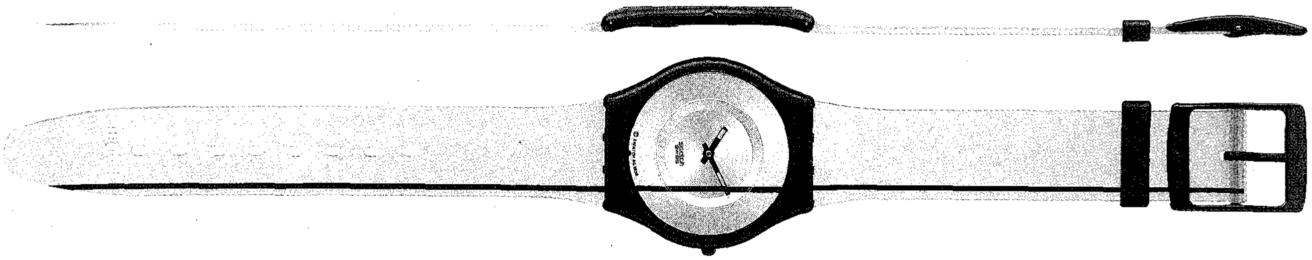

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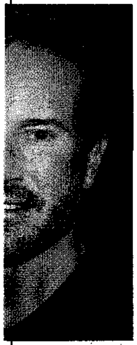
BY BETH LANDMAN KEIL AND DEBORAH MITCHELL

INTELLIGENCER

RANDOLPH PUTS UP HIS DUKES

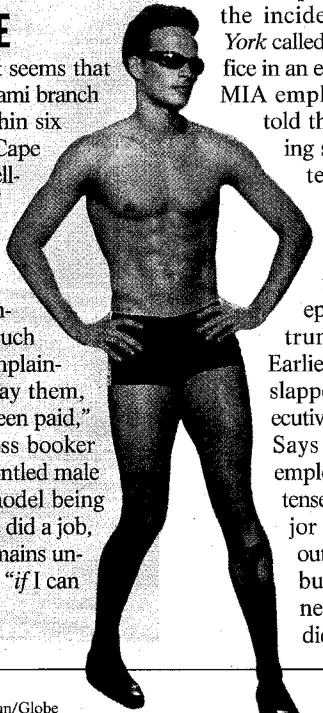


The Oscars may have been a triumphant night for fashion designer **Randolph Duke**, but his evening ended in sheer disaster. Duke, who left Halston last year to start his own company and dressed such fashionable favorites as **Geena Davis**, **Kim Basinger**, **Lisa Kudrow**, **Rita Wilson**, and **Minnie Driver** for this year's big night, appears to have had a messy meltdown following the event. According to fashion insiders and a police report, the high-strung blond Duke was so unhappy about some fashion-related fiasco that after the awards, he returned to the trendy Avalon Hotel and became apoplectic, loudly berating his assistant, **Maureen Walsh**, and shoving her against a wall. "She seemed scared for her life," says an observer who watched as the episode unfolded in the lobby like a scene out of *The Shining*. According to another insider, a terrified Walsh hightailed it for the airport soon after. (She filed a police report when she got home to New Jersey.) Sources say she and a number of other employees haven't reported to work since the incident. When *New York* called the designer's office in an effort to locate the MIA employees, we were told that "they are taking some time off after the success of the Oscars." This imbroglio, as it turns out, was not the first such episode for the tantrum-prone tailor. Earlier this year, Duke slapped one of his executives across the face. Says another former employee, "He always tenses up before a major event and lashes out. He's so talented, but he desperately needs help." Duke did not return calls.

AT *MAXIM*, GOD IS IN THE *DETAILS*

GOLIN . . . GOLIN . . . GONE, reads the card sent to Condé Nast heavyweights **S. I. Newhouse**, **James Truman** (right), **Steve Florio**, **Anna Wintour**, **Bonnie Fuller**, and **Art Cooper**. *Maxim's* British owner, **Felix Dennis**, magnanimously invited the whole glittering gang to his goodbye party for editor **Mark Golin**, who's leaving for Condé Nast's ailing *Details*. Everyone who shows up at Keens Chophouse will get a "Sammy"—a stuffed version of the hamster who is serving as *Maxim's* acting editor until Dennis finds a slightly sharper replacement. ("Big Cheese Takes Over as *Maxim* Acting Editor" is Sammy's first editor's letter: "Now that I'm a big shot, it's limos, a SoHo-style Habitrail loft and lunch at The Four Seasons for this Sammy-in-Chief.") "He certainly is a lot cheaper than employing *real* editors," says Dennis, who personally penned the insightful cover lines that grace the mags current issue, such as TONGUE-TWIST HER. "Do you think an American could do that?" asks Dennis modestly. "No, only a person who's grown up with Mr. Murdoch's newspapers as his bread and butter can come up with stuff like that." Or with goodbye gifts for Golin like snake-venom antidote, glasses with mirrors "so he can watch his back while leaning forward," and a ready-made resignation letter, "so all Mark has to do is fill in the blanks" when the time inevitably comes. *GQ* editor Art Cooper says he'll be there. "I'm the only person who hasn't been mentioned as a successor to Mark. So I'm coming with my résumé," says Cooper. Informed that Dennis is notoriously cheap, Cooper quips: "He won't be if he hires me."

PRETTY BOYS IN A PICKLE



The fashion world's about to get even thinner. It seems that the once-mighty Boss Models has just closed its Miami branch and is planning to shutter its London office within six months, leaving outposts only in New York and Cape Town. "I want to start leaner, fresher, and more well-groomed," trills **Calvin French**, the new director of the mostly male agency. French admits that there is some truth to rumors about Boss's notorious financial problems, but blames them on his predecessor, whom he describes as "the biggest money-eater in the world." Though ex–Boss models such as Calvin Klein's **Joel West** (right) have been complaining bitterly that the agency has neglected to pay them, French is not terribly sympathetic. "Some have been paid," he says simply, "and some are going to be." Boss booker **Shane Allen** has even less patience with the disgruntled male mannequins: "All this madness about Mr. Ex-model being owed $100,000 is ridiculous. Joe Schmo thinks he did a job, and he forgets the $4,000 he owes *us*." French remains undaunted, promising that Boss will be great again, "*if* I can turn this damn thing around."

PBA HOTSHOTS TAKE POTSHOTS

Not only are New York's finest taking shots from outraged citizens—now they're also firing at one another. The bitter battle to control the Patrolmen's Benevolent Association is heating up as the union prepares to hold its only contested election in sixteen years this June. First, the current favorite, acting PBA president **James "Doc" Savage**, refused to show for a New York 1 debate against his two challengers, officers **Pat Lynch** and **Jim Higgins**, calling it "pointless" to face "self-proclaimed candidates." Soon after, Lynch's campaign sent out a flyer listing the "Top 10 Reasons Why 'Duck' Savage Is Ducking Debates." Savage angrily responded by attacking Lynch's lawyer and "so-called brains," **Ed Hayes**, who spent years embroiled in a very nasty battle with the Warhol Foundation. KEEP THIS LAWYER'S SLIMY HANDS OUT OF OUR POCKETS!

Photographs: clockwise from left, Henry McGee/Globe Photos; Rose Hartman/Globe Photos; Evan Agostini/Gamma Liaison.

Monica Lewinsky:
Cocktail shaker

MONICA'S WHISKEY CONNECTION

Ron Perelman may have failed her, but maybe **Monica Lewinsky** relied on the wrong mogul to find her a job. Asked if he wanted to meet **Monica Lewinsky** at *Vanity Fair's* Oscar party, movie producer **Nicholas Loeb**, the nephew of Seagram's chairman **Edgar Bronfman Sr.**, let slip that the sex-starved intern is a relative of his. Nicholas's father, **John Loeb**, the U.S. ambassador to Finland, is happy to explain the Bronfman-Lewinsky connection, but warns, "You practically have to be a genealogist to understand it." Indeed, the family tree Loeb eagerly faxed to *New York* reveals that Lewinsky's stepsister **Diane Straus Tucker** shares an eighteenth-century ancestor with Loeb and therefore, through marriage, with Bronfman. Monica will be glad to know she's also related to Emma Lazarus and legendary justice Benjamin Cardozo.

blared the headline of the mailing, which went on to ask, "How do we let a bankrupt lawyer accused of fraud, a lawyer who has already betrayed his fiduciary responsibility, get access to the billions in our funds? Wouldn't that be like putting the fox in the hen house?" Lynch retaliated with yet another locker-stuffer defending his attorney, who, he points out, has also represented "many police officers," **George Pataki**, and former police commissioner **William Bratton**. Hayes himself is hopping mad. "They can't defend their own failures running the PBA; they can't defend their own lawyers, who are in federal prison; they can't find anything on my client," he says. "So the only thing they can do is attack me."

WYNN'S BIG WIN; STEVIE'S SURPRISE

ELECTROBOY PLUGS IN: An 820-word piece for *The New York Times Magazine* turned into $450,000—and counting—for one lucky writer. ICM agent **Suzanne Gluck** was able to sell Random House, three foreign publishers (to date), and HBO on a memoir by **Andy Behrman** based on "Electroboy," the story of his electroshock treatments for manic-depression. In the eighties, Behrman was the peripatetic publicist behind that one-man artistic employment agency **Mark Kostabi**; in the nineties, the increasingly erratic promoter went to prison for selling fake Kostabis to unwitting Japanese collectors. Behrman, who was in and out of the hospital eighteen times in 1995, is enthusiastic about his latest project. "Anyone who loves drugs, sex, and crime will love this book," he says confidently.

WYNN, LOSE, OR DRAW: It's back to business for the Bellagio, a tiny Village restaurant that shares a name with **Steve Wynn**'s colossal casino in Vegas. After three months, restaurateur **Donato Di Saverio** has given in to the demands of the hotel's high-powered lawyers by adding three crucial letters to its name: The restaurant, which opened at the same time as Wynn's hotel, will henceforth be known as Bel Villagio. "Bellagio, Bel Villagio—most people, they don't know the difference," observes Di Saverio. Although he'd wanted to fight to keep the Bellagio name, a higher power—higher even than the law—persuaded Di Saverio to give in: "My wife says, 'Change it. We don't want this kinda problem.' She's very, you know, *strict.*"

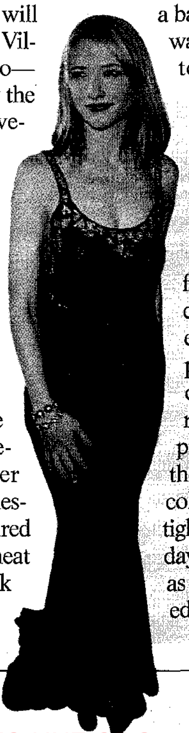
POWER MOVE: Marie Hallas, the ultradiscerning maître d' who orchestrated the Regency's high-octane "power breakfasts," has a new gig. Restaurateur **Allan Stillman** just hired her to separate the whole wheat from the chaff at his luxe Park Avenue Café, two blocks north of the Regency. Last year, the well-connected Hallas was abruptly canned by the Regency's **Jonathan Tisch**, and her subsequent age-discrimination suit was quietly settled. For now, the Café serves only lunch and dinner, but Hallas is raring to take on the Tisches. "Maybe eventually we'll do a power breakfast," she muses. "I don't think it would be a bad idea."

TUNNEY CONTROL: Actress **Robin Tunney** came close to literally blowing her big scene in an upcoming **Arnold Schwarzenegger** pic. Although she plays the oversize actor's love interest in the doomsday action flick *End of Days*, Tunney gets a kiss from **Gabriel Byrne**, in the role of the Devil. But as Byrne leaned in for the dramatic lip-lock, Tunney, who was battling a bad cold, froze up. "I was afraid I was going to make him sick," she says. "But more selfishly, I was worried I'd sneeze right in his face. It would have been really embarrassing."

WONDER BAR: Not every great performance on Oscar night was televised. **Stevie Wonder** was having drinks at Los Angeles's Four Seasons bar Sunday night with family and friends when he succumbed to a midnight urge to perform. Stepping to the piano, Stevie gave an impromptu 45-minute show. The bar, which had erected a giant-screen television to view the awards show, was packed with people who were thrilled by the free concert—drinks not included.

BONES AND BELUGA? Pampered Upper East Side puppies might live an even more luxurious life if **Peter** and **Penny Glazier** get their way. The restaurateurs, who own the Monkey Bar, Michael Jordan's The Steakhouse N.Y.C., and Tapika, are working on a proposal to the Health Department to open a dog-friendly restaurant. The Glaziers are currently negotiating for a space in the Fifties between Fifth and Sixth. "We may have a separate room for dogs and patrons," says Peter. But either way, "we're going to have great food for dogs *and* their people." Sounds appetizing.

Additional reporting by Ian Spiegelman.



A ROYAL PAIN IN THE ASPREY

It looks like **Cate Blanchett** stayed in character as Queen Elizabeth I right up to Oscar night. Other nominees had no problem choosing free accessories from the vast $7.5 million collection imported especially for the Oscars by London's **Edward Asprey**, jeweler to the more dowdy real-life **Queen Elizabeth II**. The persnickety Blanchett, however, complained that none of the pricey baubles matched her John Galliano floral-print dress. "We were given a direction," says Asprey. "She wanted colored stones." And she wanted them fast. Within 24 hours, Asprey's amethyst Daisy collection was hastily shipped from England under the tightest security. When the ten-piece set arrived the next day, Blanchett chose two bracelets and a pair of ear clips as well as earrings, valued at $45,000 in total. She ended up wearing the earrings in her hair.

Photographs: top, James M. Kelly/Globe Photos; bottom, Fitzroy Barrett/Globe Photos.

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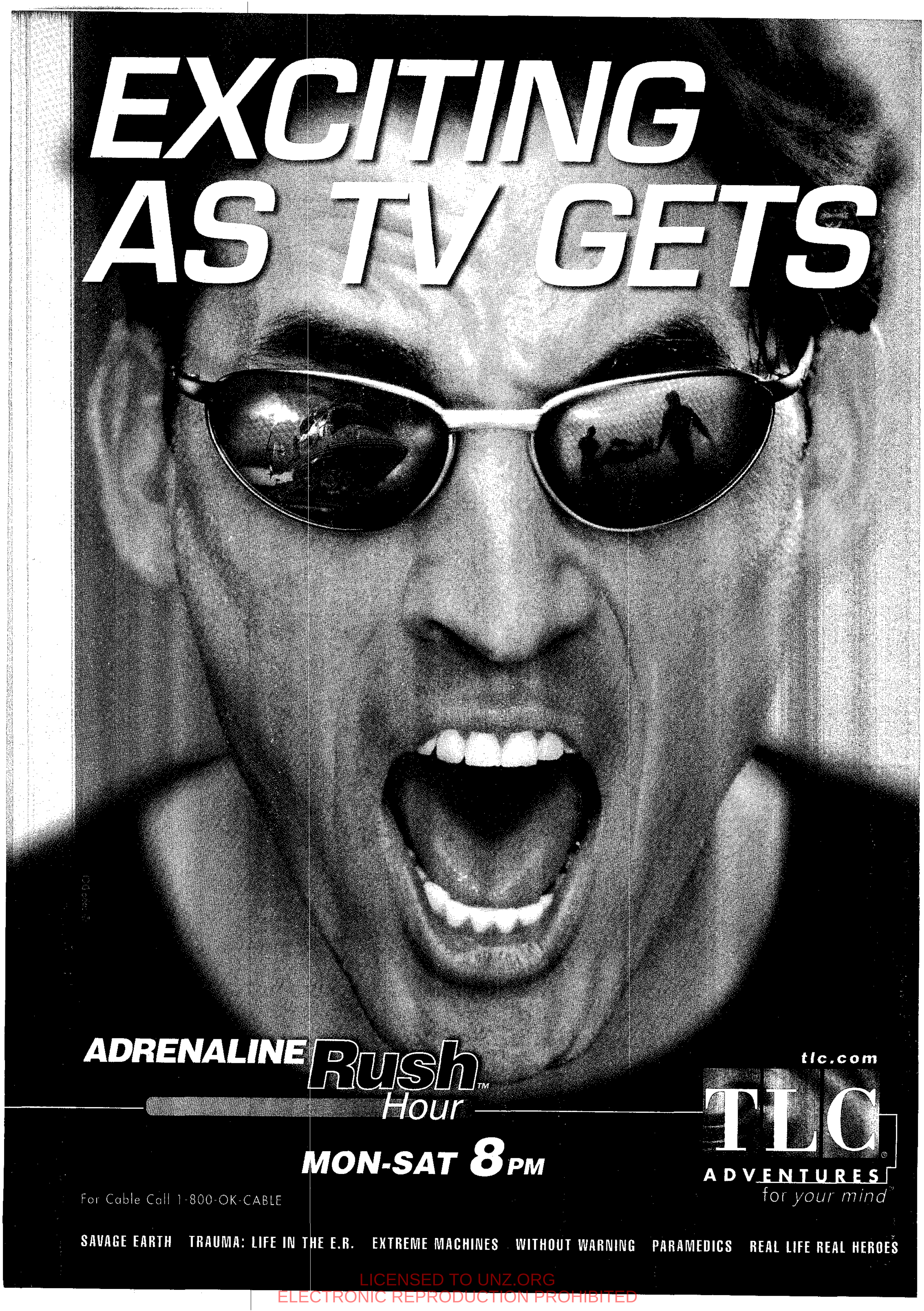
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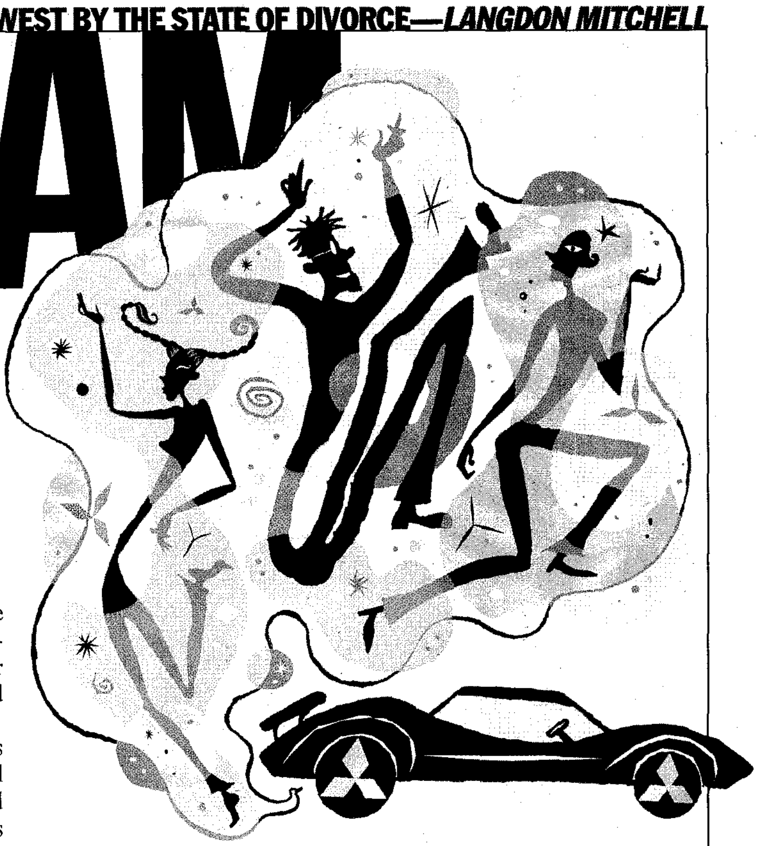
BOUNDED ON THE NORTH, SOUTH, EAST, AND WEST BY THE STATE OF DIVORCE—*LANGDON MITCHELL*

GOTHAM



E-Commerce

A club-world marketing campaign is taken directly from the streets.

WHAT DOES IT TAKE to corner the market on the illegal club drug ecstasy? A megabrand . . . and a drive to succeed. Forget such passé ecstasy brands as Versace (the name illegally snagged, of course), McDonald's (likewise), and Geminis (named for the astrological sign). A line of pills stamped with Mitsubishi's triple-diamond logo has lately been garnering universally ecstatic reviews from clubbers, the likes of which haven't been heard since the rave scene's legendary "Summer of Love" in 1988.

While it's impossible to ascertain whether this brand, affectionately nicknamed Mitsubish-E, MB, and Mitsi by customers, packs a purer hit of MDMA than previous brands on the underground market, it has nonetheless established a reputation both here and abroad as clubland's most reliable high. (Dance-music star Fatboy Slim even name-checked the brand in *Interview.*)

One high-level dealer who has sold the brand thinks the original batch came from Amsterdam and speculates that the current waves of Mitsubish-E flooding the market—"It's the most copied E in history"—are coming from Texas. He sampled one batch of Mitsubish-E, he says, and the quality didn't impress him: It was "dopey" (as in heroin). "Pills like Rolls-Royces and Batmans are equally good—or better. It's all marketing, kind of like AOL. It's so big that you *believe* it's good." The best way to judge a Mitsubish-E, he adds, is by its thickness: The bad ones are thin.

The Mitsubish-E craze stands in stark contrast to ecstasy's recent history, in which complaints about weak or amphetamine-laced pills had become routine. "Ecstasy was so unreliable for such a long time that it had lost its privileged place among clubbers," explains Simon Reynolds, author of *Generation Ecstasy.* "But Mitsubish-E's have changed all that. I've heard nothing but glowing reviews about this pill."

Not surprisingly, the Mitsubishi company itself isn't too happy with this illicit form of brand extension. "We have heard of a drug being marketed with the Mitsubishi logo," says a spokesperson for Mitsubishi International. "It is, obviously, in no way connected to any of our companies. We are very concerned and would like anyone with knowledge about the manufacture of this drug to forward such information to our legal department."

The company has had a harder time distancing itself from Mitsubish-E in England. DOES MITSUBISHI MAKE MITSUBISH-ES? blares a headline in the current issue of *The Face.* The British dance mag *Muzik* reprinted a Mitsubishi truck ad with a wink-wink emphasis on its "See Your Local Dealer" tag line, and dance-music monthly *Mixmag* endorsed the drug in the "Best Of" section of its year-end issue.

While Mitsubish-E use has yet to reach headline-grabbing proportions in the U.S., the return of dilated pupils, back rubs, and blissful hands-in-the-air dancing at Manhattan superclubs—where sensuous tunes like Armand Van Helden's "You Don't Know Me" and Stardust's "Music Sounds Better With You" have replaced impersonal techno-house—suggests that the rise of this megabrand might signal something more than just a drive-by phenomenon. ETHAN BROWN

General Admission

NEWS FLASH: Bobby Short has made the *Social Register*! Well, news to the New York *Times*, at least, which recently reported on Short's seemingly unlikely inclusion in the bible of blue-bloods even though the latest edition came out last November. (Getting on the list, which has been published since 1886, is a mysterious process involving sponsors' letters, a secretive advisory committee, and a willingness to be included in the nation's most exclusive phone directory.) But as long as the *Times* is suddenly keeping score, here's the rest of the news:

● Newly out: The vice-president's daughter Karenna Gore, now Mrs. Andrew Schiff.

● Still out: John F. Kennedy Jr. and Caroline Schlossberg (they haven't been in the *Register* since shortly after Jackie's death).

● Still in: General Colin Powell (pictured; in since 1997), along with former Viacom CEO Frank Biondi (in since 1992, when he still lived in the Bronx), apparently unharmed by his periodic bouts of unemployment.

● Newly in: The Prince of Chintz, Mario Buatta, of the Staten Island Buattas. "It's nice to be included," says the irrepressible decorator. "It's one up for the Italians."

DEBORAH MITCHELL

llustration by Carolyn Fisher. Photograph by Lisa Rose/Globe Photos.

Portrait of the artist: John Ashbery stands in front of a Henry Darger watercolor.

Little Darlings

Poet John Ashbery gets inspired by . . . Henry Darger's visions of girlish apocalypse?

ON WEEKDAYS AT 7 P.M., YOU will probably find John Ashbery, the most famous living American poet, in his postwar Chelsea apartment watching *Extra* after a good dose of *Entertainment Tonight,* or, on a recent spring afternoon, lamenting that Chelsea Piers has blocked his view of the river. In fact, Ashbery is such a regular guy that you would never guess at his enormous literary prominence, which began in 1955, when W. H. Auden chose *Some Trees* for the Yale Younger Poets series. Now, at 71, after eighteen collections that have both delighted and confounded critics, some of whom claim his cerebral code is a bit too hard to crack, he's about to release the fetchingly titled *Girls on the Run* (Farrar, Straus and Giroux), a fantastical, playfully erotic tale of bawdy preteens that will no doubt delight and confound Ashbery's widest audience yet.

Girls on the Run is suggested by the paintings of the late outsider artist Henry Darger, whose work was given a buzz-inducing retrospective at the Museum of American Folk Art two years ago. Darger's jewel-toned watercolors chronicle a band of rosy-faced schoolgirls that he traced from sources like comic books. In some renderings, the girls are frolicking at water's edge. In more disturbing sequences, they are drawn naked, some with penises, tormented by storms, tied to trees, and eviscerated. In a climate in which images of children are intensely scrutinized (just ask Calvin Klein or Sally Mann), Ashbery's choice of inspiration seems to be made for limelight-enhancing controversy. Ashbery, however, doesn't see it that way at all.

Even though he's famous for refusing to explain his poems, when asked about *Girls on the Run's* connection to Darger's work, Ashbery obliges. But whether he's ticking off his poem's associations or dropping the details of his low-key life (his teaching at Bard College, his weekend house in Hudson, his cravings for gossip about TV stars), he manages to remain the ever-elusive observer—the trademark stance he takes in his life and in his work.

"It all reminds me very much of my childhood," says Ashbery, settling into an armchair. "The comic-book images Darger used happened to be from the 1930s, so it was kind of a re-creation of the games and kids I used to play with." He pauses, then adds, "But also the somewhat more ominous feelings."

David Lehman, a poet who analyzed Ashbery and his coterie of New York School poets in *The Last Avant-Garde,* recalls that, like Citizen Kane loving his sled, Ashbery has always had a fondness for the objects of his youth. "Girls' adventure stories turned him on in a way," says Lehman. And when charting these adventures, his narrative occasionally turns toward the erotic. On this subject, Ashbery is clearly uneasy. When asked about the phrase "the oxymoron got his rocks off," he hesitates. After a long minute, he smiles, clearly amused. "Oxymoron is an abstract figure of speech, so if it masturbates, it's not really something very sexy."

Fellow New York School poet Kenneth Koch is sure Ashbery didn't choose Darger to be provocative. "Sometimes poets write because they have to say something about a subject that's important to them. I think it's rather that John's sometimes odd subjects enable him to say important things that aren't precisely about them—as in his sestina about Popeye, for example."

As Ashbery sees it, poetry runs inside him like a constant stream, and when he writes, it's as if he dips a bucket down and pulls up whatever he gets—musings devoid of his autobiography, or his homosexuality, for that matter. "My life doesn't seem interesting to me," he says. "We all have basically the same experiences. I write about what I don't know."

Ashbery stands and slowly leads the way to his small office, where an ancient Royal typewriter holds court. A clutter of photographs in boxes, the possessions of the French novelist Pierre Martory, his lover of many years who died last October, are arranged on a couch like a still life. "I tend to leave things the way they are," he confides, back in the living room. "I was sent a book with a photo of me in this room 25 years ago. Everything is the same. Except for me. Even the plants," he says, laughing, pointing to a hanging spider by the window. "I'm like Dorian Gray." SARAH BERNARD

BRAND X

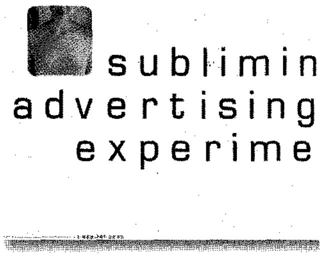
Avdertising

BRAND: FCUK; AGENCY: GGT; CREATIVE DIRECTOR: Trevor Beattie; PHOTOGRAPHER: Neil Davenport; WRITER: Trevor Beattie

IS IT POSSIBLE TO BE ELEGANTLY PROfane? Well, in the arts, yes—think Matthew Barney, Cindy Sherman, Robert Mapplethorpe. But in advertising?

Fcuk, yeah!

On phone booths across town, clothier French Connection UK (a.k.a. FCUK) has rolled out a campaign centered around the words SUBLIMINAL ADVERTISING EXPERIMENT, the FCUK logotype, and a pair of erect nipples. Okay, so the nipples are behind a demure pink sweater, but you really have no choice but to focus on them; the model in question is tightly cropped—a faceless sex object, literally. SUBLIMINAL, of course, trades off the prevailing Madison Avenue self-referential ethos, but beyond that it resonates with—and somehow elevates—the thin joke of the clothier's initials. (Also note the stacked SEX, if you read down, crossword-puzzle-style.) Naughty wordplay is sort of a stupid hook, but it's preferable to *studied* wordplay (think of the *Times'* idiotic anagrammatic "Expect the World" campaign: GOURMET . . . MORE GUT). And when Lennox Lewis pulls on a FCUK logo cap and the usually pious New York *Post*—which huffed about FCUK's window displays last year because of *that word*—prints a photo of the boxer wearing said cap with nary a comment, you've got to think, *Hey, maybe this subliminal stuff is working.*



SIMON DUMENCO

Photograph by Karen Kuehn/Matri
Henry Darger painting from the collection of Robert M. Greenber

Fit to Print

A brief history of Times*ian introspection.*

- *If something is merely a "rumor," we do not report it. And this one, about the condoms, is way out of line.*
- *We need to overcome a certain reputation for daunting stiffness. Words like "exculpatory" and "subsidence," side by side on page 1, don't help.*
- *Nobody talks like this. Usage authorities agree that a transitive verb shouldn't be sundered from its direct object.*
- *"Gourmet" has been drained of meaning by commercial overuse, especially as an adjective (gourmet cat food). Words like "epicure," "food lover" and "judge of fine cooking" now serve better.*

—recent Greenies critiques

lustration by Scott Menchin.

EDITORS AND REPORTERS AT THE New York *Times* call them Greenies—or, more soberly, postmortems. The stapled sets of Xeroxed pages, distributed in-house four times a week and compiled into weekly "Best Ofs," contain recent clippings scrawled or pasted over with praise and criticism, ranging from copy editors' pet peeves to kudos for the perfect headline.

The first internal *Times* critique was nothing like today's Greenies. Late *Times*man Ted Bernstein, a prolific author on English usage, praised scoops and skewered grammatical gaffes in a two-sided newsletter he started in the fifties called "Winners & Sinners." Bernstein's departure from the *Times* in the mid-seventies coincided with the ascension of executive editor Abe Rosenthal, whose reign, at least one insider suggests, was less about genteel praise and self-criticism than about "making sure that the guilty were punished." Under Rosenthal's direction, then–copy editor Allan Siegal (now assistant managing editor) scribbled critical notes in green felt-tip pen—the first Greenies. The tone of a Greenie—or "Siegalgram"—was more pink slip than memo. "You were supposed to show it to the offender," says David East, a longtime copy editor who now heads the foreign copy desk.

When Max Frankel replaced Rosenthal in 1986, bringing in a kinder, gentler management style, Siegal lightened his approach, doling out more praise and becoming something of a linguistic progressive. In his new memoir, Frankel credits Siegal with injecting nineties sensitivity into *Times* style (before his efforts, the word *gay* was taboo).

Since taking over from Siegal five years ago, current Greenies editor Bill Borders has deliberately brought reporters into the dialogue. He now distributes "Best Ofs" to hundreds of staff members. "The goal," he writes earnestly at the front of the packets, in yet another sign of the new, softer-focus, more user-friendly *Times*, "is to stimulate discussion." BORIS KACHKA

THE SCENE

Ex-Factor

Photographs by Patrick McMullan

"IT WAS LIKE A WAX MUSEum in there. The youngest person was Warren Beatty," moaned Madonna, unable to resist a swipe at her former lover while leaving superagent Ed Limato's pre-Oscars soirée on March 19 and heading over to Tommy Mottola's at Asia de Cuba. The *Bulworth* actor-director's name was invoked again by a desperate Mortons waiter at *Vanity Fair*'s post-Oscars bash. "Can I have a truffle pizza on a *separate* plate?" he frantically begged the harried chef. "It's for Warren Beatty." Quick acquiescence followed. This sort of Hollywood password must have been repeated a hundred times at the magazine's annual event, with faces so disparate it looked like a collage of late-nineties celebrity—Colin Powell next to Rod Stewart, Monica Lewinsky and Madonna ignoring each other from adjoining banquettes, David Hockney rubbing shoulders with Harvey Weinstein, Beatty huddling with Ron Perelman, and Mariah Carey throwing her arms around Steven Tyler's neck. Over on the dance floor, Madonna gyrated with Ricky Martin while host Graydon Carter cut a rug with Faye Dunaway. It was all *very* civilized between such exes as Rod and Alana Stewart, Mottola and Carey, and Perelman and Claudia Cohen. As for Monica's "boyfriend," she confided that she's still looking for one—turns out Jonathan Marshall is just an old pal. BETH LANDMAN KEIL

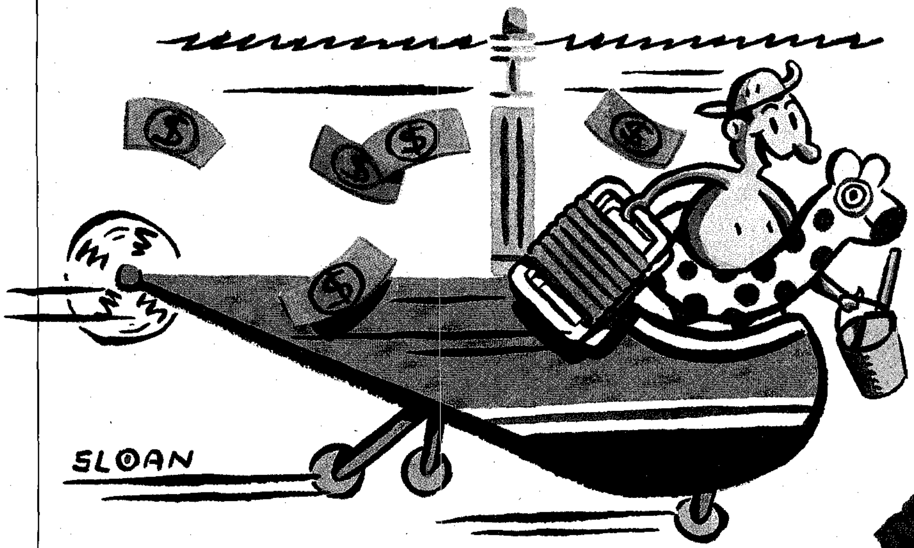
Monica Lewinsky and Camryn Manheim at *Vanity Fair*'s after-Oscars party at Mortons.

ZZ Top with Kenny and Wanda Rogers at the Record Industry Association of America's Diamond Awards, held at Roseland.

Mary Tyler Moore and Diane Sawyer at the Pierre for the Drama League benefit honoring Rosie O'Donnell.

Kate Moss, Amber Valletta, Anna Friel, and Joely Richardson at Christie's "Unforgettable: Fashion of the Oscars," an AmFar benefit.

GOTHAMSTYLE

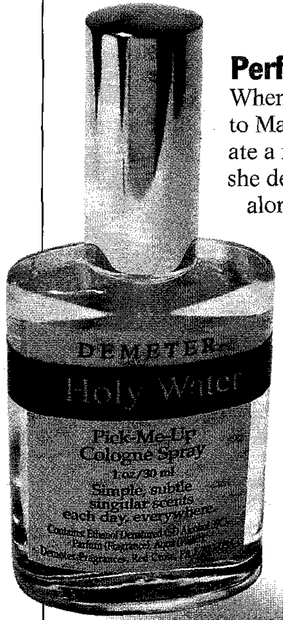


Fly Boys

The Hamptons season is fast approaching, and no, April is not too early to confront the question of how best to skirt that extremely annoying eastbound traffic—the Friday 5:51 P.M. from Penn Station and the five-and-a-half-hour trip on the Jitney are just not going to cut it, and while seaplanes may sound cool, there's no forgetting Neil Hirsch's unfortunate landing near the Water Club last year. So why not join the big boys—the Donald, Mort Zuckerman, Mickey Schulhof—and hitch a helicopter ride? With ride-sharing memberships priced at $5,975 for fifteen weekends, 32-year-old entrepreneur Jeff Hyman's Gabriel Aviation makes it possible for those who don't own copters to travel in style. "You're flying with people of your social stratum, your type of person," says Hyman. "If you know what I'm saying." Yeah, we think we do.

To Pant For

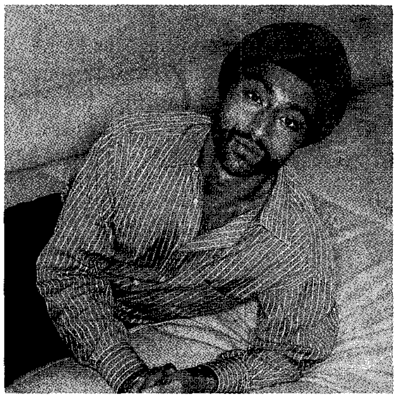
It's easy enough to understand—intellectually, at least—what made editors in Milan ooh and aah and use the word *groovy* a little too freely in describing these new Maharishi trousers ($295), which landed in the much-coveted windows of Paris's hippest boutique, Colette, during the Paris fashion week. The pants, sold in men's and women's versions, are the perfect union of two current style trends, over-pocketed "functional" design and the decorative impulse—making embroidery cool for boys and olive baggy pants hip for girls. "It's hippie meets hip-hop," explains Barneys creative director Simon Doonan. The pants hit stores this week, but don't get too excited: "We have a waiting list as long as the Ganges," sighs Doonan.



Perfume of the Gods

When a major cosmetics company suggested to Madonna that the provocative singer create a fragrance and call it Holy Water, even she deemed the name too tasteless. But now along comes Demeter with its own Holy Water fragrance ($12.50), which, it claims, evokes blissful memories by offering an "accurate olfactory reflection of the scents associated with the church—the mahogany of the pews, incense, and the damp smell of stone walls." Those who prefer to bypass higher consciousness may want to sniff out another product, Secret Signals from Victoria's Secret. It contains pheromones, the chemical substances purported to stimulate animal magnetism—just another way of bringing a sinner to his knees.

BETH LANDMAN KEIL



Color Me Cool

Picky hotel guests make all sorts of requests—view, terrace, Internet/fax hookup, top floor—but the color of the walls is usually nonnegotiable. No longer. A new 192-room boutique hotel in Times Square owned by the overexposed Vikram Chatwal (pictured), designed by interiors czar Adam Tihany, and called, appropriately enough, the Time (224 West 49th Street; rooms start at $250) offers aesthetically sensitive guests a chance to color-coordinate, with a choice of red, blue, or yellow rooms. If you're unsure of which to pick, the hotel has generously provided odes to the hues from Alexander Theroux's *Primary Colors*. Theroux on blue: "A mysterious color, hue of illness and nobility, the rarest color in nature. It is the color of ambiguous depth, of the heavens and of the abyss at once . . . the tint of the marvelous and the inexplicable, of desire, of knowledge." Any questions?

MAURA EGAN

**EDITED BY
VANESSA GRIGORIADIS**

Photographs: clockwise from top right, Michael Kraus; Eric Weiss; Amy Freeth. Illustration by Michael Sloa

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Judith's Untold Story

Monica-bashing book editor Judith Regan doesn't feel your pain—or anyone else's, for that matter. She feels her own pain! And therein lies the secret to her blazing success.

ONE DAY RECENTLY, SITTING IN the remote camera booth at 30 Rockefeller Center waiting to be joined via monitor with my fellow panelists in the MSNBC studios in Secaucus on the issue of Monica Lewinsky, I watched my old college classmate Judith Regan suddenly pop into view. (I had recently been matched with Helen Gurley Brown on this same subject.) She was poised (an in-your-face, carriage-is-everything poise), smiling, and looking much younger than 45 (which, if I am, she is).

The book she was promoting was a relative trifle for her, a parody of *Monica's Story* called *Monica's Untold Story*, written by "Anonymous." But it seemed to have engaged her hotly (as, in fact, everything she does engages her); she had lost out on publishing the actual Monica book—Regan says she withdrew her offer based on the proposed content of the book—and was now directing the energy she might have brought to the project at Monica's morality ("This cautionary fable," Regan says, in promotion materials for the book, "is a parody of the nightmarish materialism that . . . threatens to destroy America, as we pursue money, sex, and power at the expense of family life, duty, and goodness"). Indeed, it seems reasonably likely that Anonymous is Judith Regan herself.

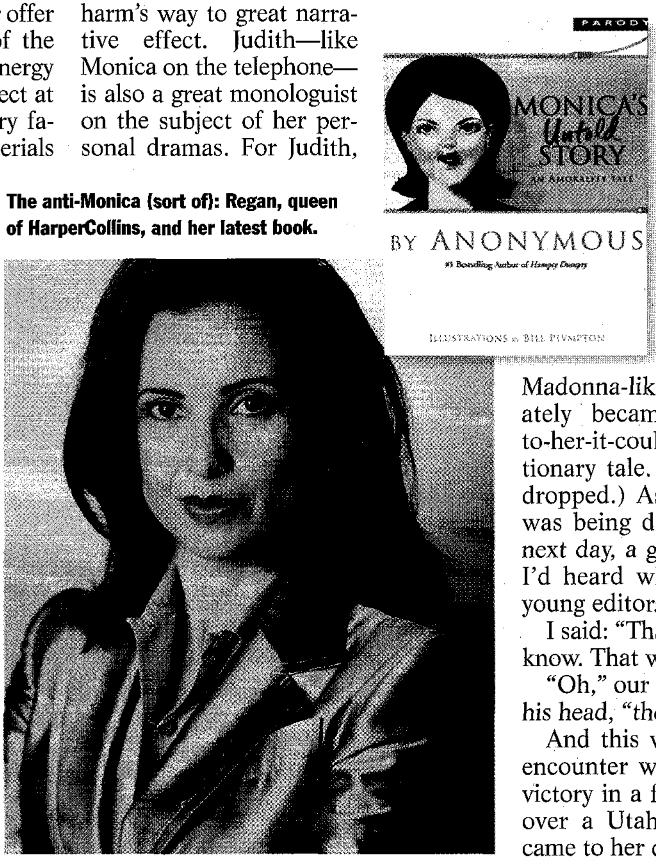
I thought this had some elegant symmetry: Both women came out of nowhere and gained major roles in modern media and culture; both defied the traditional wisdom of how you achieved success; both had saved a semen stain.

Certainly, Judith is, hands down, the most successful editor in the book business; not only has she sold millions of pallets of books, but she's put a decided spin on the culture, too (she almost single-handedly moved Rush Limbaugh and Howard Stern off of the radio and out into the mass market, but she isn't just Rush and Howard; her oeuvre includes O.J. prosecutor Christopher Darden, Gen-Xer Douglas Coupland, Oprah novelist Wally Lamb, and diet-category-killer *The Zone*). She is said to be responsible for a king's ransom of the HarperCollins bottom line (as much as 25 percent, I have heard); and Murdoch has given her an imprint, ReganBooks, along with her own Fox talk show, *This Evening With Judith Regan.*

She really is a phenomenon. Knowing her, trying to explain her, you can easily feel like Nick Carraway, a narrator for some contemporary Gatsby (without the charm).

I AM NOT BETRAYING CONFIDENCES. SHE tells her story compulsively—in business meetings, to casual acquaintances, to the media.

Like Monica, she puts herself in harm's way to great narrative effect. Judith—like Monica on the telephone—is also a great monologuist on the subject of her personal dramas. For Judith, there is her divorce from her money-manager husband—in court for six years—which the New York *Times* has described as among "the most hoary and bitter on the docket." A conversation with her can quickly become a near-violent screed against her husband, men in general, her lawyers (including, at one point, my wife's law firm), and the legal system as a whole. *Monica's Untold Story* acknowledges "the inspiration provided by every pig lawyer in America."


PARODY
MONICA'S Untold STORY
AN AMORALITY TALE
BY ANONYMOUS
#1 Bestselling Author of Humpty Dumpty
ILLUSTRATIONS BY BILL PLYMPTON

The anti-Monica (sort of): Regan, queen of HarperCollins, and her latest book.

There is the father of her oldest son, a convicted drug smuggler, who was sentenced to a long prison term. And then there are her business battles, her personal vendettas, and her domestic issues (the details of which she seems quite ready to share with anyone she is talking to), almost all of which have at one time or another become publicity grist.

While victimhood is certainly a big theme for her, she adds a twist by being an avenger too. She may be the most combative victim in history.

Once, shortly after she joined Simon & Schuster, she entered into a dispute with the police who had stopped the cab she'd just hailed. The dispute put her in jail for the evening, and the story—the *Times* ran a Madonna-like portrait of her—immediately became an if-it-could-happen-to-her-it-could-happen-to-anybody cautionary tale. (Indeed, all charges were dropped.) As the story of the incident was being discussed around town the next day, a good liberal friend asked if I'd heard what the police did to the young editor.

I said: "That wasn't just an editor, you know. That was Judy."

"Oh," our mutual friend said, shaking his head, "those poor police."

And this was by no means her first encounter with the law—nor her first victory in a false-arrest suit (in her suit over a Utah strip search, the ACLU came to her defense).

Photograph by Deborah Jaffee/Outline.

EVERYTHING ABOUT JUDY IS A STORY (THE Holly Hunter–Danny DeVito film *Living Out Loud* is said to be inspired, at least in part, by her—she makes a cameo in the film castigating the elevator man played by DeVito for leaving his post). Her career itself—a mirror of our evolving tabloid sensibilities—is Judith Krantz–ish (rather than Fitzgerald-ish).

Twenty-five years ago, at Vassar, where we met, she was a pretty, plumpish hippie girl, with a soft-focus interest in music, painting, creative writing. Her focus was sharpened by the fact that her family, from Bayshore, wasn't rich, and she resented those whose families were. She took up with a boy whose parents were very wealthy and after college stayed with him in his parents' apartment in the San Remo on Central Park West—speaking volubly and bitterly about their wealth and pretensions. She and the boy moved to San Francisco, then to Boston, where she became a secretary at Harvard. She perfected one of the early anti-yuppie rants. Other people's privileges revolted her.

She applied for a job at the *National Enquirer* in its unreconstructed Generoso Pope incarnation. Got hired. Flourished chasing stories about Siamese twins and Hollywood miscreants. A new world opened up. Among the names that suddenly rolled easily off her tongue were Bernie Cornfeld (the legendary white-collar con man), Adnan Kashoggi (the legendary arms dealer), and Ray Stark (the legendary movie producer).

Around this time, she met her son's father, a psychiatrist (in addition to drug smuggler), and became in the early eighties a pioneer in Ivy League unwed-motherhood. Not long after her son was born, the baby's father was convicted of drug smuggling and went to jail.

She left the *Enquirer.* She wanted to get into television. The next thing I knew, she was living with a money manager in Connecticut. But it was a rocky relationship. She moved back into Manhattan. She got a producing job with Geraldo Rivera. Left the *Geraldo* show. Went back with the money manager. Decided to become a literary agent but instead took a job with Simon & Schuster.

It turned out that she wasn't just good at publishing books; she was better than everybody else. Her resentments, her tabloid training, her victimhood, her attack mode, coalesced into some new model of popular taste.

But she fought pitched battles at Simon & Schuster. Ranted. Raved. Attacked. The penalty of not loving her enough (and it is doubtful anyone can) is that she will punish you without remission. She always wins, because life is too short.

Then Judith and Rupert found each other—and ReganBooks was born. Not only did their commercial instincts mesh, but Judy's what's-the-world-ever-done-for-me politics were highly compatible with the Murdoch view.

AND THEN THE SEX PART. IT'S A ONE-woman show.

I have never heard anyone talk about sex the way Judy does. I have never heard anyone talk about their sexual partners the way Judy does. I have near heard anyone analyze individual motivations, the workings of the marketplace, and politics, too, in such precisely sexual terms. The other day, on her show, she kept interrupting her tempered guests on the subject of why women like Bill Clinton, and, voice rising, saying: "They want to have sex with him—that's why they like him!"

> *Judith Regan represents a different kind of culture, which* **the existing culture would have chosen to suppress** *if it could. But the existing culture is weak.* **She is strong.**

Early in her career at Simon & Schuster, she published a book called *The Rogue Warrior* and fought tooth and nail for a full-face cover photo of the author. "Don't they understand?" she stormed to me. "Women will buy this because they want to fuck him!" She got the full face and a best-seller.

A world that seemed ordered and civil to me was an R. Crumb cartoon of otherwise ordinary yuppie men uncontrollably drooling or even dropping their pants in front of her.

I cannot explain it, but I have seen it: Men get crazy over Judith. Mesmerized. Radically lobotomized.

At Simon & Schuster, she complained, she was exposed to sexual harassment that, as she described it, seemed more like all-out sexual war. I am not the only one she told about a colleague in the company whose harassment of her left a semen stain that she preserved. (As an *Esquire* editor wrote in a "Women We Love" profile of her, "By the end of lunch, I knew

(continued on page 111)

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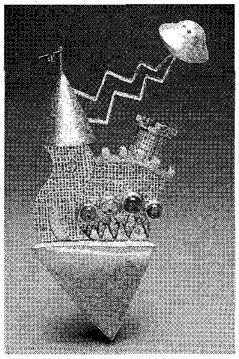
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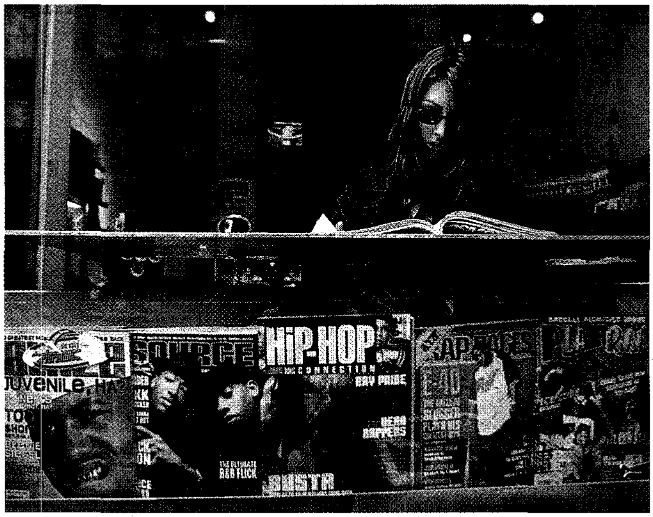
THE BOTTOM LINE JAMES SUROWIECKI

Hip-Hopped Up

What's that sound? Urban-music titles are raising the volume at the newsstand—and agitating to become the 'Rolling Stone' of the future.

THE MOST IMPORTANT STORY IN the magazine industry this year isn't the war of the men's magazines but the continued explosion of ad pages, circulation, and newsstand sales in a genre that remains, even today, relatively unknown: the hip-hop magazine.

But even if the rise to prominence of *The Source*—the standard bearer—and its competitors has been neglected in some circles, plenty of readers and advertisers are taking notice. There are more hip-hop magazines than ever before, they're more popular than ever before, and they're bristling with more ads than ever before, indicating a belief on the part of mainstream advertisers that hip-hop can no longer be seen as a niche market.



This shouldn't come as a surprise. Hip-hop-album sales were up 32 percent in 1998; more than 80 million hip-hop records were sold. MTV's music programming looks more like BET's every day, while Lauryn Hill's sweep of the Grammy Awards (and her *Time* cover) testified to the mainstream critical acceptance of hip-hop. Now consider these numbers: For five straight Audit Bureau reporting periods, *The Source* has seen its paid subscriptions, its single-copy sales, and its total circulation take double-figure jumps. Every month, *The Source* sells more copies on the newsstands than *any other* music magazine—a remarkable 350,000 copies. In 1998, its circulation was up 13 percent (topping 400,000) and its ad pages were up 31 percent, even as the industry as a whole saw ad pages rise just 2.6 percent. *Vibe,* meanwhile, whose ad pages went up 11 percent in 1998, saw circulation jump almost 20 percent, to 600,650, after a 16 percent rise the year before; after *Rolling Stone* (circulation 1.25 million), it's the most-read music magazine in America.

These numbers are especially impressive given the fact that the hip-hop-magazine landscape has become increasingly crowded. As in any market, success breeds competition as new players smell the opportunity for profit. The two most prominent entrants are Harris Publications' *XXL,* which debuted in August 1997 under the editorial leadership of ex–*Source* editors Reginald Dennis and James Bernard, and *Blaze,* which Vibe Ventures (a division of parent company Miller Publishing, which also owns *Spin*) launched in August 1998 as a direct competitor to *The Source* (neither *XXL* nor *Blaze* is audited). *Blaze* had a booming debut, racking up by some accounts the most first-issue ad pages of any music magazine in history (though it's always hard to know what to make of ad-page counts, since magazines often discount or give away pages in debut issues). *XXL,* meanwhile, which is now on its third editor, began with audacious ambitions—claiming a target circulation of 500,000—but currently sells a hardly dazzling, though still respectable, 175,000 copies an issue.

Robert "Scoop" Jackson, 35, the new *XXL* editor, points out that launching a hip-hop title is difficult because in the competition for exclusive covers, *XXL* will always lose out to *Vibe* and *The Source;* though *Blaze* presumably has a slight advantage because of its *Vibe* connections, the start-up is rumored to be struggling financially. (The dismissal two weeks ago of the editor-in-chief, Jesse Washington, after he wrote an editorial in support of one of the accused murderers of Jonathan Levin, puts *Blaze* in an even shakier position.)

While *The Source's* rise to prominence is something of a Horatio Alger tale, *Vibe's* pedigree is rather more distinguished. It was launched in September 1993 as a joint venture between Quincy Jones and Time Inc., and its production values and aesthetic reflect its origins. *Vibe's* design echoes that of *Rolling Stone,* and, in a curious sense, so does its editorial mix; its breadth—it meanders happily from R&B artists like Mariah Carey and mainstream rappers like Will Smith to underground giants like Silkk the Shocker—certainly separates it from *The Source* and its imitators, which are strictly hip-hop-focused. At a time when hip-hop and R&B are pretty much the whole story in pop music, *Vibe's* range gives it, if not cultural authority, then at least a serious shot at becoming *the* definitive pop-music magazine—a description that would have been unthinkable just three or four years ago.

It's not surprising, then, that in Vibe Ventures CEO Keith Clinkscales's conversation, *Rolling Stone* is a touchstone, both as a model and as a competitor. "We don't think of ourselves as a hip-hop or R&B magazine. *Vibe* is a music magazine, the way *Rolling Stone* is a music magazine," Clinkscales says. "Our goal is to be as important as if not more important than *Rolling Stone.* What we want to emulate is not just their music coverage but also everything else they do."

The irony, of course, is that what *Vibe* has explicitly *not* emulated is *Rolling Stone's* slow awakening to the fact that rock is no longer the real music story. *Rolling Stone* has tried much harder to

Photograph by Philip Greenberg.

devote serious attention to urban music—nearly everyone I talked to mentioned its Puff Daddy cover three years ago as signaling a significant change—but its institutional vision is still driven by rock. "*Vibe* literally exists because *Rolling Stone* did not really address urban music," Clinkscales says.

I find it hard to imagine that *Vibe* could have a bigger hip-hop fan editing its pages than Danyel Smith—who calls hip-hop "the most amazing thing that happened ever"—but it's certainly true that *Vibe*'s vibe is a long way from being hard-core. As Smith, 33, puts it, "We write about hip-hop and R&B because our readers love both. People go out and boogie to Master P and they come home and make love to Toni Braxton. And some of us corny people actually listen to Jewel." That inclusiveness makes *Vibe* an easier sell to advertisers than its grittier competitors, and it improves the magazine's demographics. But it also makes *Vibe* a harder sell to younger readers, especially the ones who think listening to anything but Juvenile or the No Limit roster means you're a sellout.

Those are the readers who gravitate toward *The Source* (and *Blaze* and *XXL* and *Rap Pages* and a host of other small magazines). Since publisher David Mays founded the magazine in 1988 as a two-page newsletter, *The Source* has retained a strict focus on what it describes as "hip-hop music, culture, and politics," although the magazine's editorial voice has oscillated wildly over that decade. In the early nineties, under the aegis of Reginald Dennis and James Bernard (who later ended up at *XXL*), *The Source* had a harder political edge and a more highbrow critical sensibility. But in 1994, Dennis, Bernard, and four other staff members left the magazine after Mays substituted editorial pages about Almighty RSO, a rap group in which he had a financial stake, for ad pages, and in the wake of their departure, the magazine struggled to discover a new voice. It did so just in time for its core market to blow up.

"It really took us that year, 1995 to 1996, for the magazine to get back on its feet," says editor Selwyn Hinds, who's just 26. "And it took time to shift from being a guerrilla mom-and-pop operation to being a large magazine." Although rumors of *The Source*'s impending sale are perpetual (even *Rolling Stone's* Jann Wenner has come courting), Mays insists that there are no plans to take in a major outside investor. And the fact that 85 percent of each month's circulation comes from newsstand sales is both a vestige of the days when the magazine couldn't afford to do mass mailings and a testament to the fact that its core readers are teenagers and young adults who are a little too noncommittal to fill out subscription cards.

Even today, reading *The Source* feels a little bit like reading dispatches from the underground. That's not so much because of the articles—though there's something truly subversive about a popular magazine describing a DMX record as selling like "two-for-fives" (meaning two crack vials for $5)—as because of the magazine's look and, above all, its advertising. *The Source* underwent a redesign last year, but it still has a slightly ragged feel. And though major advertisers now include DKNY, Calvin Klein, and Perry Ellis, they're flanked by page after page of ads for clothing lines that you won't find in Macy's and records that you're unlikely to hear even on Hot 97. As you flip the pages, you can almost hear the kids saying, "I've gotta buy *that* and *that* and *that* . . ."

"We're going to do our share of stories about celebrities, but we're never going to be a hip-hop *InStyle*," Hinds says. "I don't think there's any other magazine in our category that does so many political stories or that covers so much stuff that falls below the radar of the mainstream press." In fact, *The Source*'s editorial mix, in all its confusion, is a faithful reflection of the chaotic blend of political radicalism, cultural nationalism, multicultural openness, and unapologetic capitalism that defines hip-hop today. A critique of police brutality and a heavy-handed eulogy for former Black Power advocate Stokely Carmichael are followed blithely by pieces on the hip-hop scene in Montreal, black fashion entrepreneurs, and a technology column that calls the Palm Pilot "a pretty hype piece of equipment." The most familiar complaint about *The Source* is that it's too gushy, and there is a fan-magazine quality to some of its profiles (though

(continued on page 111)

> *Although* **rumors of The Source's impending sale** *are perpetual (even Rolling Stone's Jann Wenner has come courting), publisher David Mays insists that there are no plans to* **take in a major outside investor.**

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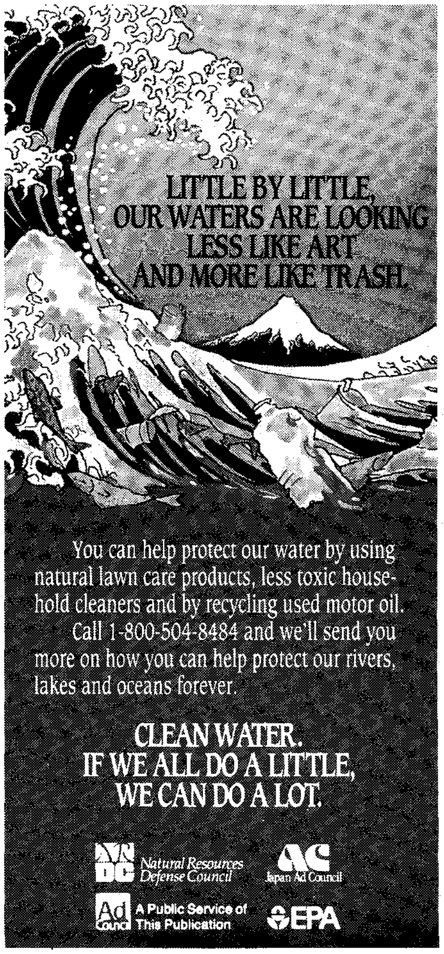
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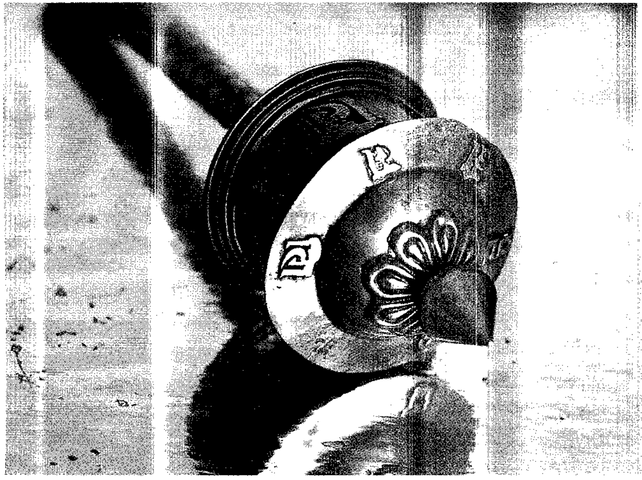
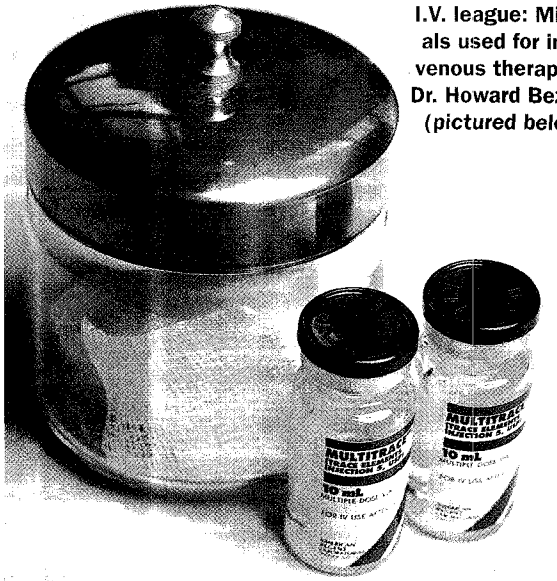
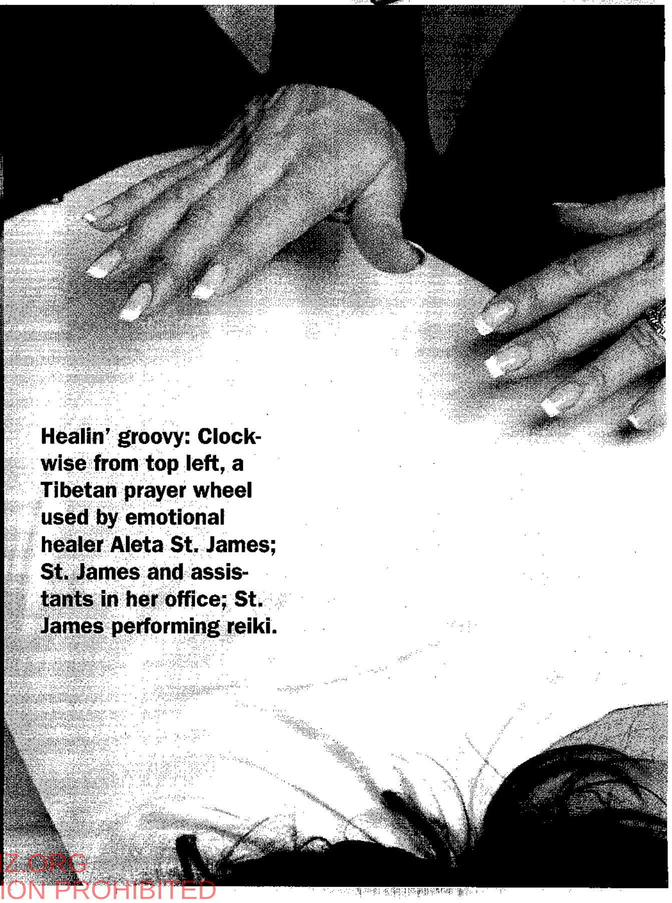




I.V. league: Minerals used for intravenous therapy by Dr. Howard Bezoza (*pictured below*).



Healin' groovy: Clockwise from top left, a Tibetan prayer wheel used by emotional healer Aleta St. James; St. James and assistants in her office; St. James performing reiki.

the new healers

Backed by an army of celebrity patients, buttressed by clinical studies, alternative medicine is winning new respect in New York. Some of the best practitioners in the world are a cab ride away. And also some of the loopiest.

By Nina Burleigh

The crystals in Dr. Howard Bezoza's center on 57th Street are encased in glass boxes, embedded in the walls, and labeled with their palliative effects and relevant chakras. A chunk of teal-and-black malachite (fourth chakra) is good for the tendons, muscles, and throat; purple fluorite (sixth chakra) promotes clear thinking. There are a few Huichol Indian masks and god's eyes adorning the walls. "These things say in a nonverbal way that this office accepts the fact that there is a mystical aspect to human life," Bezoza explains. "Although as a doctor, I'd prefer life to be two-dimensional." • Down one hall, a woman snoozes in a recliner, covered with a plaid blanket, her arm attached to an IV delivering a yellowish liquid into her vein. She is indulging in a vitamin infusion, a specialty of the house. • Dr. Bezoza is a living advertisement for his vitality regimen. At 47, he exudes the hyperactive energy of an adolescent, rapidly and defensively spouting statistics gleaned from Harvard surveys and a *Journal of the American Medical Association* article about alternative medicine. "There's as much money being spent out of pocket on alternative remedies as there is being spent by third-party insurers," he says, citing a Harvard study. "Who seeks alternative remedies? The smartest, most successful people. So we can't continue to proselytize this issue of the quack!" Bezoza has attracted a large, well-heeled (insurance doesn't cover intravenous vitamins) following that includes actresses, socialites and Wall Street tycoons. The actress Olympia Dukakis and the model Tahnee

Photographed by Michael Lavine/Edge

Welch are among his patients. Bezoza's back-combed orange hair and beard and protuberant eyes give him a slightly werewolfish look, but you get used to it. He is trim inside his black turtleneck, thanks to daily oral dosages of a plant-based testosterone (the equivalent of eating ten yams, he says) he started taking last year to vanquish middle-aged fat. He also follows a "Paleolithic diet" (one third animal, two thirds vegetable, based on the foods supposedly available to early man).

"New York is the mecca of high-level alternative medicine," he says. "You'd think it is California, but the largest concentration of competent alternative practitioners is right here."

THERE WAS A TIME, BACK IN THE SEVenties, maybe, when Howard Bezoza and his ilk were stereotypically associated with Marin County or Santa Monica. If California was ever alternative medicine's mecca—and many alternative healers in New York dispute even that—it is no longer the case. New Yorkers, especially rich, famous, fabulous New Yorkers, are now flocking to shamans, spiritualists, Chinese masters, and alternative M.D.'s as fast as their Town Cars can carry them.

The national trend toward alternative medicine in the past five years has been led by the wealthiest, most educated people, and one of the largest concentrations of that demographic is not in the California hills but right here. To get an appointment with many of New York's top practitioners, you need a referral from a VIP—or be prepared to wait several months. Health insurance won't cover many of these treatments, so a walletful of cash is imperative.

New Yorkers can choose from a vast array of alternative medical services, from storefront acupuncture in Chinatown to spiritual healers, bodyworkers, and purveyors of herbal medicine and vitamin supplements in tony apartments and clinics. Some of the practitioners are M.D.'s with prestigious academic appointments and faculty positions. Others have taken courses with gurus, spiritual healers, or Chinese medicine masters. Still others simply believe they have "a gift."

Though some of their techniques are buttressed by clinical studies conducted by Harvard professors and are on the verge of being accepted into the canon of Western medicine, others simply must be taken—or not taken—on faith. But for many in New York's new medical Establishment, Western medicine is beside the point. They believe they are in the vanguard of the healing arts; science will eventually catch up.

BEZOZA IS ONE OF THE MANY NEW YORK practitioners whose medical epiphany occurred on the West Coast. Trained as a conventional M.D. in the seventies, Bezoza was 28 years old and working in the emergency room of Coney Island Hospital in 1980 when he had a bad case of burnout. He decided to take some time off and drive cross-country in his RX-7. In L.A., he went to a lecture given by vitamin C missionary Linus Pauling at UCLA.

"I had one of those life-changing experiences," he says. "The first guy who spoke was a Biospherean, and he talked about studies that showed undernutrition—not malnutrition—led to a 30 to 50 percent increase in the life span of rats. Then Linus Pauling spoke—next to Einstein, the greatest scientific mind of the twentieth century. He was in his eighties and taking six 1,000-milligram vitamin C tablets a day. And I knew he was right."

When Bezoza returned to New York, he left the emergency-room job and went on a worldwide pilgrimage to learn about alternative therapies, visiting skin-treatment centers at the Dead Sea and cancer clinics in Baja. In 1981, he hung out a shingle aimed at the beautiful people in New York who were watching their attractiveness wither under the disco onslaught of cocaine, nicotine, booze, and Quaaludes. "I really had the idea that beauty was related to health. We had a diagnosis called model malnutrition—for women who were trying to live on two Graham crackers a day. I could bring them the equivalent of two steaks and three mangoes with my infusion therapy."

Beauty is no longer the focus of his practice. He now spends most of his time interviewing patients (a session usually runs $250 to $300) and dispensing supplements and infusions. He still practices conventional medicine—if someone needs antibiotics, he will prescribe them, for example, and he regularly sends his patients out for high-tech MRIs, CT scans, and sonograms. Often, his patients have already seen conventional practitioners and are still uncured of their asthma, allergies, inflammatory bowel syndrome, or cancer. "I'm Dr. End-of-the-Line," he says. "People who come to me get more than the HMO minute. I am acutely aware that people are spending their own money to see me."

Olympia Dukakis discovered Bezoza seven years ago, when she was seeking alternative ways to deal with osteoporosis. "There wasn't that much information out there, so I started to read everything, hoping to find people to help me," she says. "I knew there was a nutritional component, and as I read, I kept coming up against his name. I found out he was right here in New York. He did a lot of things, which I don't want to talk about, and he really turned me around."

"There is a big difference i

are doing the touchy-feely spiritual stuff, but there i

DR. RON HOFFMAN HAS BEEN OPERATING HIS Hoffman Center on East 30th Street for about as long as Bezoza has had his center. But Hoffman, with his spectacles and subdued self-consciousness, has a different bedside manner. Hoffman's center has offered conventional medicine, acupuncture, vitamin drips, herbal medicine, and other nontraditional cures since 1981. He has been prolific in writing about his work. *Tired All the Time: How to Regain Your Lost Energy*; *Intelligent Medicine: A Guide to Optimizing Health and Preventing Illness for the Baby-Boomer Generation*; and *7 Weeks to a Settled Stomach* are three of his self-help books.

"I intended to do this from the get-go," Hoffman says of his decision to practice what is often known as "complementary medicine," meaning that it works with, not in replacement of, more conventional treatments. "I call it intelligent medicine." Hoffman studied anthropology in college, and his approach to the various healing systems of the world "is not hierarchical."

Most of Hoffman's patients suffer from chronic fatigue syndrome, digestive problems, or allergies. He also is pioneering a non-conventional treatment of autistic children involving a digestive hormone.

Preceding pages: Aleta St. James's dress by Silvia Car

Where Bezoza is a booster, Hoffman is restrained about the benefits of alternative therapies. “People present real dilemmas,” he says. “They have an unsavory option ahead, and this has an aura of the magical. And sometimes there is a magical, unexpected outcome. Other times, the verdict is, you’ve still got to have that operation.”

A native Californian, Hoffman says nontraditional healing in New York dates to the forties and the physician Carlton Fredericks, who had a popular radio show on nutrition. “There is a big difference in the style of the New York practitioners” compared with the West Coast doctors, he says. “Some are doing the touchy-feely spiritual stuff, but there is a more hard-assed approach here. In California, it’s more of an aesthetic thing.”

The granddaddy of complementary medicine in New York is Dr. Robert Atkins, author of the best-selling Atkins diet books and founder of the Atkins Center for Complementary Medicine, a seven-story facility on 55th Street. Atkins has been in practice for 40 years and claims to have treated more than 60,000 patients, among them seventies diva Stevie Nicks (who credits Atkins’s diet with helping her to shed 30 pounds for her recent comeback tour).

Atkins, 68, is a cardiologist by training, and his reducing diets are high-protein, low-carbohydrate regimens—which have become popularized in best-selling books. Atkins’s practice attracts the chronically ill, especially diabetics and people with allergies, cancer, and multiple sclerosis. His clinic offers nutrition, herbs, acupuncture, prolo therapy, and supplements in conjunction with Western drugs when necessary to treat chronic ailments, including allergies, autoimmune diseases, diabetes, cancer, pain, and gastrointestinal complaints—as well as weight problems.

“For the first fourteen years of my career, when I saw a heart patient I would say, ‘How have you done since your last visit?’ And if they said ‘No change,’ I’d say ‘Good,’ ” Atkins says. “Now if they say ‘No change,’ I say ‘What have you been doing wrong?’ The expectation of mainstream doctors is that heart patients don’t get better. Here, the expectation is yes, they can. We are changing the world.”

Like many of his colleagues, Atkins began exploring diet, vitamins, and nutritional medicine when he became frustrated with the results of traditional pharmaceutical medicine. Over the years, he has seen the popularity of alternative health care grow, especially in New York: “New York doctors are at the head of this, because more and more people here are looking for alternative doctors. On the West Coast, the problem is a high density. West Coast doctors are more vegetarian, and most of us here are more carnivorous—that’s a difference.” Atkins also points out that on the West Coast the law is much stricter.

At first, complementary, innovative, or alternative practice drew the full scorn of the New York medical Establishment, and state law reflected that. Occasionally, practitioners had their licenses yanked by the medical boards, which judged a doctor’s work by whether it coincided with the community standards of practice used by the rest of the profession. In 1994, New York’s alternative-medical-practice act restated the standard of practice to whatever works—within the parameters of safety, effectiveness, and informed consent. That change in the law made life much easier for New York doctors who want to prescribe herbs, yoga, acupuncture, or supplements instead of or along with pharmaceuticals.

“NEW YORK IS A LOT LESS PARANOID THAN IT used to be,” observes Dr. Woodson Merrell, one of the city’s leading alternative-medicine practitioners. Merrell, 50, a hale, outdoorsy fellow who tends to wear corduroys and flannel when he sees patients (many from the music industry), is another West Coast native actually weaned on homeopathy and organic food. He was born in San Francisco, the grandson of a Sierra Club member; his parents treated his infant croup with homeopathic medicine. In college in the sixties, Merrell took up yoga and studied political science. He went on to medical school intending to combine Eastern and Western healing techniques.

Now he “recommends” (not, he points out, “prescribes,” because it is technically not allowed) herbs and supplements, yoga and meditation and acupuncture, nutritional advice and homeopathy, from his small office on 67th Street, where the walls are lined with books on Chinese and Tibetan medicine and herbs. He will prescribe pharmaceuticals when they’re called for, but only at an absolute minimum. Many of his patients are referred by their doctors. “An allergist will have a patient on cortisone for the eighth time, and finally he will say, ‘Go to Dr. Merrell; maybe he can do something.’ ”

Merrell teaches herbal medicine at Columbia and is the director of Beth Israel’s Center for Health and Healing, which aims to combine alternative and conventional medicine. He also serves on the state’s complementary-medicine board and debates the so-called quack-busters on panels. He credits the National Institutes of Health for funding an office of alternative medicine ten years ago. Merrell also says the AIDS crisis, which drove desperate patients toward unconventional medicine, gave conventional doctors a new respect for alternative cures.

“There was almost nothing infectious-disease specialists could do to help them in the beginning,” he says. “Their patients were coming to them doing these wild things, and the specialists saw that some of them were working, against all the odds. They became less antagonistic after that.”

Merrell and his colleagues face another obstacle in their quest for legitimacy: The FDA doesn’t regulate the supplements industry. Five years ago, Congress passed legislation sponsored by Senator Orrin Hatch—who represents Utah, home to the largest number of supplement producers in the country—that essentially forbade the FDA from treating supplements as drugs and applying to them the same stringent testing measures. The result is that many companies—hoping to cash in on a $12 billion market—are now labeling their products as supplements willy-nilly, with no standards.

“This is a huge business ripe for fraud,” says Merrell. He and the other doctors interviewed for this story who treat patients with supplements say they study the companies and select those they know to be supplying clean and genuine products. Merrell says he recommends supplements from companies that show they have independent lab testing.

DR. RAYMOND CHANG, A HONG Kong–born cancer specialist, personally visits herb farms in China; he compares his knowledge of medicinal herbs to that of an oenophile’s knowledge of wine. A rumpled 41-year-old who got his Western medical training at Brown University after years of apprenticeship to Chinese masters of herbal and acupuncture treatment, Chang operates his Meridian Medical Group on 30th Street off Park Avenue South almost exclusively for the seriously ill, or what he calls “difficult cases,” cancers and infertility. An oncologist by training, he is an attending physician at Cornell. His clinic offers his services and also those of an acupuncturist and a Tibetan-medicine

e style of the New York practitioners,” Hoffman says. “Some
re hard-assed approach here. In California, it’s more of an aesthetic thing.”

practitioner. His patients come from around the world—some of them, he confides, so important the entire clinic is shut down to the public when they fly in for a consultation.

"There are some things Chinese medicine can help—fertility, for example—but kidney stones will not be helped by acupuncture," Chang says. "Some alternative M.D.'s will tell patients not to get chemotherapy. Our determination is based on whatever is best for the patient."

Chang says he "reluctantly" got into Western medicine because his family wanted him to. At first, he was dazzled by Western science: "In the classroom, you do not realize the limits. In terms of pharmacology, physiology, biochemistry, it all works out. But in a clinical setting, when you see patients, you find lots of cases where Western medicine cannot identify what is wrong."

Just five years ago, he was actually reprimanded for discussing herbal treatments at Memorial Sloan-Kettering, where he was then an associate clinical staff member. Now most medical schools offer courses in complementary medicine; Chang teaches one at Cornell. Yet Chang isn't entirely happy about the new acceptance. He worries that the enthusiasm is just a fad auguring rampant commercialism and, ultimately, a bad name for the kind of medicine he practices. "I am keeping a low profile," he says. "This overhype will come back to hurt alternative medicine. The questionable quality of the products will invite skepticism from doctors. It will turn out it doesn't work for certain conditions, and patients will be disappointed."

FRANK LIPMAN, AN M.D. FROM SOUTH AFRICA, is the acupuncturist of choice for AIDS patients. He, too, reputedly has a client list of famous people—whom he indignantly declines to name. His interest in nontraditional medicine began in Africa, where he was intrigued by herbal medicine and homeopathy. In the U.S., he started studying acupuncture during his residency in the South Bronx, and eventually he did a psychiatry rotation at an acupuncture clinic there. In 1987, he got his New York acupuncture license. He now runs his own clinic on Fifth Avenue. Patients are charged $325 for an initial consultation and $125 for subsequent visits. Insurance usually covers these sessions.

Lipman says he turned to acupuncture because he was disillusioned with the impersonality and cursory nature of American medicine. "In South Africa, you take a good history, because you couldn't afford to do all these tests. You learn to listen to patients." He now practices what he calls integrated medicine, addressing lifestyle, nutrition, and general health along with providing acupuncture treatments.

Like Chang, Lipman readily acknowledges the limitations of his practice. He says acupuncture is most effective against headaches, back pain, menstrual problems, infertility, digestive problems, and stress-related disorders. "If I need to prescribe an antibiotic," he says, "I will, but for the most part I don't. I'm not against Western medicine. We are not saying it's either-or. We are not claiming to cure cancer or AIDS, but I do think it can help cancer or AIDS patients."

Lipman's client list has evolved over the past five years as the public has grown more accepting of Eastern medicine. "When I first started, my clientele were really from the artsy community and HIV community. Over time, I'm getting more and more mainstream people, more Wall Streeters. It's now beyond trendy. It's still trendy, but it's more established."

SUCCESS, OF COURSE, BREEDS CRITIcism. The most vocal opponent of alternative medicine is Wallace Sampson, former chief of oncology at Santa Clara Valley Medical Center and a Stanford professor of clinical medicine. He chaired the National Council for Reliable Health Information, a group that sees almost no medical advantage to any of the alternative offerings. Moreover, the group blames the cultural relativism of the sixties for infecting medicine with pseudoscience. "I see no benefit to any of it," Sampson says. "There might be benefits to meditation and relaxation—if nothing else, to acquire a better quality of life—but it has very little to do with life extension and susceptibility to disease."

Sampson has a well-polished, William Bennett–like screed as to how the alternative-medicine virus entered the culture. "Harvard offered courses, and then the hospitals in New York started doing it. These programs are set up by rich people with an ideological agenda that nature is good and science and technology is bad, that truth is a relative, culturally determined thing, so that science is diminished. There will be a price to pay for this later on, in terms of health and the indoctrination of medical students."

Doctors practicing complementary medicine, however, strongly believe that the next century will prove to the quackbusters that nontraditional treatments have a place in modern medicine. They believe that the older healing arts will be merged with Western medicine to create holistic health care that is both high-tech and ancient. In their vision of the future, patients will get MRIs, *qi gong,* and herbal remedies at the same clinic.

THERE IS A ROUGH DIVIDING LINE IN THE ALternative-medicine community between those who've been educated at medical school, or at least done some serious postgraduate work in science, and nondegreed "healers" and mystics, the sort one associates with Marin County or Santa Fe. But complementary M.D.'s do not deny that they exist on the same spectrum, since, almost by definition, they're open to the possibility that a psychic healer, for example, could do a body some good.

And in Manhattan these days, there's an army of unconventional, nonscientific healers, led by an elite set whose cellphone caller I.D.'s are alight with the home numbers of celebrities and the very rich, who rely on them for everything from ritual healing to ghostbusting.

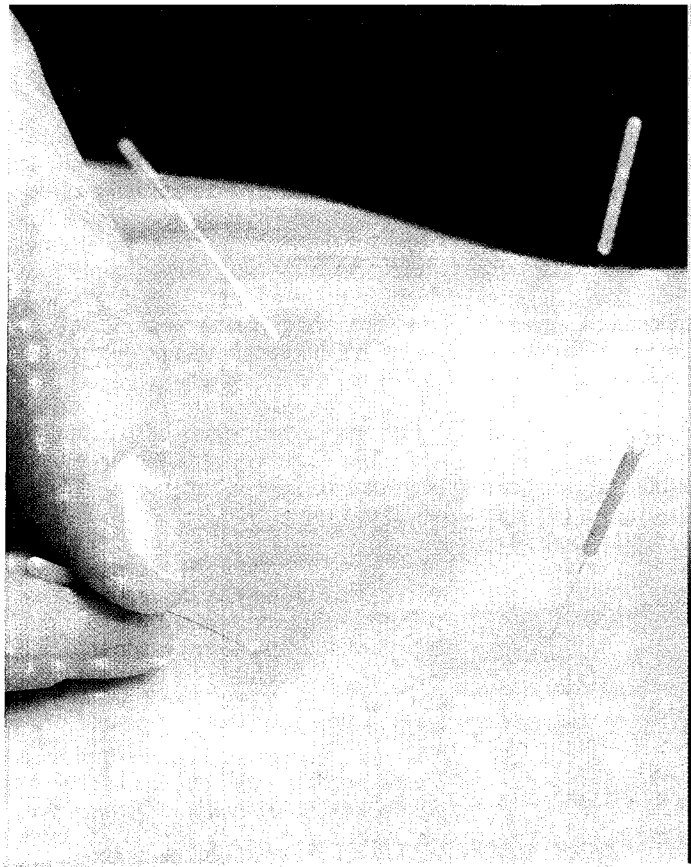
Fashion model turned actress Carolyn Murphy is just finishing a session with emotional healer Aleta St. James when I arrive at her Hell's Kitchen healing sanctuary. Two panting white Maltese dogs greet me at the door, where I'm instructed to remove my shoes before entering a delicately painted boudoir of an apartment. Huichol Indian masks peer down at the peach-colored rug from the peach-colored walls.

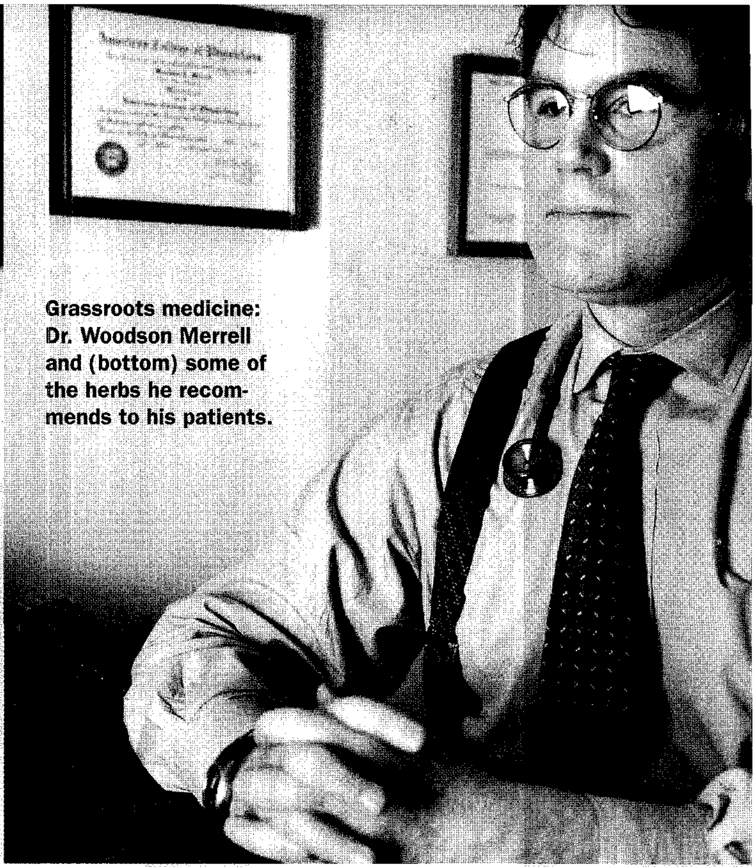
Aleta St. James is Guardian Angels founder Curtis Sliwa's older sister. Somewhere during her life journey from merchant seaman's daughter with a psychic gift to actress to globe-trotting healer-to-the-rich-and-famous, she changed her name. In her early fifties now, she slightly resembles Victoria Principal, and pads around barefoot, toenails painted Vamp.

"There used to be sacred secret schools for this," she says. "Now people are evolving very quickly and moving into the millennium. People's stuff backs up on them, and they have to learn to deal with their emotions and not be debilitated by them. There is *such* a parallel between sickness and emotions."

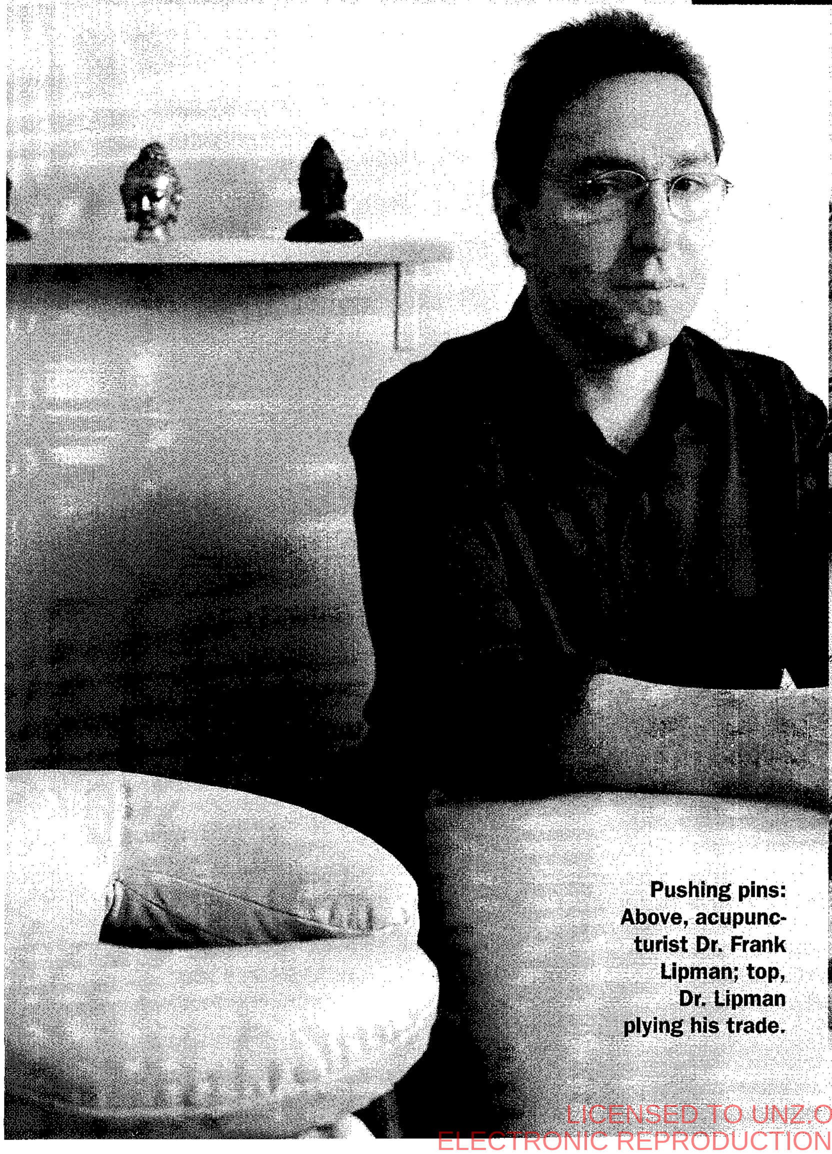
St. James used to treat a lot of AIDS patients, but now her clients tend to be physically healthy members of the entertainment or fashion communities. New patients wait a month or more for a first visit. An hour costs $200 for the first visit and $150 thereafter. She also leads trips to Mexico on which clients can swim with dolphins and meditate at Mayan ruins in search of a higher plane (although she returned from her latest dolphin trip with a decidedly earthly intestinal parasite).

Her method is a combination of repressed-memory recovery, quasi-Freudian psychotherapy, touch therapy, scanning for energy blocks, and breathing exercises. In a brief exhibition session, we proceed into the healing room after she asks me a few questions about my childhood relationships with my parents. It's dark and there's a futon on the floor, a Buddha and some crystals in the walls. I lie on my stomach. With her hand on the small of my back, she asks me to mind-travel back to when I was 6 and let "Little Nina" come





Grassroots medicine: Dr. Woodson Merrell and (bottom) some of the herbs he recommends to his patients.

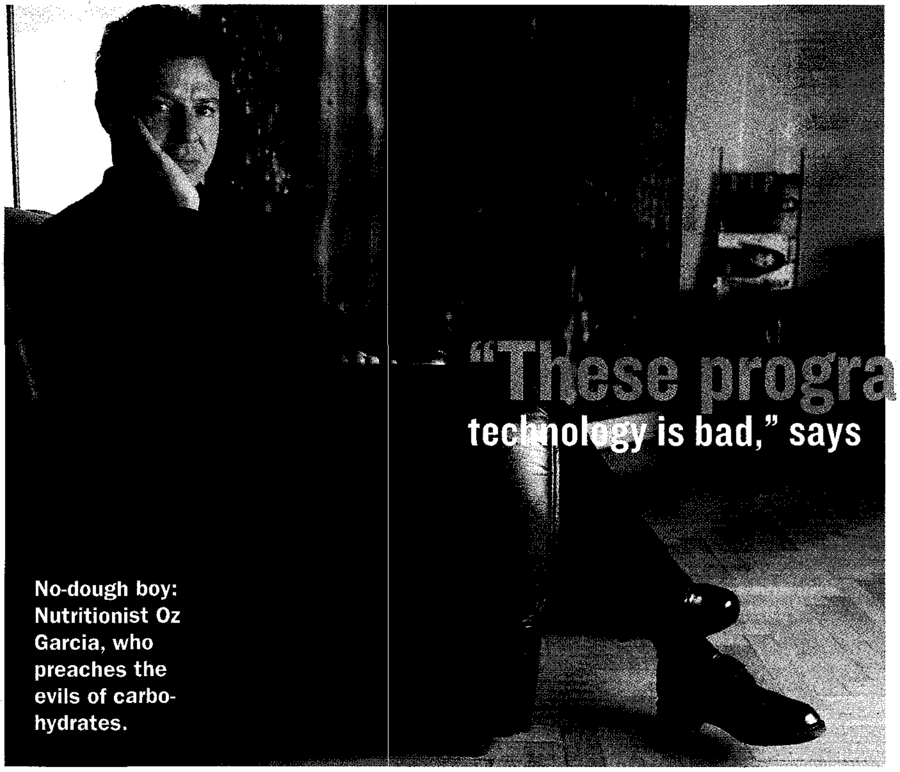


Pushing pins: Above, acupuncturist Dr. Frank Lipman; top, Dr. Lipman plying his trade.

out. "Tell her to let go of her fear," she says. "Exhale the fear. Do you feel it leaving? Do you see the light?"

After a few minutes of deep breathing with St. James's hands on my back, she places a small object in my hand, puts headphones on my ears, and leaves the room. My brain is filled with the sound of Gloria Estefan singing "Coming Out of the Dark." I peer down and in my hand is a glass cylinder with a silver spring inside it. Silver, St. James explains later, is the color of the maternal. A white Maltese hops on my chest and licks my nose just as the song ends. It's the signal that the session is over.

"She helped me become a better person," says Carolyn Murphy, 25, who sought out St. James's services after reading about her in *Allure* two years ago. Although Murphy says St. James has mostly helped her work through the tensions of everyday life by getting her centered, the healer has also alleviated some physical problems. "I've had stomach ailments where I've gone in and she's placed her hands on my stomach and it's gone away. I've had sinus headaches she's cured. She's a really powerful woman. There are people put on earth to heal people, but you have to be open to it. She definitely has a gift."



No-dough boy: Nutritionist Oz Garcia, who preaches the evils of carbohydrates.

"These programs are set up b
technology is bad," says Wallace Sampson. "There wil

THE DOORKNOBS TO NUTRITIONIST OZ GARcia's inner office are green crystal balls. The outer office is decorated with magazine articles about him published in *W, Hamptons,* and *Allure*. Garcia advises the likes of Winona Ryder and Judith Regan, along with a flock of supermodels, about what to eat, using hair analysis and a method of eating tailored to individual metabolic types. Last year he published a book called *The Balance: Your Personal Prescription for Supermetabolism, Renewed Vitality, Maximum Health, and Instant Rejuvenation.*

Garcia, born in Cuba, was a fashion-and-beauty photographer in the seventies when he became a natural-health convert. In his mid-twenties, he suffered debilitating migraines, and no prescription drugs seemed to help. On an assignment to photograph a visiting guru, he heard the lecture that changed his life and decided to try meditation and natural supplements. Soon he was a strict vegetarian, growing sprouts in trays in his loft apartment, and hadn't had a headache in months. He apprenticed himself to naturopaths and other holistic healers, studied at the Hippocrates Institute in Boston, then went into business as a nutritionist in the eighties. Garcia says his job is to "educate"—not treat—people. "We work in conjunction with their doctors," he says.

Most of Garcia's clients are not exactly sick, but they come to him complaining of tiredness, weight gain, or feeling emotionally or temperamentally off. In a first session, he will quiz people about how they live and what they eat. He instructs them to keep food and activity logs, and to individualize their diets, he sends people for blood work and hair analysis. "Food when used properly can be therapeutic," he says. "We are educating clients about the curative role of food."

Garcia advises a diet with "protein-accurate" and "carbohydrate-accurate" goals. Like Bezoza, he believes Paleolithic man ate a balanced diet of protein, carbohydrates, and fat, but modernity has served up a groaning board of carbohydrate-laden food that turns people into sluggish, fleshy addicts. "The biggest culprits are pizza, pasta, cookies, cakes, bagels. It's this doughy diet people eat that causes neurochemical changes, and they become addicted."

Lithe and elegantly dressed in cashmere and velvet, Garcia doesn't appear to have been near a bagel for years. He says he eats bread "on a social basis" only. The last time he ate fast food was after a vision quest in Zion National Park, Utah—driven to it only by desperate necessity. "We'd been fasting, and we were on this unbelievable high and were starving. The only place we could get food on the highway was Burger King. I had a Whopper. I weathered it okay."

Garcia's clients tend to see him as a "best friend," says Jason Binn, the 31-year-old publisher of *Hamptons, Ocean Drive,* and *Palm Beach* magazines. "He changed my life. You never know your body until you go to someone like Oz. I run around with the fastest people around, and my hours of sleeping and eating are crazy. He told me my whole life by analyzing my blood and hair samples. His objective is to level you out to where you're just streamlined. He makes me do a cleansing once a week where all I eat is brown rice and vegetables and an ultraclear shake. It's tough."

EATING RIGHT MIGHT CLEAR UP THE chronic-fatigue syndrome but not resolve a nagging knee problem from an old skiing injury. Some wealthy New Yorkers are so enamored of their chiropractors that they regard them as their chief source of medical advice. Chiropractor Wayne Winnick is one whose healing abilities have reached legendary levels. He calls what he does "holistic orthopedics" and says the best doctors should be as familiar with how the Incas treated pain as they are with the best modern surgical techniques. His clients include Condé Nast editorial director James Truman, fashion photographer Bruce Weber (who calls Winnick "truly a Dr. Feelgood in the natural kind of way"), entertainment lawyer (and Paul McCartney's brother-in-law) John Eastman, Claudia Cohen, and Ron Perelman—to name a few.

Winnick defines holistic orthopedics as “anything to do with the body you can find a way to treat accurately without drugs or surgery.” His practice isn’t limited to traditional chiropractic methods. “The essence of our success is using all the modalities,” he says. “We do trigger-point therapy, transverse-friction technique, active release work. It’s like taking a steel ball and knocking down a building. Once you make the tissue changes, they are permanent. Once treated, they are cured, and they do not come back.”

Winnick, 43 and a New Jersey native, was schooled at the New York Chiropractic College. He has done postgraduate work in sports medicine and back pain at Harvard and also studied in China, where he learned Eastern methods for dealing with orthopedic conditions. His treatment of scar tissue, for example, comes from Chinese medicine, in which, he says, the first thing treated after surgery is the scar.

Most of his clients come in for sports-related injuries, knee pain, chronic pain, and accident-related problems. “I do a lot of knees before surgery,” he says. “I will put someone on a 30-day trial, so this way we can’t say we didn’t exhaust everything before surgery.”

“He gives you hope, and he gives you results,” says TV personality and Ron Perelman ex-wife Claudia Cohen. “Orthopedists invariably give you the same old stretch-and-ice advice; he understands pressure points. He gets tremendous satisfaction out of seeing his patients get better—and believe me, so many of his patients have been all over the lot for years looking for help, once they come to Wayne, they never go anywhere else.”

JOSEPH WEGER, MASSAGE THERAPIST TO ASHley Judd, Blaine and Robert Trump, makeup artist Pat McGrath, and others too fabulous to list, makes house calls with his “essential healing oils” stashed in a black fanny pack. He arrives at my apartment talking about how Nostradamus’s apocalyptic predictions probably mean New York City is a goner around the stroke of midnight of the last day of this year. He totes his foldout massage table and oils, charging $175 for an hour and a half of trigger-point, deep-tissue massage using aromatherapy. He and his clients believe the combination of oils and his bodywork have preventative health effects, and that he can relieve sinus conditions, vertigo, and even prostate trouble.

Weger is short and stocky, with huge forearms and hands, a Marine haircut, and the body of a gymnast—which he was as a teen. Now 39, he took up massage therapy in the early nineties, studying first in California at the Institute of Psychostructural Balancing in Santa Monica and later at the Swedish Institute in New York.

Before giving me a demonstration of what the New York *Post* called “hands from heaven,” Weger anoints me with some of his oils. In minutes, I smell like a Greek Orthodox wedding mass, with basil oil (for tendinitis), a fourteen-oil combo (for harmony and balancing the energy centers), peppermint (as an anti-inflammatory), and eucalyptus (for respiratory relief). Finally he dabs some white angelica on my back, which he says has been proved through Kirlian photography to alter a person’s aura for the better almost immediately. He also says that certain oils applied to the soles of the feet travel to every cell of the body in twenty minutes. The massage is heavenly, but half a day and three showers later I still can’t shake the scent. On the other hand, I haven’t had the flu yet.

ch people with an agenda that nature is good and science and
ice to pay for this later on, in terms of health and the indoctrination of medical students.”

DONNA KARAN AND ROBIN QUIVERS ARE A few of the devotees of Barbara Biziou, a ritualist who devises ceremonies for people who are grieving, terminally ill, or undergoing surgery, or who simply want prosperity and happiness. Biziou, a red-headed native New Yorker, also spent some time in California in the sixties and seventies, where she studied with a variety of spiritual teachers including Brugh Joy, a medical doctor and spiritual healer.

“What I do is in addition to Western medicine,” says Biziou, who sees many cancer and AIDS patients. “People need both medicine and healing rituals. Some people who have, quote, terminal illnesses say their quality of life is so much better, they have more energy, they feel calmer.”

A ritual, Biziou explains, can be anything from having a group of friends come over before surgery and give you gifts that represent their strong characteristics to writing down a wish and lighting a candle. It’s about focus and intention.

“With cancer patients, the first thing I teach is how to calm down, center, and relax,” she says. “We do breathing techniques that will immediately calm them down. Then we work out a ritual.” For one lawyer who had colon cancer, she created a healing stick and had him visualize his favorite place—a beach—by putting on suntan lotion and using lamps and ocean music. The lawyer brings the healing stick with him to his chemo treatments.

“EVERY HOUSE HAS NINE ENERGIES,” says Alex Stark, a *feng shui* practitioner who uses geomancy to track down bad energy in houses and eradicate it. “What I do is like a CT scan, so you can say in this precise corner of your house the danger is greatest, and in this corner, you might want to put an altar to improve your relationships.”

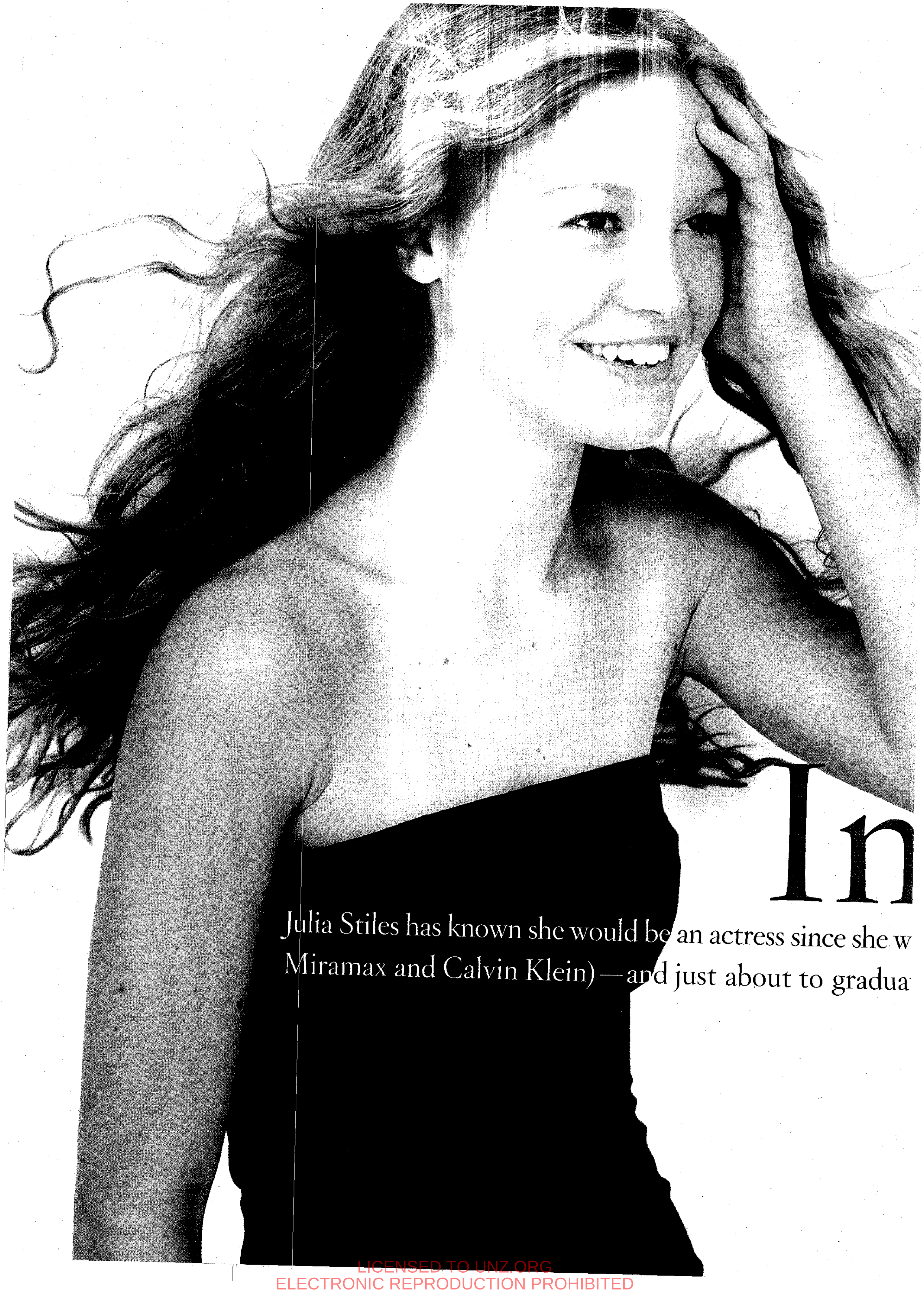
Stark, who has a large, global client list, is half Peruvian and half Swiss and grew up in a family that was open to notions of South American magic and ritual. He studied architecture at Yale, but in his mid-thirties he had what he terms an identity crisis and began to use his gift—a gift that his fellow architects scorn, although he is respected enough that he teaches at the Rhode Island School of Design.

There are many *feng shui* practitioners working in New York (Donald Trump imports his from China), but Stark’s method is more intuitive and magic-oriented than most. He not only operates on *feng shui* principles of directions but says he physically senses the earth’s grid of energy. Where the lines of that energy intersect, migraines or damage to the immune system or other ailments can occur. Lay people cannot know whether their bed just happens to be situated on such an intersection.

Stark’s geomancy has enabled him, he says, to ferret out a “black stream” beneath the bed of a woman who had been diagnosed with lung cancer. He is much in demand at $250 an hour among the well-heeled who want make sure, for example, that they haven’t placed their bundle of joy’s crib over an intersection of bad energy.

Over lunch at Zen Palate, Stark offers to give me a quick Chinese astrological reading, which would be the guide for how he would rearrange my living quarters if I had the $250-an-hour fee. I give him my birth date, and he consults a tiny chart in his wallet, then tells me I am efficient and organized and have a good head for business. “You have a very strong potential for happiness and prosperity,” he concludes.

A guy who tells you that—and convincingly—is worth every cent of his fee. I can’t wait to scrape up the funds to have him check my apartment for black streams. ■



In

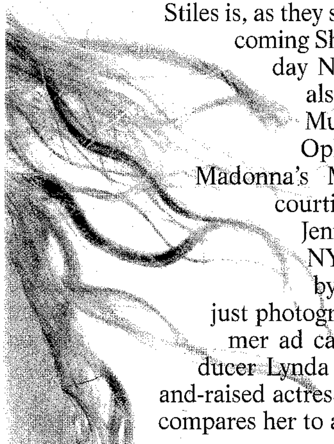
Julia Stiles has known she would be an actress since she w
Miramax and Calvin Klein)—and just about to gradua

Stiles

years old. Now, ten years later, she's the belle of the Bard (not to mention om high school. **By Patricia Falvo**

“OKAY, QUESTION FOR THE DAY,” SAYS THE waitress in her slow Charleston drawl. “Did you recognize that little girl who just left?” Julia Stiles, the brown-eyed blonde actress who was crowned one of Hollywood's brightest young lights by *Vanity Fair* that very weekend, murmurs no. “That was Tara Lipinski!” the waitress exclaims. “You know, the figure skater!” Julia nods politely. The waitress shakes her head. “Ah, you failed the test,” she sighs sadly.

In Charleston to film her new movie, *O,* based on *Othello,* Julia Stiles is at that precious, fleeting stage of pre-celebrity when the biggest invasions on her privacy are teens who stop her at clubs to say “You're famous . . . aren't you?” and Citadel cadets who whistle at her as she walks down the street (“But I think they do that to *anybody,*” she admits). While her face—camouflaged by stars and stripes in ads for the NBC mini-series *The 60s*—was all but unavoidable last month, Stiles goes unnoticed among the extras on the South Carolina set of *O,* who cluster excitedly around her co-star Rain Phoenix instead. But with a string of movies on the horizon (her latest, a teen version of Shakespeare's *Taming of the Shrew* called *10 Things I Hate About You,* opens this Wednesday), things are about to change.



Stiles is, as they say, in play. She's in Miramax's upcoming Shakespearean knockoff, a modern-day New York version of *Hamlet* that also stars Ethan Hawke and Bill Murray. Julia plays an East Village Ophelia in combat boots. Now Madonna's MadGuy productions is avidly courting her to star in *Going Down,* Jennifer Belle's best-seller about an NYU student who pays her tuition by turning tricks. And Calvin Klein just photographed Stiles in jeans for his summer ad campaign. Then there's super-producer Lynda Obst, who cast the SoHo-born-and-raised actress in *The 60s*—and who gushingly compares her to a young Meryl Streep.

NOT BAD FOR AN 18-YEAR-OLD. BUT EXCEPT FOR HER TENDENCY TO describe things as “cool,” Stiles is not your prototypical New York teenager. She's not surly or jaded or fashion-obsessed. She doesn't even smoke. She's just landed her first real boyfriend, a co-star from *10 Things* she refuses to talk about. Growing up in a decidedly boho SoHo household (Mom's a potter; Dad runs the business), Stiles never had to sneak out of her parents' house at night, à la Gwyneth. She just informed them she was going. And despite all that freedom—or because of it—she's a *very* mature 18. Her mother, Judith Stiles, says her daughter's tenaciousness in family discussions (everything was decided by consensus) led her to believe that she'd spawned a future litigation lawyer. But there were early premonitions of her eventual career. When Julia was 6, her parents caught her riffling through the phone book looking for an agent. By 7, she was entertaining the family by acting out complete episodes of *The Honeymooners.*

The precocious prepubescent was duly enrolled in modern-dance classes, where she learned to compose three-minute routines with such titles as “The Gods Ate My Jewelry” at the tender age of 8. The same year, after she caught her first play at La MaMa, Miss Stiles officially decided to become an actress. “I got a letter in the mail written in crayon,” says Bob McGrath, who heads the avant-garde Ridge Theater Company. “It said that she was Julia Stiles and she wanted to be an actress and if I had any, '*and I mean any* parts for kids, please give me a call.' She included all these Polaroids of herself as all these characters that she'd made up.” McGrath immediately created a part for her in his play *Jungle Movie.* “I don't think she had any idea what the premise was,” he laughs. “I'd say, 'Well, Julia, it's sort of a meditation on thirties jungle movies cross-pollinated with Freudian psychology,' and she went, 'Mmm, I can do that.' She had this serious focus about the craft of acting from the time she was 9.”

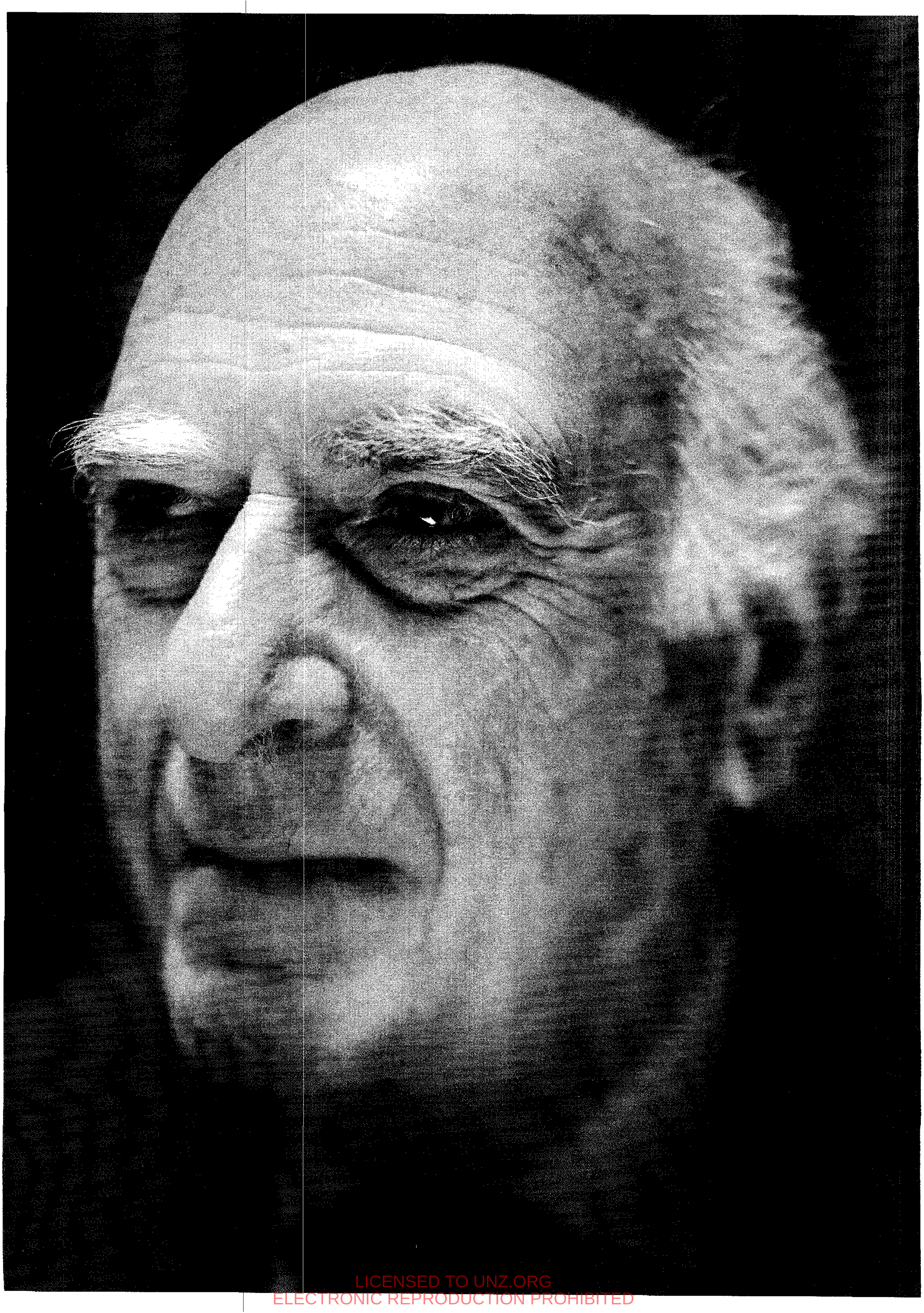
“She's both extremely intuitive and extremely intellectual, which is rare,” adds Obst. “I see her as a worker and a thinker and a *philosopher* in a weird way. My exchange with her is as rich as with any sort of college professor.” Obst lowers her voice dramatically. “I don't want to make her feel uncomfortable by saying this, but she has a small *savant* quality.”

Stiles first attracted serious attention in 1998, when *The Anarchist's Daughter,* a screenplay she co-wrote with McGrath and Scott Saunders, was accepted into Sundance's Screenwriter's Lab. That same year, her low-budget thriller *Wicked* appeared in the Sundance Film Festival. The movie wasn't notable so much for its story line (Julia plays a precocious teen who gets too close to her father when her mother is murdered) as for the quirky talent of its young star. The buzz quickly propelled her out of the world of cattle calls and auditions and won her a reputation as a skilled if slightly somber actor. “When I used to audition for commercials,” she says, “I'd always get people telling me, 'You have to go in and light up the room and be bubbly and talk a lot!' ” She groans at the memory. “But my mom has a mantra, 'I am what I am and that's all that I am,' and it's very helpful.”

So her character in *10 Things I Hate About You,* a prickly teenager repulsed by her popularity-seeking peers, isn't too much of a stretch. The truth is, Stiles makes an unlikely ingenue. She's not terribly good at small talk and is appalled by artifice. In her parachute pants and Puma flip-flops, she looks less like a Hollywood starlet than like the soccer player she was in high school. “I sense that she's uncomfortable with superficiality,” says Obst. “She's afraid she's going to get it wrong. She doesn't know the lines she's supposed to say in certain kinds of ritual conversation. You have to actually talk with her and engage her.”

In her cluttered hotel suite—her home for two months—Julia sits behind a coffee table piled with flowers, schoolbooks (*Conceptual Physics, The Bhagavad Gita*), and a Hampshire College brochure. (Earlier this morning, she took a Spanish exam online.) She is, of course, dying to graduate this May. She's applied to schools she didn't have the time to visit and figures she'll take a year off, make a few movies, and “travel and be human.” Her plan was partly inspired by the advice she got from her *Hamlet* co-star Bill Murray, who plays her father, Polonius. “Right after *Ghostbusters,* or whichever movie totally made him a superstar, he studied in Paris and traveled around Asia,” she says. “His agent couldn't even get him on the phone. Bill said, 'You can't take this too seriously and let it run your life.' ” ▬

Photograph by Wayne Maser/A & C Anthology



HIGH CALIBER JUSTICE

FOR MORE THAN 32 YEARS, ACTIVIST FEDERAL JUDGE JACK Weinstein has used his Brooklyn courtroom as a cauldron for landmark cases, from Agent Orange to last month's trial finding manufacturers liable for illegal handgun sales. His justice may be blind, but it's not mute. BY ROBERT KOLKER

The jury's first note arrives on the morning of February 9, just four days after the start of deliberations: "We are at a point that we've decided we cannot come to a unanimous decision. Do you have any advice for us?" • The message puts the fear of God in Elisa Barnes; after four and a half years of steering her case against gun manufacturers through the courts, a hung jury would be as bad as a loss. But Judge Jack Weinstein, the mainstay of Brooklyn's Eastern District, isn't about to accept a deadlock. • "Nobody ever promised you an easy life," he tells them, a hint of Bensonhurst in his voice. "I certainly didn't. I told you it would be difficult. All right, retire—your lunch will be served as usual; your rations will not be reduced." • That afternoon, another note arrives: "We are very upset. We are starting to fight!! We cannot reach a decision. We are emotionally drained, and some of us feel physically ill. Please,

PHOTOGRAPH BY BRIAN VELENCHENKO

please give us more direction!” Weinstein tries another tack. “I sympathize and empathize with you,” he says, “but you can’t walk away from this. I can let you go for the evening if you like. Or I can have the marshals take you for a walk. I can send you over to the restaurant to have a cup of coffee or a bun or something. . . . Everyone has invested too much time in this case to allow you to throw up your hands prematurely.”

One juror protests: “I want to go home.”

“You want to go home?” the judge says.

“Yeah.”

“Okay, go home if you would like. Be here at nine o’clock tomorrow. Look forward to what you’re going to eat, and have a pleasant evening. Don’t discuss the case with anyone.”

Two days and four notes later, the jury delivers the first verdict in history to find a gun manufacturer liable for the way its products are sold. Even if it is reversed on appeal, *Hamilton* v. *Accu-Tek*—which held gun-makers accountable for the black market in guns used in seven local shootings—promises to trigger a host of class-action claims against the firearms industry. Gun-control activists believe those lawsuits will force the industry to regulate its products in ways it has spent millions trying to avoid.

But gun-makers say they aren’t about to cut any deals. When their lawyers file an appeal, possibly as soon as next month, they’ll argue that Elisa Barnes never linked a single one of their clients’ guns to the crimes that prompted this case. Why should the industry take the rap, they’ll argue, when some criminal pulled the trigger? And they won’t stop with Barnes. The second time around, the case will become as much about Judge Weinstein as it is about loose handguns.

Already the gun-makers’ lawyers have painted Weinstein as a liberal courtroom legend who engineered the case from start to finish. In their appeal, they’ll show how he was handpicked by Barnes to try the case, based on his reputation as the quintessential activist jurist. They’ll argue that he legislated from the bench, tailoring Barnes’s arguments to fit his own theories about negligence cases. They’ll say he egged jurors on to compromise on a tainted split verdict despite repeated signs that they were deadlocked.

They’ll say that with Jack Weinstein on the bench, the game was rigged.

“I’m disappointed in the judge, because this is his theory,” says American Arms counsel Daniel Hughes. “If you read the transcripts, he acknowledges that this is a laboratory for an intellectual exercise.”

But the judge is unfazed.

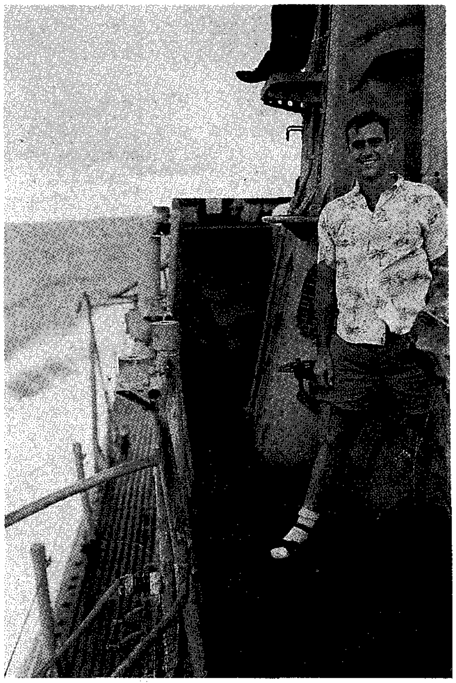
“If the Court of Appeals disagrees with me or somebody else disagrees with my rulings, it doesn’t bother me,” Weinstein says in an interview shortly after the trial’s end. “After almost 33 years, I don’t feel I have to justify myself to anybody but myself.”

FEDERAL TRIAL JUDGES ARE PAID TO BE lonely. Appointed for life, they hear cases and make rulings, only to be second-guessed by appellate panels they don’t get to confront. Quite often, hamstrung by precedents and sentencing guidelines, they’re more machines than mediators. A few, though, push for independence: They micromanage trials with an eye to testing new legal interpretations; they consolidate scores of cases and push for out-of-court settlements before higher courts can touch them; they write voluminous opinions and even books on why and how the law should evolve. When judges today try any of these moves, they’re working from the playbook of Jack B. Weinstein.

Weinstein’s formative experiences—a Depression-era youth, service in World War II, the shock of first learning about the Holocaust—reflect those of a whole generation of liberal jurists who are currently dying off. But as the bench’s most daring overseer of mass-tort litigation—where hundreds, sometimes millions, of complainants go after a single big defendant—Weinstein has done more than any other to bring justice to large groups of people. In the eighties, he wrangled thousands of festering claims against the government by Agent Orange victims into one megacase and brokered an unprecedented $180 million settlement that was virtually appeal-proof. It also set the stage for every class-action suit since—from the *Exxon Valdez* to tobacco.

Weinstein doesn’t always come out against business: In breast-implant and repetitive-stress-injury cases, he blocked some long-shot claims against manufacturers. But in huge class actions involving asbestos and DES (the anti-miscarriage drug that was found to cause birth defects), Weinstein has extracted cash awards in cases he grouped together himself, all in the service of fulfilling what he calls a “communitarian” purpose.

His innovations have inspired awe in some court watchers—Alan Dershowitz has called him “the most important federal judge in the last quarter-century”—and exasperation in others. “He’s very crafty and very shrewd in the sense of appellate-court review,” says Yale law professor Peter Schuck, whose book *Agent Orange on Trial* describes how Weinstein would call any controversial opinion “preliminary” or “provisional” to keep his theories afloat. “I would worry more about some of his judicial techniques if applied by less talented and scrupulous judges.”



HERE COME THE JUDGE **Clockwise from top, Weinstein on a submarine in 1944; flanked by Javits and Kennedy in 1967; campaigning with wife Evelyn in 1972; with Judge Helen Freedman in 1990.**

The judge gets much of his press from his preference for dishing out compassionate sentences that consider criminals’ impoverished backgrounds and family situations. Until recently, he used his seniority to take himself out of the rotation completely for drug trials, refusing to hear cases where Congress’s war on drugs required him to dispense penalties he felt were too

Photographs: this page, above, Faye Ellman.

harsh. (He jumped back in after federal judges were given a bit more leeway—and defense lawyers told him their clients would suffer without him.) “My suspicion is there were a lot of people over the years who were jealous of Judge Weinstein,” says Mario Cuomo. “It was just the force of his personality, the force of his strength as a judge, that made him able to deal with a situation in a way that got it publicity.”

I FIRST CALL WEINSTEIN AT HIS BROOKLYN chambers before eight in the morning. He's been at the office for a half-hour already. He mentions that at 77, he's slowing down; for most of his career, he has shown up to work at five. Although he stopped teaching at Columbia last year, he maintains a full caseload. His energy level belies his years—this summer, he's planning to bicycle through Italy with his wife, Evelyn, a social worker, and their family—but it's a laconic sort of energy. Never strained or tense, his voice is soft and nonconfrontational, even when he says something provocative. Does he consider himself the activist judge others believe him to be? “If by *activist* you mean the judge feels an obligation to improve the law and make it more effective, I think most judges are activists,” he says in the warmly lit chambers. “The conservative judges on the Supreme Court are *very* activist.”

What has driven him over the years, he says, is neither a rigid adherence to the law nor, necessarily, independence. Instead, he says his career has been guided by his social conscience. “After the Holocaust, after winning the war, we were feeling quite elated and powerful,” he says. “After this powerful country that we had was expanding and rich and was turned over to us, we had opportunity, and we were going to use it.”

A large Ben Shahn illustration of an Oliver Wendell Holmes Jr. quote looms over Weinstein's desk: IF YOU BELIEVE GREAT THINGS, YOU MAY BE ABLE TO MAKE OTHERS BELIEVE. It is a copy of a backdrop Shahn created for a Fred Friendly CBS documentary on the Supreme Court. Lou Dorfsman, a neighbor of Weinstein's in Great Neck and a former CBS creative director, had the copy made especially for Weinstein. Dorfsman is convinced that Bobby Kennedy, who recommended Weinstein for the bench in 1967, would have appointed him to the top court had Kennedy made it to the presidency: “I'd been thinking he'd be a perfect guy for the Supreme Court.”

“I THINK MOST JUDGES ARE ACTIVISTS,” Jack Weinstein says. “The conservative judges on the Supreme Court are *very* activist.”

Cuomo agrees, lamenting that Weinstein “would have had more impact if he were up higher.” And yet, with *Hamilton* v. *Accu-Tek,* Weinstein may have pulled off a stunt that even Congress couldn't.

WEINSTEIN GREW UP IN BENSONhurst, an ethnically mixed, peaceful neighborhood a world away from the Bedford-Stuyvesant of Freddie Hamilton—the main plaintiff in the gun case, whose son was killed on the street by a bullet intended for someone else. Weinstein remembers a time when neighbors looked out for one another; if he or his friends stepped out of line, it would be reported back to his parents. What's happened to much of the city since has helped shape his legal thinking. If anything, Weinstein's work on class-action cases can be seen as a method for bringing control back to communities overwhelmed by outside forces. “Families broke up, they scattered and moved out to the suburbs, so there was a lot of instability,” he says. “Drugs came into the scene. Guns came in.”

His father was one of the first Jewish sales managers at National Cash Register; his mother worked as an illustrator's model. After earning her Actors' Equity card, Bessie Weinstein got cards for her sons Jack and Bill. In addition to appearing on Broadway in *Subway Express* and *I Love an Actress,* young Jack also earned money going door-to-door selling clothespins that he found on the ground and arranged into packs. As a teenager, he delivered milk, sometimes by horse-drawn truck. For seven years, Jack worked on the Brooklyn docks by day and attended Brooklyn College at night—where he met his future wife at the library. During the war, he served as a lieutenant on a naval submarine, a bit of a trick for a man who stands six feet two.

Once home and married, and with the first of three sons on the way, he enrolled in an accelerated two-year law program at Columbia. After a brief stint in private practice, he joined the Columbia faculty and kept his hand in public policy by working for State Senator Seymour Halpern of Queens. He and Evelyn settled in Great Neck, raising their sons and hooking up with a social circle he still keeps ties with.

In 1961, Weinstein helped his friend and neighbor Eugene Nickerson campaign for Nassau County executive. Two years later, Nickerson hired Weinstein as county attorney. By the mid-sixties, Weinstein had marshaled the reform of the state rules of civil procedure, and he cowrote the authoritative book on the subject, still known informally to every New York lawyer as *Weinstein, Korn & Miller.*

During that time, Weinstein and Nickerson met Bobby Kennedy. After a brief flirtation with an attorney-general candidacy (the party ran an upstate candidate instead), Weinstein served as a delegate at the 1967 state constitutional convention. That same year, Kennedy and Republican senator Jacob Javits were in rare agreement on Weinstein's nomination to the Federal District Court.

On the far wall of Weinstein's chambers hangs a framed 1992 letter from Thurgood Marshall in which the Supreme

Court justice empathizes with Weinstein's deliberations over assuming "senior status" in the Eastern District. In the fifties, Weinstein had helped edit some of Marshall's briefs in *Brown* v. *Board of Education*—a seminal class-action suit if there ever was one. "I thought he was a great lawyer," Weinstein tells me dispassionately, "not so much in an academic sense but in his ability to get people together to accomplish something useful."

On another wall, the judge points out a framed letter from Bobby Kennedy. "I wrote him a memorandum when he was thinking of running for senator, saying that he could without living here," Weinstein says with a smile. The party's reigning legal scholar managed to stay above the fray—while remaining well-connected.

WEINSTEIN'S OLDEST SON, SETH, A real-estate investor in Connecticut, considers his father less extreme than many legal scholars do. "He's a very conservative person," he says. "He's always very concerned with civil rights, with equality of opportunity, with opening up the system—but he views those positions as being conservative ones, as being fundamental parts of the American dream. He is willing to look at how to adapt the law not radically but through adaptation. I consider him evolutionary, not revolutionary."

The new judge was drawn to innovation almost right away, first floating the idea of collective liability in 1972: Ruling on *Hall* v. *E. I. Du Pont,* a lawsuit involving children who hurt themselves playing with dynamite blasting caps, he said an entire industry could be held liable for not safeguarding its products, even if just one manufacturer made the caps that went off. In 1974, when he circuitously desegregated Coney Island's Mark Twain Junior High by converting it into a magnet school, he started to formulate notions of negligence that would come into play with Agent Orange. "Benign neglect is as illegal as malign intent," he wrote in that decision. "Both are unconstitutional."

Before long, his political ambition returned. In 1973, he risked giving up his lifetime appointment to run for chief judge of the state court. Friends say Weinstein had his eye on reforming the entire state court system—finishing the work he had started when he rewrote the state's rules of civil procedure. But Weinstein relied mainly on his reputation, running a quiet, back-porch campaign. His opponent, Jacob Fuchsberg, outspent him, and the judge lost by 755 votes.

Weinstein found other methods of reform soon enough, turning to mass torts full-throttle. "Today, unlike the situation when I was a kid in the twenties, a mistake by a manufacturer can injure hundreds of thousands and millions of people," he tells me. "So in the Agent Orange cases and these other cases, we've had to devise ways of interpreting the law using procedure—using concepts to meet needs of our present technology and size."

After Agent Orange, Weinstein's devotion to mass torts only grew more intense. In the mid-eighties, he called on Congress to expand Social Security into a national health-insurance and comprehensive disability plan, and to create a federal court for helping victims of mass disasters, from train crashes to terrorist attacks. It was as if he had finally found a method for improving the world that could satisfy his bold theatrical streak, his zeal for administrative law, and his social conscience—all at the same time.

ON FEBRUARY 10 AT 2:45 P.M., THE JURORS send in yet another note: "We've examined the evidence and at this point both sides have very distinct opinions. Do we 'compromise' to come to an agreement?"

Weinstein instructs each juror to decide the case on his or her own while taking care to listen to the others. But Smith & Wesson lawyer James Dorr warns Weinstein that they might be on the brink of an unfair horse trade. "I'm inclined not to stir a pot at this point," Weinstein says. "Let's see what they come up with next."

The next day, like clockwork, another note arrives: "One juror refused [to work toward a verdict] because he or she feels the verdict 'will open the floodgate of lawsuits across the country.' Could the judge address the importance of focusing only on the evidence in these seven cases?"

Barnes smells one bad apple in the barrel. "I wanted him out, out, out!" she recalled later. "He clearly had an agenda of his own." Weinstein turns Barnes down, refusing even to interview the skeptical juror.

Again, gun lawyers warn Weinstein about a jury compromise. And again, Weinstein won't budge. Instead, he makes a pun: "As a practical matter of *jury's prudence,*" he says, spelling it out so the joke can make it into the record, "jurors constantly compromise. Otherwise they would not be able to decide very many cases."

WEINSTEIN'S REPUTATION IN CLASS-ACTION cases got him noticed by Elisa Barnes, a Manhattan plaintiff's lawyer who had spent years building the *Hamilton* v. *Accu-Tek* case. She needed a judge who would sit still for the wild-card thesis of her case—that the gun industry turned a blind eye to the fact that its handguns found their way into a black market of guns used in crimes like the one that killed Freddie Hamilton's son.

And so, rather than wait for a Second Circuit judge to be chosen randomly, Barnes formally requested Weinstein—citing a DES case, and one in 1981 that he heard involving a defective shotgun, as "related cases." Gun attorneys insist they didn't learn Barnes had done this until a year later, when one of them stumbled across the request sheet in a file; they now plan to contest it as an abuse of the related-cases rule.

"I THOUGHT HE WAS A GREAT LAWYER," Weinstein says of Thurgood Marshall, "in his ability to get people together to accomplish something useful."

Once aboard, Weinstein rode Barnes hard to make sure the case was trial-worthy. Before arguments started, he dropped all victims who hadn't been shot in New York State. Seven plaintiffs remained. During the trial, Weinstein kicked all of the gun distributors out of the case, leaving 25 manufacturers, and ordered Barnes to produce evidence on national market share in the handgun industry. After trying dozens of different tactics, Barnes found the sweet spot: not just seeking to prove that the industry's marketing practices supported a black market but identifying each gunmaker's liability by matching it to its share of the national handgun market.

If this was Weinstein's intent all along, he certainly didn't hide it. "I have to say, I'd never seen Judge Weinstein so happy and beatific as the day he got the market-share evidence," says Denise Dunleavy, who came on board to try *Hamilton* with

Photographs: clockwise from left, Brian Velenchenko; Mark Bonifacio (2).

Barnes and two other lawyers. "Not happy for the plaintiffs—just happy that he was watching the case unfold, maybe in the way he envisioned it years before."

AS THE JUDGE HAS GROWN MORE OUTSPOKEN, he has drawn more fire. University of Texas law professor Linda Mullenix, an expert in mass torts, sees Weinstein as a Brooklyn version of Judge Roy Bean—dispensing a homespun brand of justice east of the Pecos. But the judge gives as good as he gets. In 1993, Mullenix came face to face with Weinstein when she was speaking at the American Law Institute. The hot button she pushed was, of course, mass torts. "He started railing at me," she recalls. "I was really taken aback. If he gets mad at you and yells at you, it's kind of like God booming."

PLAYERS Clockwise from top, *Hamilton* case main plaintiff Freddie Hamilton; defense lawyer Anne Kimball; plaintiffs' lawyers Denise Dunleavy and Elisa Barnes.

Weeks later, Mullenix was floored—and charmed—when she received a letter of apology in the mail. It started off disarmingly: "My wife keeps telling me that I should stop yelling at people . . ."

"I have to tell you," she says, "he's the only man who's ever yelled at me and then apologized in a handwritten note."

ON THE MORNING OF FEBRUARY 11, the jury's latest missive suggests they've made little headway: "What do we do when both sides feel that the preponderance of evidence is in their favor?"

Once again, Weinstein explains the jurors' duty to them—and reminds them to come back to him if they're deadlocked. "We've arranged for lunch for you," he says, "not as a reward, but just so you have your sustenance."

There must have been something in the food. After lunch, another note arrives: "We want to stay a little late tonight. We seem to be coming very close. Some of us feel uncomfortable taking the train when it is dark. Can we get cars home?"

The judge is more than happy to accommodate, even ordering refreshments to be sent into the jury room.

And before long—at 5:25 P.M. on Thursday, February 11—what seemed like a hung jury abruptly reaches a verdict. Fifteen out of 25 gun manufacturers are found negligent, but only three are found liable and just $520,000 is awarded to just one of the plaintiffs, Steven Fox, the only victim still alive, albeit with a bullet lodged in his brain. Both sides declare victory—but the gun lawyers immediately accuse the jury of an unfair compromise. Weinstein gamely offers to hear any post-trial motions on that score, but this round is officially over.

IN 1994, CHARLES SCHUMER and Bill Bradley proposed a gun bill that, among other measures, would make dealers who negligently sold firearms to criminals or youths liable to pay damages to victims of gun violence. The bill tanked—the Contract With America and the midterm Republican landslide ruined any hopes for it. The jury in *Hamilton* v. *Accu-Tek*, however, seemed to sign off on the idea: Any gun company that didn't restrict where its product could be sold was negligent; the others were spared.

"The bottom line is that 75 percent of people across America are for gun control, and the NRA, in a variety of ways, blocks anything from happening in Congress," Schumer tells me. "The courts are a last resort, but we're getting to a point where we *need* a last resort. It's analogous in a lot of ways to *Brown* v. *Board of Ed.*, where legislators were afraid to do certain things. I'm sure a lot of segregationists at the time said that without Earl Warren, the case wouldn't have happened."

Just how widely would Weinstein apply negligence if given the chance? His friends in Great Neck say he never discusses his cases while they're in session.

But Lou Dorfsman, who still exercises with Weinstein three times a week, did manage to chat about the case with him afterward. "He thought if you can lay this gun thing on these guys—the manufacturers—then there's got to be a case against the automobile business," the judge's friend recalls. "It seems they're next in line. He just made that observation in passing."

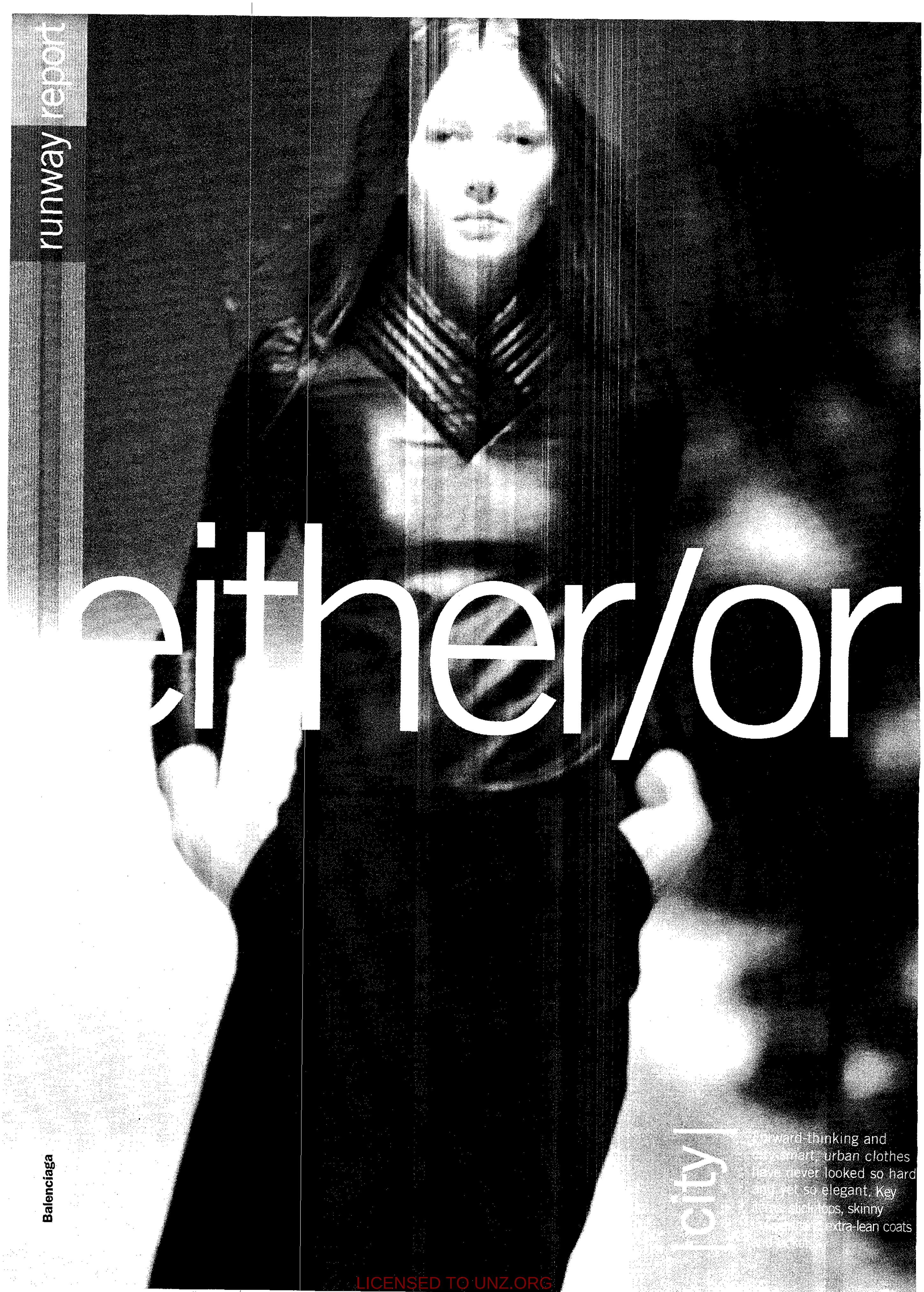
Weinstein won't comment—not until he's through reviewing post-trial motions in April. Next January, he's slated to hear a Blue Cross and Blue Shield lawsuit accusing Big Tobacco of suppressing information about smoking's health hazards. In a general sense, he mentions other social issues that one day could trigger mass torts, among them affirmative action and the repeal of remediation at CUNY. Somewhere out there is a case or two that could expand collective liability even further—protecting the individual from the unknown and uncontrollable. Maybe he'll get to them before God forces him off the bench.

In a 1997 issue of the *Columbia Law Review* paying tribute to Weinstein's legacy, University of Pennsylvania law professor Stephen Burbank wrote about the dangers of the judge's independent tactics. "The good news and the bad news is that Jack Weinstein is unique," Burbank tells me. "The question is whether the system could tolerate too many Jack Weinsteins." Weinstein wrote Burbank a warm letter, actually thanking him for taking the time to write about him.

"After a while," Weinstein explains, "if you've spared enough of your brains and other facilities, you can direct yourself to the professional role without the ego aspect of it. It's one of the advantages, I think, of the federal judicial position. At some point—we hope earlier better than later—you just don't care about anything but trying to do your professional duty. It's a kind of stoic philosophy."

It's also a declaration of judicial independence—a resolution to interpret law with more sympathy for the public than for precedent.

"Agent Orange was the first of those cases, but it's not the last of them," the judge says matter-of-factly—even serenely. "These problems exist, and if Congress took care of them or the states took care of them by legislation, we wouldn't have to." ■



Balenciaga

either/or

|city|

[illegible]ward-thinking and [illegible]mart, urban clothes [illegible] never looked so hard [illegible] yet so elegant. Key [illegible]tops, skinny [illegible] extra-lean coats [illegible]

TSE New York
Yamamoto
Donna Karan
Helmut Lang
Michael Kors
Jil Sander
Loewe

BY SALLY SINGER

At the recent collections in New York and Europe, thousands of luxurious little numbers swept down the runways. But come fall, there will be only two choices: look sleekly urbane or bedazzlingly eclectic. It's town versus country, and there's no suburban middle ground.

These past few seasons, fashion has dissolved the boundaries of night and day, high and low, ornamental and austere. A day in the life of a beaded cashmere cardigan started over a T-shirt at the breakfast table, entered the boardroom under a pinstriped Ralph Lauren suit, had cocktails with a Tuleh dance-hall skirt, sat down to dinner in the company of a strapless little number by Armani, and clubbed the night away tied around the hips of orfi combats. Next fall, things are going to be different. The boundaries are back, and that Gucci handbag you've just bought—you know, the classic saddle shape in splashy sixties floral that the

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Runway photographs by Dan and Corina Lecca

fashion flock cannot do without, the one you figured would add oomph to black ensembles and class to girly vintage outfits?—forget about it.

Why? Because, come September, a cutesy compromise like this season's Gucci must-have will fall between the two stools that fashionistas will have to perch their designer-clad butts on. Either you'll wear ultrasevere and *Über*-chic separates in the usual black (the city look), or you'll take your fashion cues from Joseph (the technicolor-dreamcoat dude) and his grumpy, shearling-clad bros. The latter is the country look, which entails turning yourself into a human swatch book of prints, textures, and homespun techniques. Whereas killer-heeled city evokes *Blade Runner,* Slim Keith, and Alaïa sans shoulder pads, pony-booted country bespeaks nature, decadent English aristocrats (from Bloomsbury to Talitha Pol Getty to Marianne Faithfull), and quilt-infested country fairs. These looks do not mix, let alone marry: a crystal-studded, pink-and-brown piebald pony clutch from Fendi cannot be tossed over a space suit by Helmut Lang. (Lang's New York show was so uncompromising that even a hard-bitten, Jil Sander–wearing foreign journalist slumped back in her front-row chair and sighed, "Everything in my closet now seems so *frilly.*")

City or country? It's no easy choice, and there are sartorial dangers on either side. Urban-sleek clothes require urban-sleek bodies; eclectic luxe styling can make you look like a twenty-trick pony. Frankly, it's going to be a tricky

Fashion Market Editor: Shyama Patel
Fashion Assistant: Irini Arakas

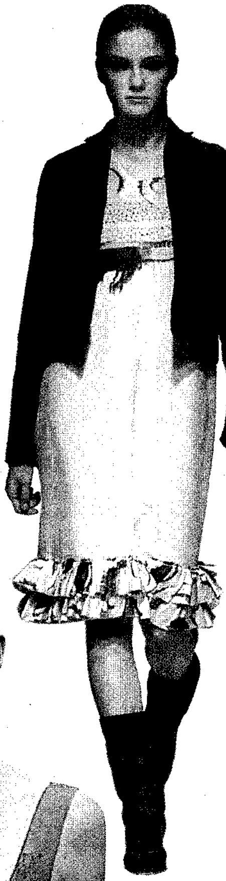
|country|

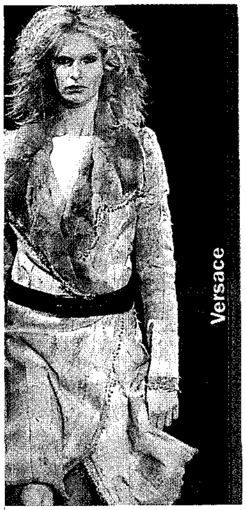
Florals, fur, and ot
fluffy textures, thro
on with calculated
abandon, are the
essence of romant
country chic.

Clements Ribei

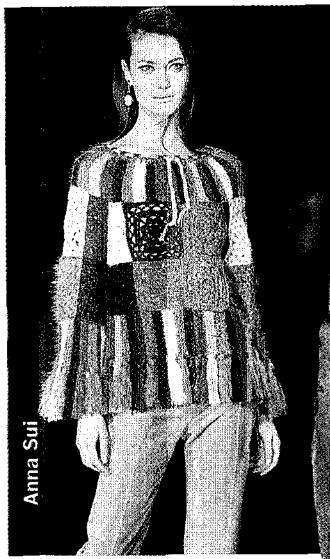
John Bartlett

Matthew Williamson


Marni

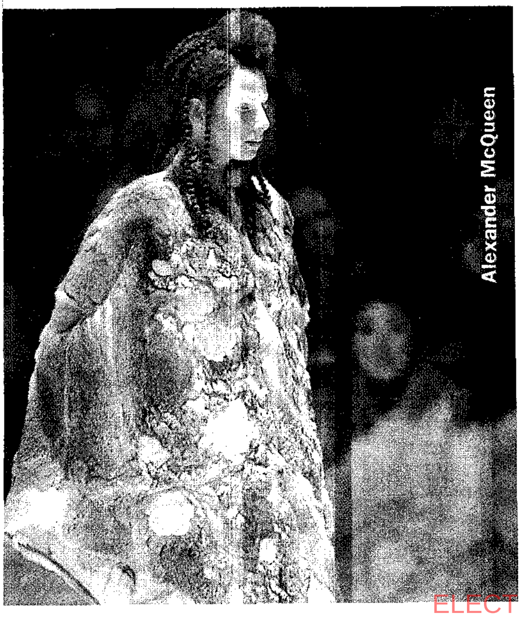

Versace

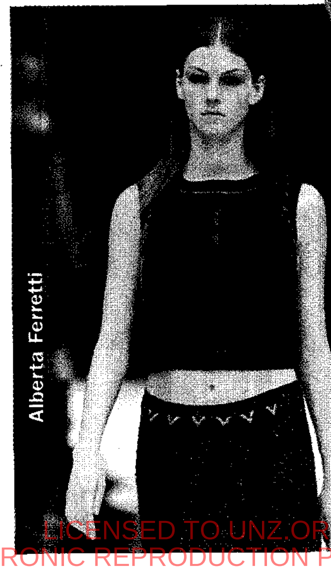
Garçons

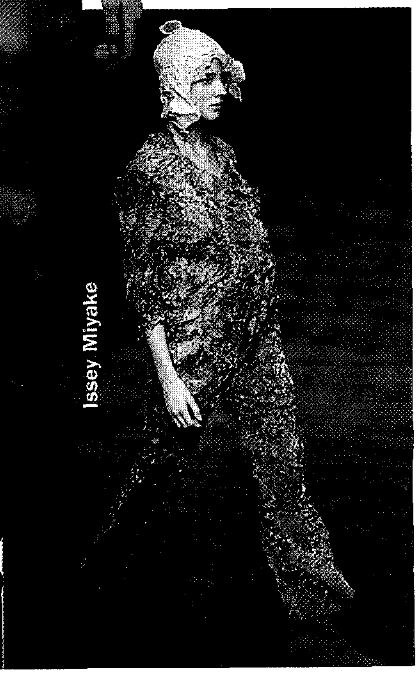

Anna Sui

Prada

Tuleh


Alexander McQueen


Alberta Ferretti


Issey Miyake

TheFrontRow What the fashion crowd wears to work >>

Angelica Blechschmidt, *German Vogue*
Fendi chinchilla wrap

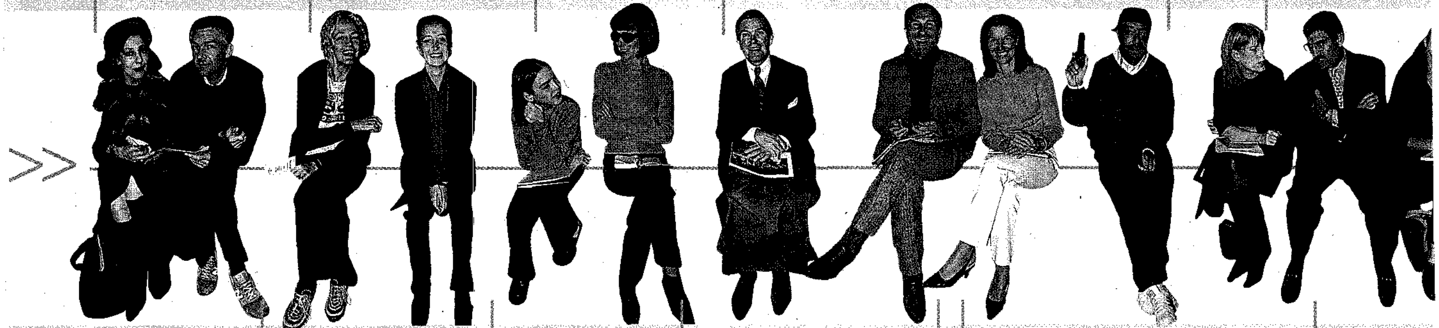
Ellen von Unwerth,
Photographer
Hysteric Glamour T-shirt

Bee Shaffer,
Anna Wintour's
daughter

Philip B. Miller,
Saks Fifth Avenue
Alan Flusser coat and suit

Russell Simmons, Mogul
Motorola V-Series
cell phone

Katherine Betts, *Vog*
Christian Louboutin
boots



Edgar Otte, *German Vogue*
Eric Bergère *faux-*
mink coat

Sciascia Gambaccini, *Jane*
Giorgio Armani,
head to toe

Anna Wintour, *Vogue*
Marc Jacobs
cashmere sweater

Hal Rubenstein, *InStyle*
Corneliani suit,
Donna Karan turtleneck

Cindy Weber Cleary, *InStyle*
Henri Bendel private-
label trousers

Steve Florio,
Condé Nast
Gucci loafers

Grace Codding
V
Louis Vuitton

season for getting dressed. When not sending out one extreme or the other, the world's designers rummaged through Jennifer Beals's pre-Yale closet and retrieved double belts, leg warmers, "fashion" jeans, and the long-dreaded disco tunic. Wear some of this stuff and you'll just feel queasily at sea—on the Love Boat. (On a more joyous note, sport chic is now as retired as Michael Jordan.) What this means is that, starting now, there's going to be a rush to reserve the most accommodating classic items on offer: A-line coats from Cerruti, little black dresses from Narciso Rodriguez, Calvin Klein's classic trench, anything from top-form Michael Kors (whether for his own line or Céline), and the narrowest Chanel jackets ever.

It's also a good time to buy into the next generation. Olivier Theyskens, he of Madonna's bride-of-Frankenstein ball gowns, cuts the slickest trouser suits finished with hook-and-eye closed vents at the back (note to Pierre Bergé: Here is the next YSL). Akira Isogawa, from Australia, conjures reversible now-earthy, now-opulent long skirts and kimono jackets that

London

This season, London Fashion Week was squeezed between New York and Milan in the cat-walk calendar, and style pundits anxiously monitored its vital signs. Anna Wintour came to town (thumbs up); Antonio Berardi departed for Milan (thumbs down). On balance, the week was a triumph, showcasing top local talents (Chalayan, McQueen, Paul Smith) on the runway and local grooviness off. Why is London such a breath of fresh air after 7th on Sixth? Because no other town serves up such deliciously dressed homegrown celebrities (1 to 8), extends a love of gardening into matters sartorial (9 to 14), and dons classic items with greater irreverence (15 to 18). Spotted at Matthew Williamson, Nicole Farhi, and Paul Smith: (1) Michael Duignan and the ever-chic Evangeline Blahnik from brother Manolo's atelier, (2) Wintour and Cate Blanchett, (3) actors Sadie Frost and Jude Law, (4) *British Vogue's* Lucinda Chambers and Elizabeth Hurley, (5) style diva Isabella Blow, photographer Sean Ellis, and *The New Yorker's* Michael Roberts, (6) Jade Jagger and daughter, (7) photographer Mario Testino and *Italian Vogue's* Franca Sozzani, and (8) Alek Wek.

Photographs by Caroline Gav

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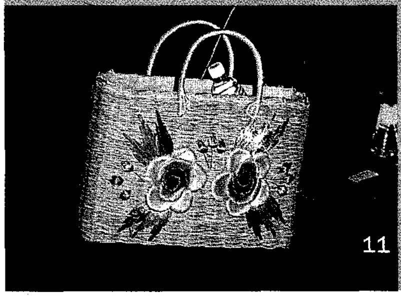
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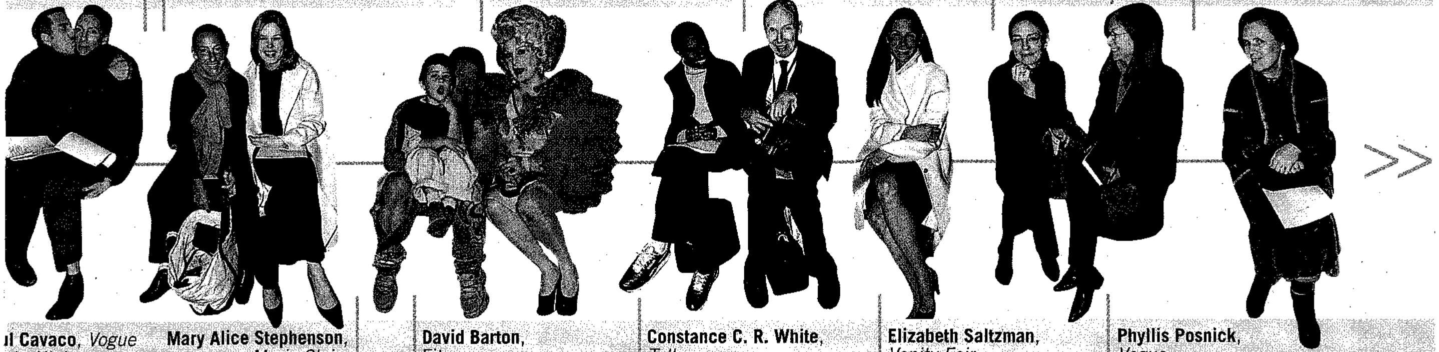
"Front Row" photographs by Patrick McMullan



Tonne Goodman,
Harper's Bazaar
nts, Paul Cavaco

Carlyne Cerf de Dudzeele,
Marie Claire
L.L. Bean tote, Louis Vuitton purse

The Baroness, Royal
Vivienne Westwood court
platforms

Bill Cunningham,
New York *Times*
Nikon camera

Joan Juliet Buck,
French Vogue
Gucci astrakhan coat

Suzy Menkes,
International Herald Tribune
Marni coat

l Cavaco, *Vogue*
vin Klein
eater and jeans

Mary Alice Stephenson,
Marie Claire
DKNY winter white coat

David Barton,
Fitness guru
His son, Bailey Barton

Constance C. R. White,
Talk
Reebok sneakers

Elizabeth Saltzman,
Vanity Fair
Céline double-face coat

Phyllis Posnick,
Vogue
Prada coat, Jil Sander shoes

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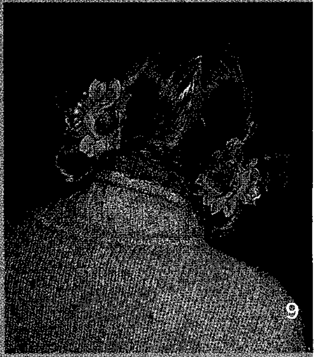
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15

16

17

18

The Front Row

Enna Halie, *Glamour*
Adrienne Vittadini
skirt, Prada boots

Bonnie Fuller, *Glamour*
Gucci suit,
sweater, and bag

Jane Procter, *Tatler*
Gold-logo Gucci
saddlebag

Linda Wells, *Allure*
Levi's 501s,
Doc Martens

Kim Hastreiter, *Paper*
Yohji Yamamoto skirt, *faux* Kelly
bag from Milan's Chinatown

Evyan Metzner, *Mademoisel*
Ralph Lauren Polo
Jeans jacket

Tiffany Frasier Steele,
Glamour
Mexican peasant skirt

Lou Reed, Legend
Loro Piana parka,
Diesel jeans

Ricky Vider Rivers, *Allure*
Helmut Lang sweater,
Prada skirt

Anita Sarko, *Paper*
Vintage *faux*-
leopard tunic

David Hershkovits, *Paper*
APC jacket, Banana
Republic trousers

Elizabeth Crowe,
Mademoiselle
Giorgio Armani suit

Matthias Vri
D
Fendi sheared

are enchanting and singular in their beauty and flexibility. A. F. Vandervorst's downbeat, groovy collection of transformable, zip-'em-on skirts-on-trousers are just what coolsters will want to wear. And if you crave shoes with a sharp personality, seek out Alain Tondowski and Pierre Hardy, the two best foot-fanciers to emerge in ages. Never underestimate the pull of the new: Naomi Campbell, whose price to walk at the Versace show was too rich for her old pal Donatella's blood, bestrode the Paris atelier of young Australian Martin Grant, pro bono, before an audience of six.

Then again, don't write off the old: When Anna Piaggi, the Mad Hatter of the wonderland that is *Italian Vogue,* did the *ceroc* with Vivienne Westwood to Ray Charles's "What'd I Say" at Piaggi's book party, club kids cleared the floor in awe. And when Camilla took her seat at Chloé, a most unlikely fashion star was born. The mind boggles: stretch silk denim, Wellington boots, sequined capelets, Sandringham House.

Surreal moments aside, the shows had few flights of fancy. Abashed by the momentous millennial hoo-ha, bashed by the

Paris

By the time the fashion crowd sings "Bonjour Paris," they've scrutinized and shopped fo three weeks and are "over spring" and halfway to fall. And so it's to them we should look for the autumnal-trend forecast. Here, first signs of changing colors. Red is the rage (17, 20), especially at Louis Vuitton (1, 21). Something in ponyskin is key, either piebald (4) or embroidered (5, from Marni). Vintage earrings are de rigueur (8), *surtout* from the tiny shop across from Paris's Hotel Costes. Logos are alluring, on wrist (7), shoulder (2, 6), or foot (13). Tooled or well-worn leather (3, 14) lends a certain *Little House*–meets–Michener's *Drifters* earth-girl va-va-voom. Sport chic must be low-key to survive its style minute (16, by Prada; 18). Gucci feathered jeans work with Birkenstocks (12). Fur is a year-round fetish (15, 22), but a fluffy kitten on a tee is cooler. A woolly cardigan and lacy frock (by Colette Dinnigan) make every girl a fashion star (23, on Heavenly Hiraani Tiger Lily Hutchence, daughter of the late INXS singer Michael Hutchence).

Photographs by Caroline Gava

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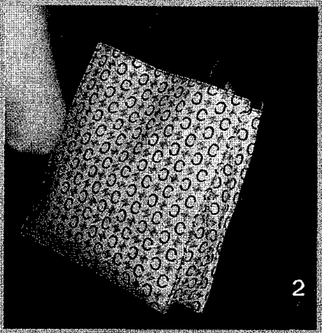
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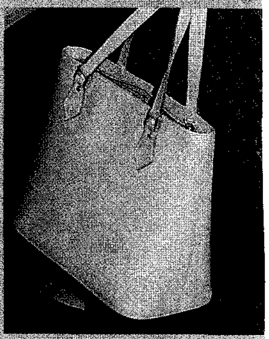

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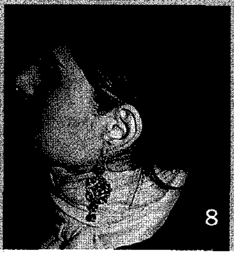
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Pat McGrath,
Makeup artist
Hermès scarf

Anna Sui, Designer
Wool skirt and
jacket by Anna Sui

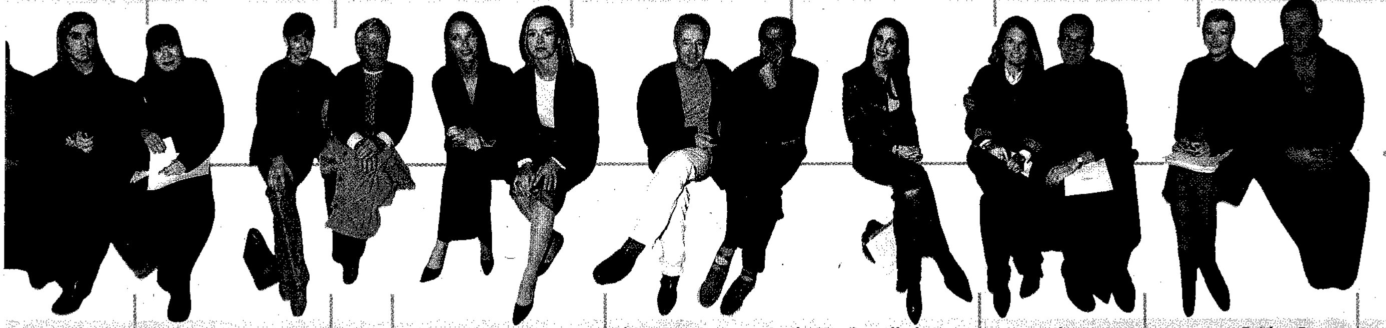
Geoffrey Beene, Designer
Collarless shirt with white
band by Geoffrey Beene

Lady Helen Taylor,
Royal-muse
Calvin Klein, head-to-toe

Patrick Demarchelier,
Photographer
Ralph Lauren shoes

Madeline Weeks, *GQ*
Helmut Lang,
head-to-toe

Elizabeth Tilberis,
Harper's Bazaar
Prada skirt and sweater



Steven Meisel,
Photographer
ots, Gucci coat

Amy Fine Collins,
Vanity Fair
Manolo Blahnik boots

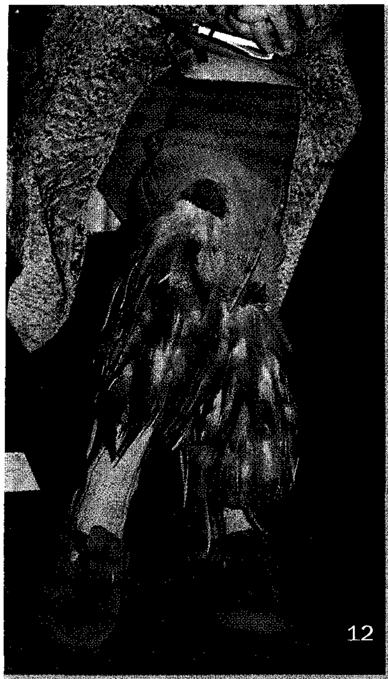
Christy Turlington,
Model-coed
Calvin Klein, head to toe

Gilles Bensimon,
Elle
Levi's 501s

Andie MacDowell, Actress
Tommy Hilfiger Collection
leather suit

Jim Moore,
GQ
Gucci suit

Fabien Baron,
Harper's Bazaar
classic blue shirt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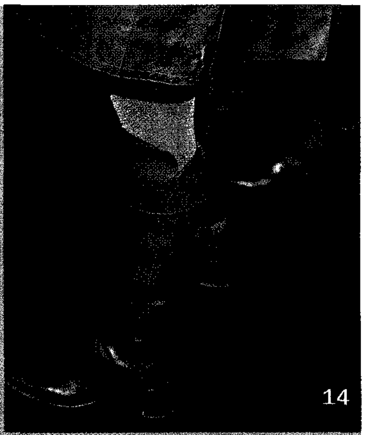
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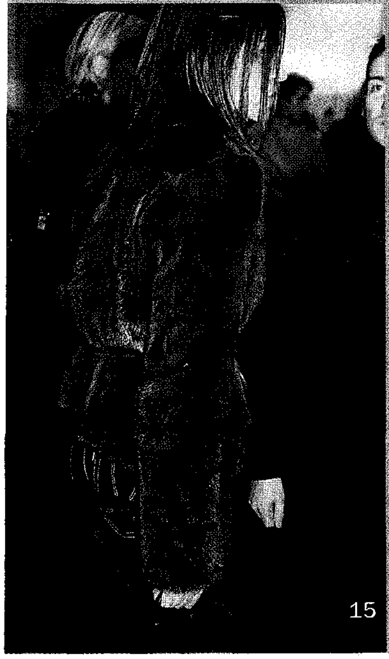
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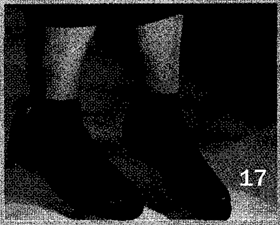
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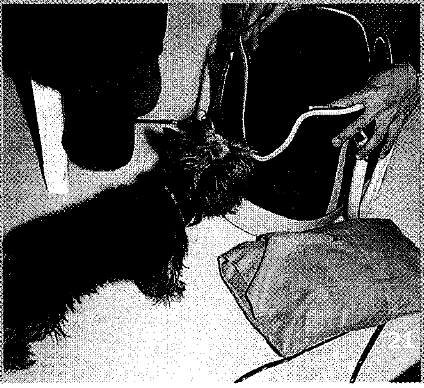
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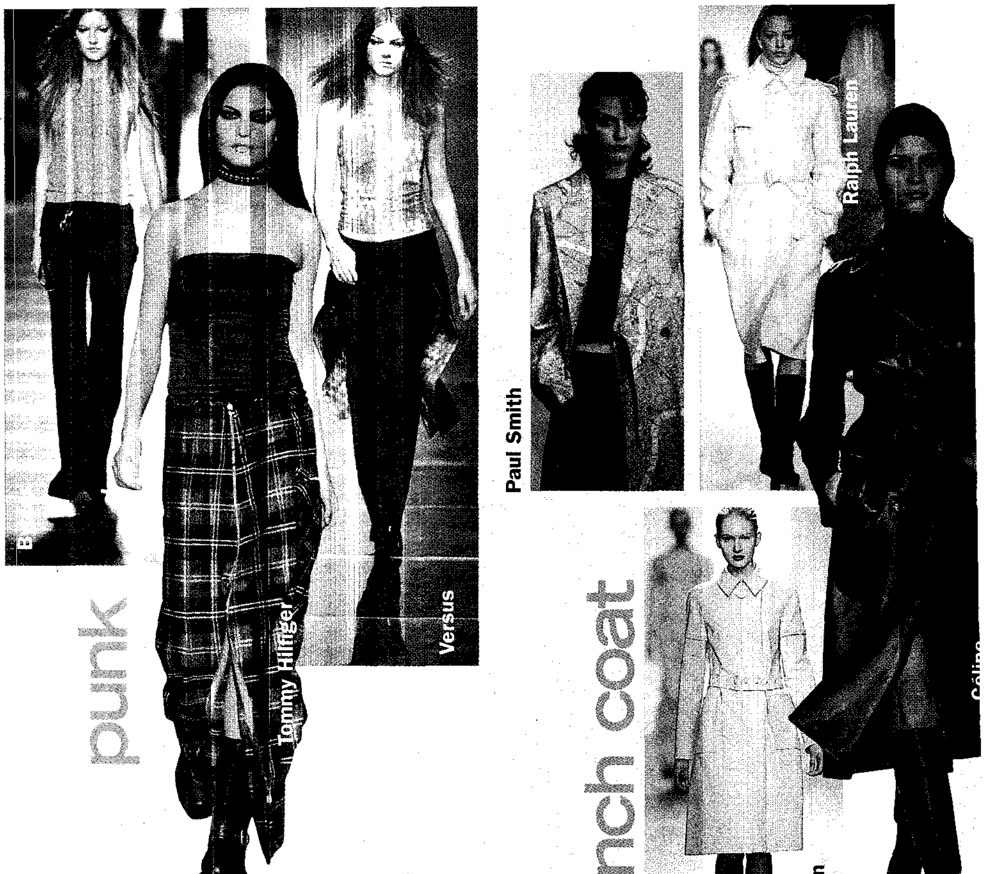
23

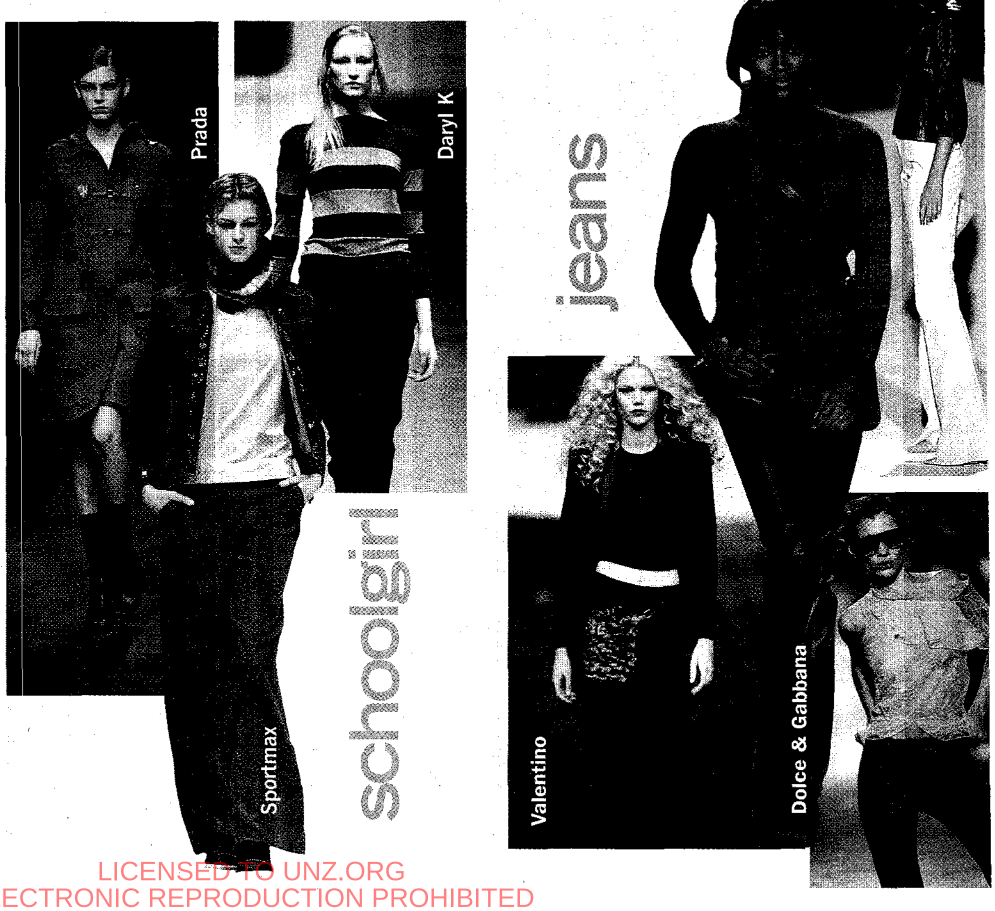
global economic downturn, and blown about by the shortest-ever gap between collections, designers unsurprisingly played it safe. Calvin Klein's sleek new trousers lean heavily on the jeans Brooke Shields sported in the seventies; Donna Karan's sculptural dresses hug the body in ways familiar to all who wore the original bodysuit and wrap skirt. The wintry economic outlook found a strange resonance on the catwalk. Marc Jacobs's collection was a tribute to the aesthetics of Ang Lee's *The Ice Storm,* and Alexander McQueen—in the best show of all—staged a literal ice storm behind Plexiglas, even sending out a "Holiday on Ice"–worthy troupe of skaters.

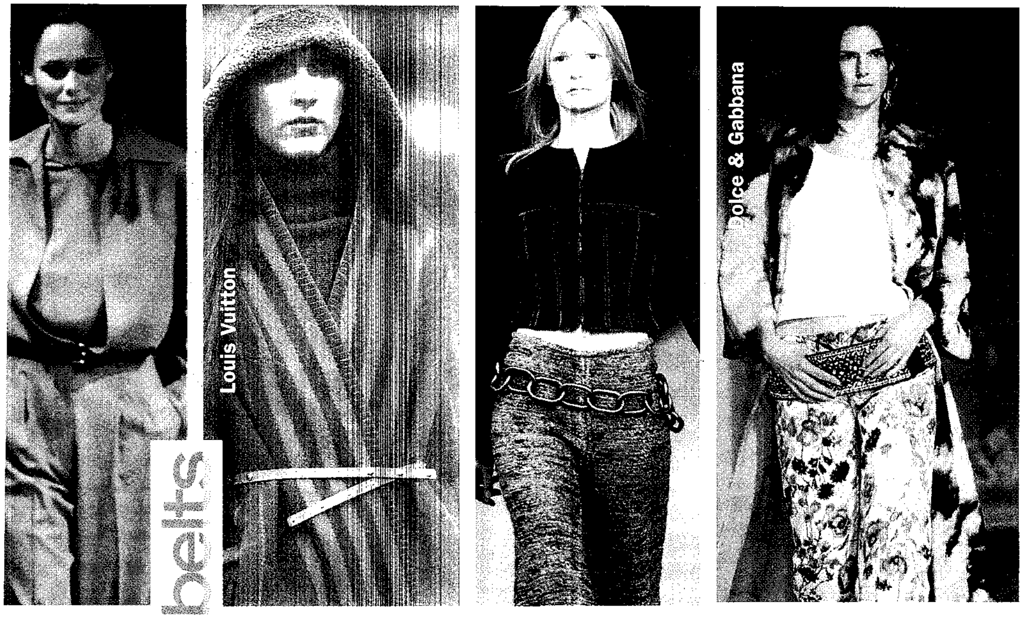
Perhaps the biggest surprise of the season was how few designers offered Big Night Dresses for the Biggest New Year's of All Time. Most seemed to be advocating the merits of sleep and a hot cup of chamomile tea over the fizz of Kristal. From blanket stitching at Kors and Bartlett to blanket skirts at TSE New York to blanket coats at DKNY, nobody seemed to want to get out of bed. Martin Margiela even devised a duvet topper for those who want to wear their sleepiness on their sleeve. It's a down thing buttoned into the cover of your choice—old linens, suiting flannel, PVC—and when cinched with a belt it looks wonderful and kimonolike. It's the season's most flexible friend: Cover it in black and you have your city-ninja look; cover it in faded floral sheets and you too can hole up at Sandringham.



|revivals|

Come fall, we'll all be welcoming such long-lost pals as the little black dress and a slick-fit pair of jeans back to our closets. But tread—or re-tread—carefully: This is no time for Siouxsie Sioux or disco queens.





the little black dress
Ann Demeulemeester
Nicole Miller
Nicole Farhi

Last Christmas, they were just scrawny candy canes. Now the catwalk's a cakewalk for these fledgling models, and designers are gobbling them up. From left: Mary Anne Fletcher, a 21-year-old Athens, Ga., native, soon to be seen in the Hugo and Missoni campaigns; Dawning, 20 years old, from China and the Midwest, whose mini-career began with an Armani campaign, followed by ads for Yohji Yamamoto and now D&G; Jacquetta, a 17-year-old Twiggy type with a walk all her own—she's Gucci's new star, although she "dropped shoe" at its show; Yfke (pronounced *eef*-kah), a 17-year-old Dutch girl who ruled the runway at Ralph Lauren; and Colette, a 19-year-old stoic-faced Russian, who had the most exits at Calvin Klein's fall show—rumor has it that she's his new Kate Moss.

the retailers

what they rate

Judy Collinson
Barneys New York

1. Ruffo Research's red-leather ultrapuffy down jacket.
2. Ann Demeulemeester's raw cut-shearling stole.
3. Dries Van Noten's trained skirt in wool or canvas.
4. Olivier Theyskens's black-leather pieces.
5. Fur purses—mink body bags at Prada, beaded baguettes at Fendi.
6. Marni's quilted-and-embroidered patchwork dress.
7. Alberta Ferretti's fur-front, knit-back vest.

Kal Ruttenstein
Bloomingdale's

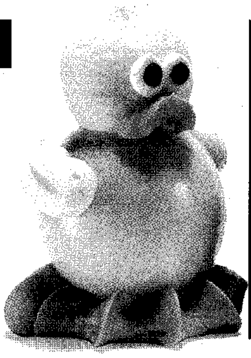
1. Louis Vuitton's oversize funnel-neck sweater.
2. Jean Paul Gaultier's waxed-leather separates.
3. Chloé's skinny stretch-silk-denim jeans.
4. Ralph Lauren's satin ball skirt and cropped sweater.
5. Anything shearling from Donna Karan.
6. John Bartlett's high-necked ribbed-knit cape.
7. Daryl K's fencing jacket.

James Aguiar
Bergdorf Goodman

1. Michael Kors's blanket wrap skirt and whipstitched jeans.
2. Oscar de la Renta's exquisite evening parka.
3. Donna Karan's cashmere-backed leather coats.
4. Shearling dress from Chanel.
5. Bias-cut evening gowns in berry hues from John Galliano.
6. Narciso Rodriguez's mink vest over a beaded sheer top.
7. Mila Schön's powder-blue cashmere evening gown with knitted mink back.

Nicole Fischelis
Saks Fifth Avenue

1. Randolph Duke's silver mink-lined parka.
2. A long skirt—for day, Marc Jacobs; for night, Chanel.
3. Chloé's skinny stretch-silk-denim jeans.
4. Ralph Lauren's petal-collar cashmere turtleneck.
5. A shearling jacket, from Balmain or Gucci.
6. Michael Kors A-line cowhide skirt.
7. Flat tall-shafted boots at Chanel in flesh or silver leather.

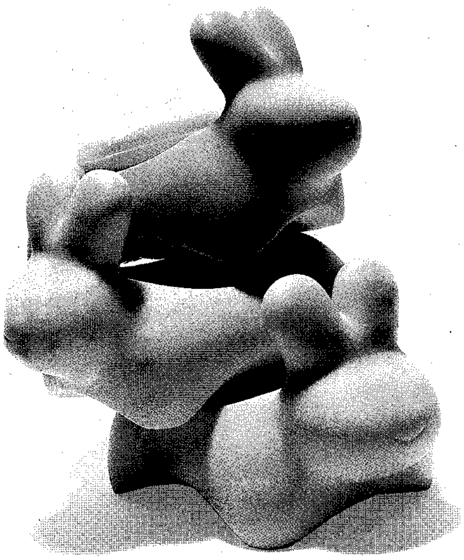
BEST  ETS

This year's Easter bunnies are as likely to be made of PVC plastic as of plush velour.

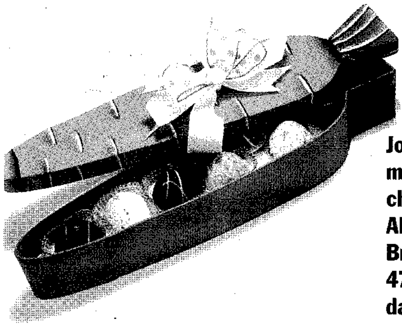
BY CORKY POLLAN

One-and-one-half-inch Bubble Gum Buddy is $2.50 on Bloomingdale's balcony.

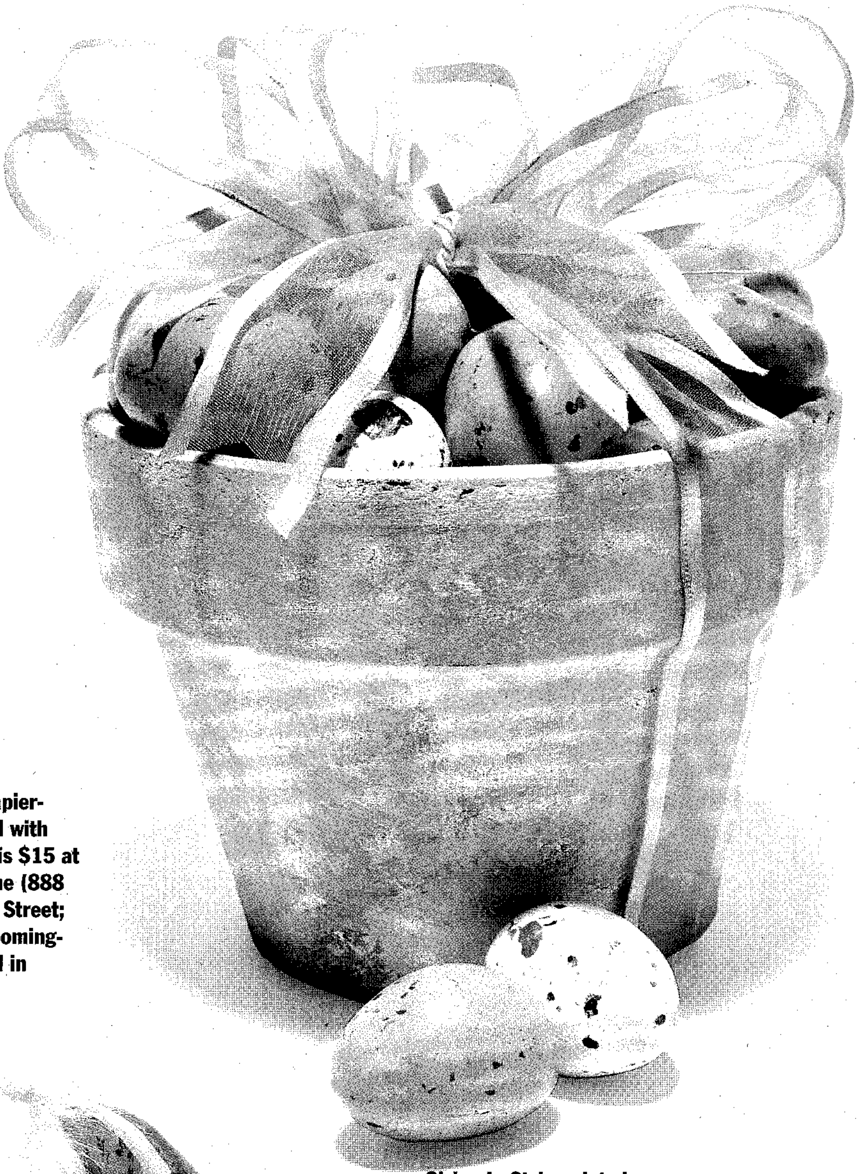
Mary Meyer plush polyester floppy ducks are $6.50 each at Just Jake (40 Hudson Street; 267-1716).



Molded-PVC bunny soap dishes are $12.50 at Ad Hoc Softwares (410 West Broadway; 925-2652).

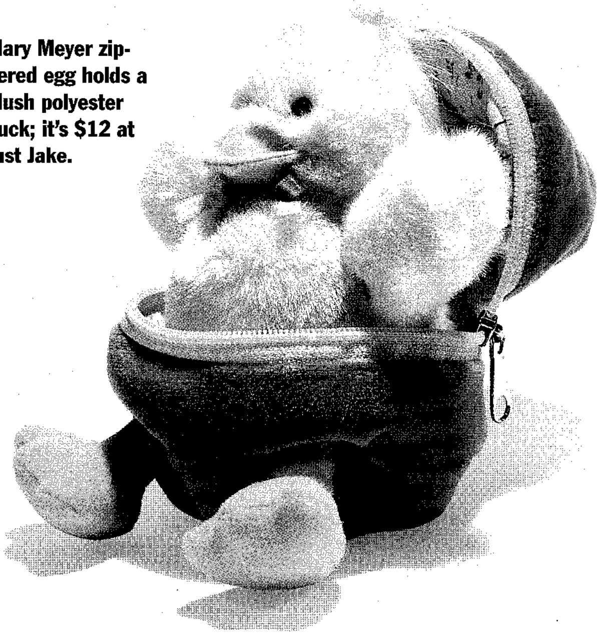


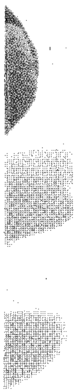
Joseph Schmidt papier-mâché carrot filled with chocolate truffles is $15 at ABC Carpet & Home (888 Broadway, at 19th Street; 473-3000), on Bloomingdale's balcony, and in Macy's Cellar.



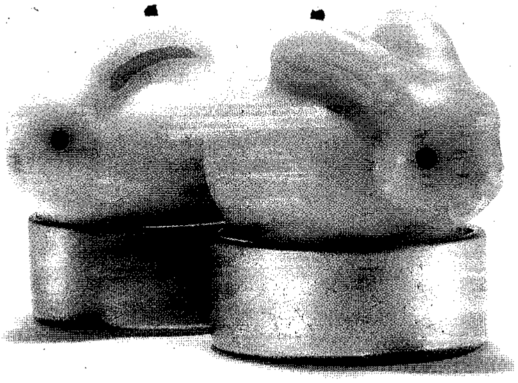
Giving In Style painted ceramic pot filled with handmade malted-milk eggs is $34 on Bergdorf Goodman's seventh floor.

Mary Meyer zippered egg holds a plush polyester duck; it's $12 at Just Jake.





Bunny votive candles are $4.95 for five at Alphabets (115 Avenue A, 475-7250; and 2284 Broadway, near 82nd Street, 579-5702).



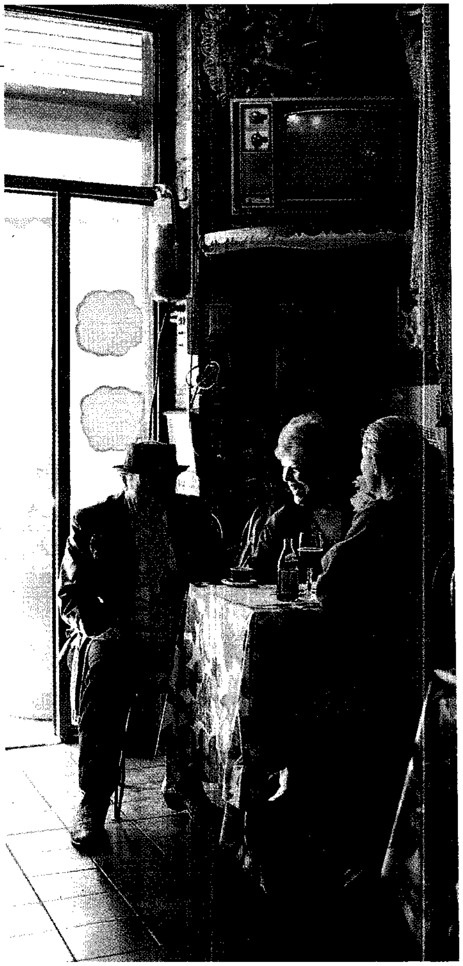
Photographed by Nedjeljko Matura

NEW YORK SIMPLIFIED

SMARTCITY

World Party

The *other* Little Italy, Chinatown, and Little Bombay rediscovered. by Sam Grobart



Chinese Fortune: An all-natural liniment (left), from Flushing's Tung Ren Tang, an emporium of traditional remedies. Roman Holiday: Regulars (above) at Pasquale's Rigoletto on Arthur Avenue. Spice World: In Jackson Heights, the Patel Brothers market surrounds its shoppers with walls of old-school flavor (right).

If you spend more than a little time in New York, you will inevitably collide with some disappointing truths about the city. There is no "good" way to get to JFK. Yes, your fellow subway passenger *is* touching you. And last but not least, storied Manhattan destinations like Little Italy, Chinatown, and Little Bombay are kinda overrated.

It's sad but true—you walk down streets like Mulberry, Mott, and East 6th and begin to notice a suspicious pattern: Neighborhoods promising to be bona fide ethnic excursions actually come off with a certain Epcotized feel about them, as if you've walked into a multicultural Colonial Williamsburg. All offer any number of restaurants, with quality ranging from exceptional to exceptionally awful — but unfortunately, these neighborhoods tend to be more broad than they are deep. And the occasional block party and tchotchke shop does not a community make.

In spite of this, one of the beauties of a city like ours is that it can support not only cultural strip malls like the above but also honest-to-God neighborhoods that, thankfully, do not build their entire economic base on the kind of short-haul tourism that defines a trip to some of 212's ethnic quarters. You'll have to do without any tic-tac-toe-playing chickens, permanent street-fair decorations, or Christmas lights when it's not Christmas, but you'll come away with a galactically more authentic and nuanced experience by just taking a short train ride. Remember—the truth is out there.

Northern Italian: Arthur Avenue

True story: As I'm walking down Arthur Avenue in the Bronx with two friends, a man carrying a wheel of cheese that could be fitted to a monster truck starts to cross the street mid-block. The driver of a car pulling out of its parking space doesn't see our cheese-hauling friend and comes within a foot of hitting him. "Hey," screams the pedestrian, "what the hell are you doing? You almost hit all this cheese!"

Food is taken rather seriously on Arthur Avenue. So much so that the neighborhood supports a redundancy of Italian markets, butchers, and pastry shops that would render Adam Smith agog. Arthur Avenue can support this level of commerce because it serves not only its residents but also their far-flung relatives and children, who come back on the weekends to shop for tastes of home.

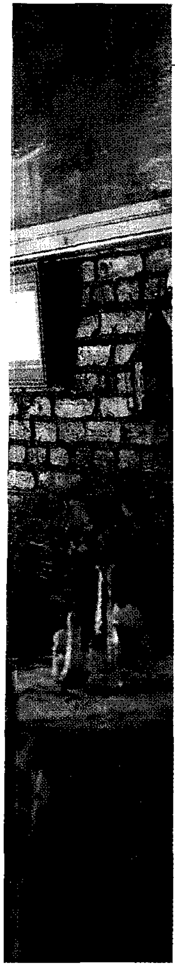
Nearly every shop on Arthur Avenue is already some sort of an institution, so by merely walking around and poking your head into stores that strike your fancy, you'll inevitably be rewarded. Some can't-miss locations include **Biancardi's** (2350 Arthur Avenue; 718-733-4058), a perpetually bustling butch-

EXPERT TESTIMONY

Games People Play

Your nephew Johnny will kill for real if he doesn't get his hands on the latest in genocidal entertainment for his PlayStation. Being the dutiful aunt or uncle that you are (which, of course, gives you the freedom to buy the kind of electronic candy that Mom and Dad refuse to shell out for), it's your job to save the day. But where does one find Duke Nukem (or whatever) and its ilk? Theresa Duncan, Manhattan-based creator of wildly popular games like Chop Suey, says that she's more than willing to fight her way through the crowds of Times Square to peruse the "excellent selection" at the Virgin Megastore (1540 Broadway, at 45th Street; 921-1020), which boasts more than 1,600 game titles in stock. Just don't tell Li'l Johnny about it. SAM GROBART

Photographs: left, Steven Freeman; center and right, Anna Williams and E. Ogden. Illustration by David Sheldon.



er shop that, last week, was displaying fresh, unskinned lambs and goats in the window (great for the kids!). For fish, walk next door to **Randazzo's** (2327 Arthur Avenue; 718-367-4139), the neighborhood source for an incredibly fresh and fragrant selection of clams, baccalà, scungilli, la triglia, and countless other varieties the family-owned shop has been selling for more than 90 years. Cheese lovers should make a pilgrimage to the **S. Calandra Cheese** shop (2314 Arthur Avenue; 718-365-7572), which makes mozzarella and ricotta so fresh, the staff insists you eat it right away. (Buying in bulk and storing it in your fridge would be sacrilegious.)

In 1940, Mayor Fiorello La Guardia, hoping to modernize (and in particular, sanitize) the pushcart trade that had dominated the neighborhood, opened the **Arthur Avenue Retail Market** (2344 Arthur Avenue). Inside this sprawling indoor bazaar are more than a dozen merchants who sell fresh produce, meat (one thing you realize very quickly is that Zen Palate is probably never going to open up an Arthur Avenue branch), cheeses, pastries, and dry goods. Head to the rear of the market to **Arthur Avenue Baking Co.** for dazzlingly rich Napoleons that have the added bonus of being roughly the size of your head. **Mike's Deli** will provide you with secret-recipe sausages and prime cuts of meat as well as freshly made salads and focaccia. (Incidentally, don't be surprised if Mike serenades you as you place your order; the man's got quite a set of pipes.) If all of this is a bit too much to handle standing up, take a table at **Café al Mercato,** most notable for its delectable, particularly crispy pizza.

In general, the restaurants of Arthur Avenue make Mulberry Street's look like stepchildren of the Olive Garden. The two restaurants that one almost *has* to mention in the same breath with Arthur Avenue are **Mario's** (2342 Arthur Avenue, 718-584-1188) and **Dominick's** (2335 Arthur Avenue; 718-733-2807). And while they are deserving of their reputation for outstanding Neapolitan food (the former) and we'll-cook-whatever-you-feel-like-eating service (the latter), another stellar dining option is **Pasquale's Rigoletto** (2311 Arthur Avenue; 718-365-6644), whose pasta dishes (particularly the linguine frutti di mare) are local gold standards. Before taking your leave of the neighborhood, stop by **Madonia Brothers Bakery** (2348 Arthur Avenue; 718-295-5573) and stock up on the shop's specialties: semolina, olive, rosemary, and prosciutto breads (to name just a few). I defy you not to devour them on the ride home.

Not-So-Far East: Flushing

Flushing's Chinatown is certainly more modern and spread out than its Manhattan counterpart, but more than anything, it's simply *bigger.* Humongously bigger. Everything that in Manhattan would be a narrow storefront has been inflated to Trumpian proportions. Walking around is enough to make you completely lose your bearings, for not only do you feel like you've left the city—you feel like you've left the country.

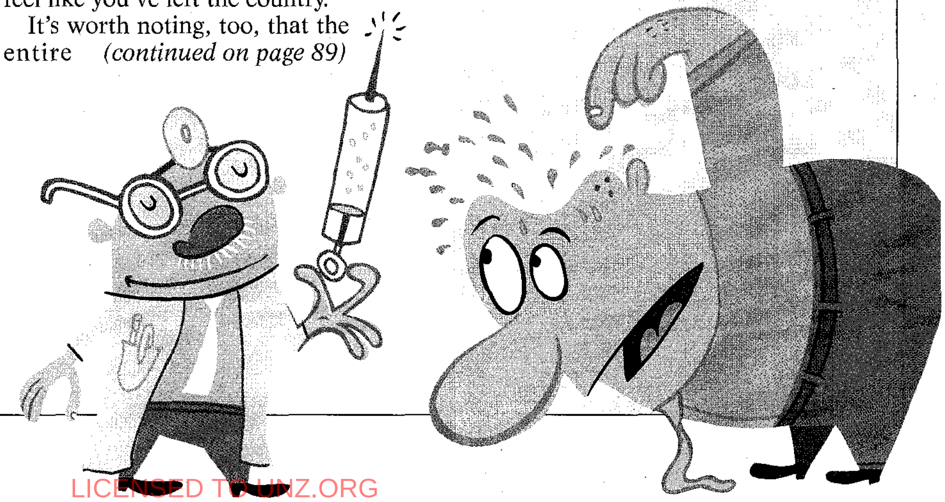
It's worth noting, too, that the entire

(continued on page 89)

NAVIGATOR

Q: A friend who almost got a face-lift ended up getting Botox injections instead. I hate to say it, but she really *does* have fewer wrinkles, and since I'm not getting any younger, I'm tempted (especially because there are no scalpels involved). And I just heard that Botox is being used for more than just banishing wrinkles. True?

A: Yes, the brow-furrow eliminator of the nineties now has a myriad of new beautifying functions that include erasing lines around the eyes and mouth, lifting sagging skin on the neck, and even ending sweaty palms. After years of using Botox for chasing forehead wrinkles, Dr. Fredric Brandt, the Murray Hill "Botox king" dermatologist (889-7096), discovered that the toxin could also be used to define a sagging jawline by freezing muscles in the neck area. "Now we're able to tailor the applications to each person," says Dr. Brandt. For instance, "we can lift your eyes *and* smooth your brow." Dr. Thomas Loeb (327-3700), the Upper East Side plastic surgeon famous for rehabbing Paula Jones's proboscis, has started injecting Botox into areas usually tackled with collagen or fat injections, such as the nasolabial folds and the marionette lines at the corners of the mouth, to eliminate heavy laugh lines and permanent sneers. And if it's chronically moist hands you want to be free of, Botox also stops sweating when injected directly into the palms and other problem areas. The procedure takes effect in three to five days and needs to be repeated every four to six months, at a cost of $450 per targeted area. AMBER MORGAN



SHYAMA PATEL

Screen Savers

They'll make any studio apartment into **a movie palace**—*but the silver screen's stylish vintage graphics won't require all your silver.* **Hooray for Hollywood.**

STEVEN SPIELBERG FAMOUSLY paid $60,500 a while back for *Citizen Kane's* original Rosebud, but indulging a taste in less coveted (and less obvious) film memorabilia doesn't require *Titanic* spending. Take inspiration from the silly period romances that swept up last week's Oscars or brood over heavy European stuff, but here's how to buy high-Hollywood wallpaper and have cash left for a $9.50 ticket.

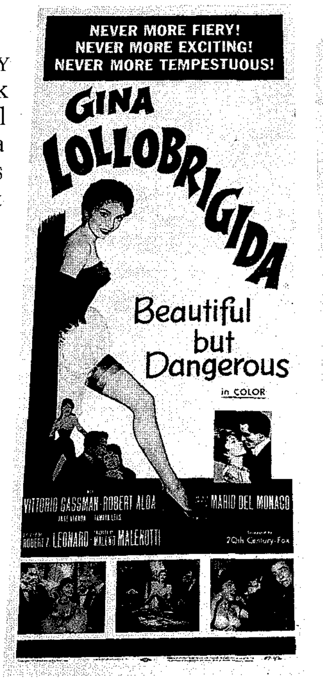
Original posters from the World War II era on fill dusty files at **The Old Paper Archive.** Best deals are on foreign-release posters (an Argentine *La Dolce Vita* is $225; the Italian can be $10,000). Many "insert cards" that flanked theater doors (14 by 36 inches) are $85–$100 (a 1957 *Beautiful but Dangerous* card is $85); many smaller "lobby cards" are $10–$30.

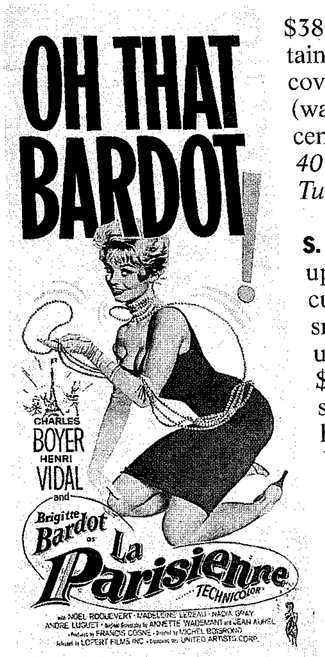
J. Fields Gallery has lots of pricey collectibles, but scavenge and you'll find cheaper Euro-gems like *Tarzan et le Fils de la Jungle* ($30) or *Pieds Nus Dans le Parc*, ($20). James Bond in *Licenza di Uccidere* is $75. For smaller doses, try master prints, 11-by-17-inch reproductions of famous old posters (like *Vertigo* and *A Streetcar Named Desire,* $15 each).

The groupies at **Jerry Ohlinger's** subterranean archives sift through binders of stills sorted by actor. The eight-by-ten-inch photos cost $4 for black-and-white, $5.50 for color. The selection? Six binders for Natalie Wood alone. Hundreds of master prints are $15 and up.

To brighten your cubicle, try **Movie Star News**'s new $15 posters for *The Godfather, Pulp Fiction*—and, yes, *Titanic.*

The Old Paper Archive, 122 W. 25th St. (645-3983); J. Fields Gallery, 55 W. 17th St., sixth floor (989-4520); Jerry Ohlinger's Movie Material Store, 242 W. 14th St. (989-0869); Movie Star News, 134 W. 18th St. (620-8160).


NEVER MORE FIERY!
NEVER MORE EXCITING!
NEVER MORE TEMPESTUOUS!
GINA LOLLOBRIGIDA
Beautiful but Dangerous
in COLOR
VITTORIO GASSMAN · ROBERT ALDA
MARIO DEL MONACO
ROBERT Z. LEONARD · MALENOTTI
20th Century-Fox


OH THAT BARDOT!
CHARLES BOYER
HENRI VIDAL
and
Brigitte Bardot
La Parisienne
TECHNICOLOR
NOEL ROQUEVERT · MADELEINE LEBEAU · NADIA GRAY
ANDRE LUGUET · ANNETTE WADEMANT and JEAN AUREL
FRANCIS COSNE · MICHEL BOISROND
LOPERT FILMS INC · UNITED ARTISTS CORP.

Picks of the Week

Pinetree Lodge's rustic country furniture is handmade from recycled barn wood, with details like window shutters for doors. On sale, the dressers are $750 (were $1,500–$1,950), coffee tables are $250 (were $395–$695), and armoires are $995 (were $1,750–$3,250). *326 E. 35th St. (481-5490); A.E., M.C., V, checks; Mon.–Sun. 1–9; 3/29–4/12.*

Desiron, a favorite of the design press for sleek metal furniture, is taking 30 to 70 percent off most samples: a steel side table is $95 (was $375); a 42-inch glass-topped round table is $385 (was $775); a nickel entertainment center (recently on the cover of *Elle Decor*) is $1,700 (was $2,450); beds are 30 percent off. *139 W. 22nd St. (414-4070); A.E., M.C., V, checks; Tues–Sun. noon–7.; 3/30–4/11.*

S. Feldman Housewares is taking up to half off all vacuums, cutlery, cookware, and some small appliances: Miele vacuums are $450–$650 (were $600–$850); selected All-Clad stainless cookware is up to half off (from $40 apiece); a block set of Wusthof-Trident knives is $149 (was $242). Free delivery. *1304 Madison Ave., near 92nd St. (289-7367); A.E., M.C., V; Mon.–Sat. 9–6, Sun. 11–5; 3/29–4/30.*

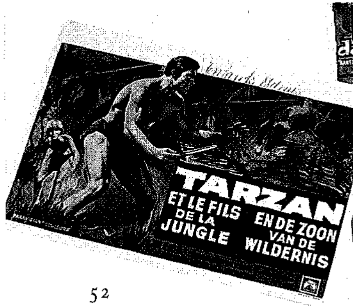
Pildes Optical is clearing tons of frames by designers like Armani, Calvin Klein, and Polo at up to half off (from $75–$120). Sunglasses are 15 percent off. *2193 Broadway, near 78th St. (877-2980); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.–Fri. 9–7:30, Sat. 10–6:30, Sun. 11–5; 3/29–4/19.*

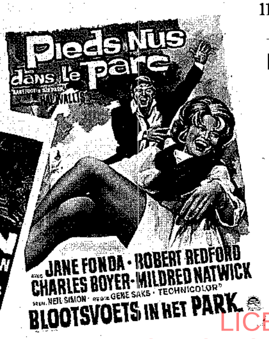
DO NOT PHONE: Send suggestions to Shyama Patel, *New York* Magazine, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-6999, four weeks before the sale. Sales exclusive to "Sales & Bargains" and not previously advertised or published elsewhere will be given preference.

ALWAYS A DEAL

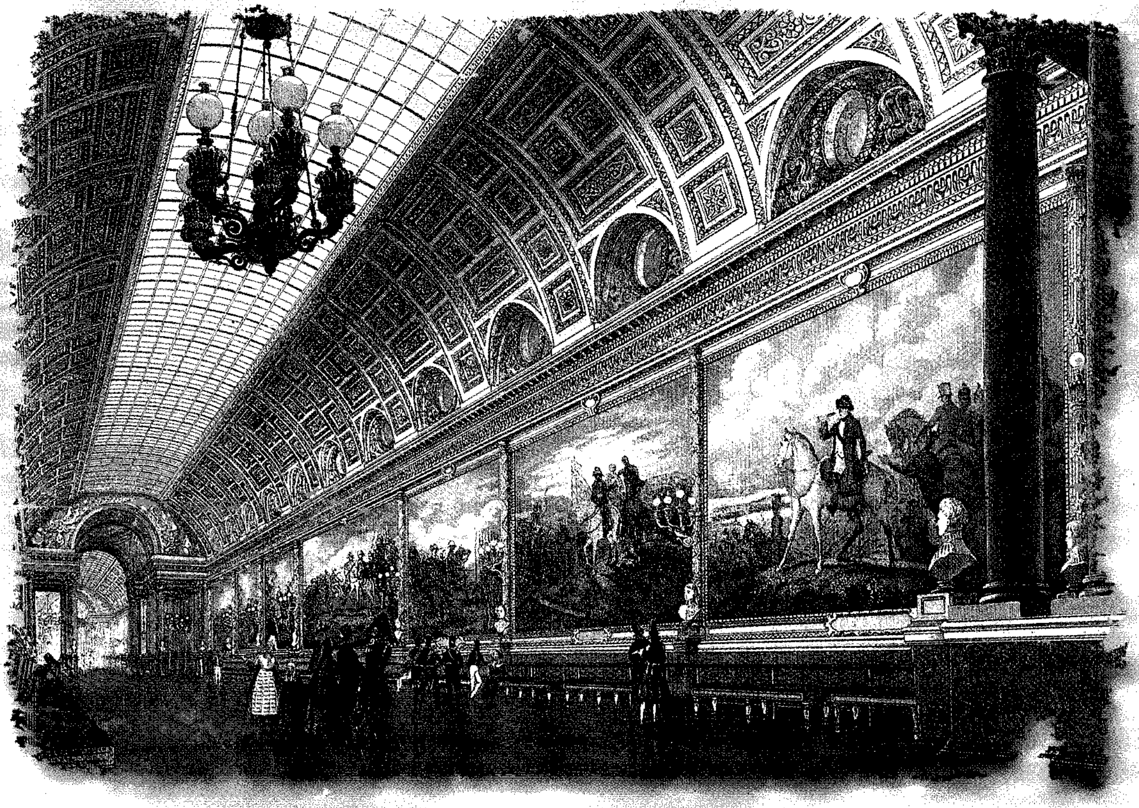
Frame by Frame

INSTEAD OF SPENDING MORE ON framing than on posters, get the fixings from **Pearl Paint Frame Shop** (a block down from the main store) and do the job yourself. Simple metal or unfinished-wood (stainable) components come in pairs, two of which make one frame: a pair of five-inch sides is about $4; a 40-inch set is about $10. Glass is sold in sizes up to 40-by-60-inch ($3–$53). Matting is easy with a T-square ($9 at the main store), a knife that automatically slices at a 45-degree angle ($12), and a piece of board ($1 for a sixteen-by-twenty piece; $4 for larger sizes at the main store). *56 Lispenard Street (226-6966).*


TARZAN
ET LE FILS DE LA JUNGLE
EN DE ZOON VAN DE WILDERNIS


Pieds Nus dans le parc
JANE FONDA · ROBERT REDFORD
CHARLES BOYER · MILDRED NATWICK
NEIL SIMON · GENE SAKS · TECHNICOLOR
BLOOTSVOETS IN HET PARK

Photographs by Steven Freeman.



NEW YORK MUSEUMS

Art In Bloom

It's April and art is bursting out all over. The New Greek Galleries are opening at the Met, the Surrealists are due at the Guggenheim, the cream of 20th century American art is coming to the Whitney, exciting Pop Art and Cameron photos are on view at MoMA, and an Arctic exploration unfolds at the American Museum of Natural History.

You will find daffodils at the Brooklyn Botanic Garden, rare Huguenot silver at the Cooper-Hewitt, Impressionists at the Brooklyn Museum of Art, photojournalism at Newseum/NY, environmental portraiture at International Center for Photography, and a tapestry of Jewish life at Museum of Jewish History.

Break away for the weekend and discover American landscape masters and antique dolls at the Lyman Allyn museums in New London, CT, reptiles and robots at Liberty Science Center in Jersey City, NJ. Art in America is a bigger draw than ever, and in the New York metropolitan area, it is positively blooming.

HOW CAN YOU STAY AWAY?

BEVERLY HOOD ALLEN
CREATIVE SERVICES DIRECTOR

CHRISTY CASAMASSIMA
EDITOR

DAVID BUTWIN
WRITER

BOLLE DESIGN
CREATIVE

LORY CONKLIN
RESEARCH

WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART

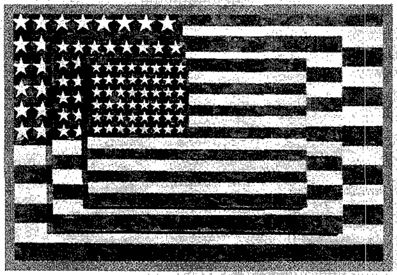
945 Madison Avenue (at 75th Street), 570-3676; new hours as of April 23: Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday-Sunday, 11-6, Thursday 1-8. Closed Monday.

On April 23, the Whitney will launch a sweeping two-part exhibition on this century's art and culture that will fill the entire museum for nine months.

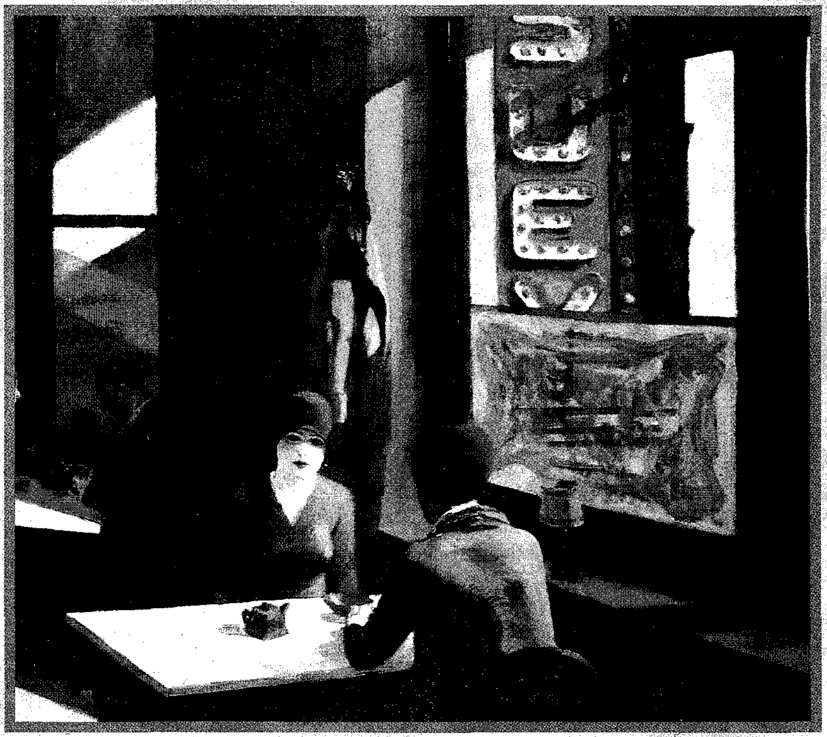
With painting, sculpture, photography and related cultural forms, "The American Century: Art & Culture 1900-2000" will explore the evolution of American identity as seen through the eyes of American artists, examining the impact of such forces as immigration, technology, and mass media on art and culture. The more than 1,200 masterworks were culled from the Whitney's permanent collection, private collections, and public institutions around the country. A team of more than 60 advisors on art history and American culture (architecture, decorative arts, music, dance, literature, and film) has been consulted.

The first installment (April 23 to August 22) will present such landmark works as Thomas Eakins' *The Thinker: Portrait of Louis* (1900); Alfred Stieglitz's *The Steerage* (1907); Edward Hopper's *Chop Suey* (1929); Grant Wood's *American Gothic* (1930); Georgia O'Keeffe's *Summer Days* (1936); and Jackson Pollock's *Number 27* (1950).

Visitors will follow a series of innovative installations in which painting, sculpture and photography are interspersed with small clusters of related cultural materials, including architecture, design, music, literature, dance, and film.



Jasper Johns, "Three Flags," 1958



Edward Hopper, "Chop Suey," 1929

The galleries dedicated to the period 1900-1919, for example, will capture America as it entered the 20th century with a youthful confidence about its place in the world. Visitors will see artistic expressions in a range of mediums that explored many themes, including: genteel society and the Dadaists who flouted it, the rise of industry countered by the arts and crafts movement, and artists finding inspiration both in the daily lives of Americans and in symbolist and orientalist fantasies.

The American Century is organized by the Whitney and presented by Intel Corporation, who are collaborating on one of the most comprehensive Internet-based programs ever developed for a museum exhibition. It includes an in-depth website, an internet-based national education program, and research into the use of in-museum computer technologies as exhibition information resources.

The second installment will be on view from September 26, 1999 to mid-February, 2000.

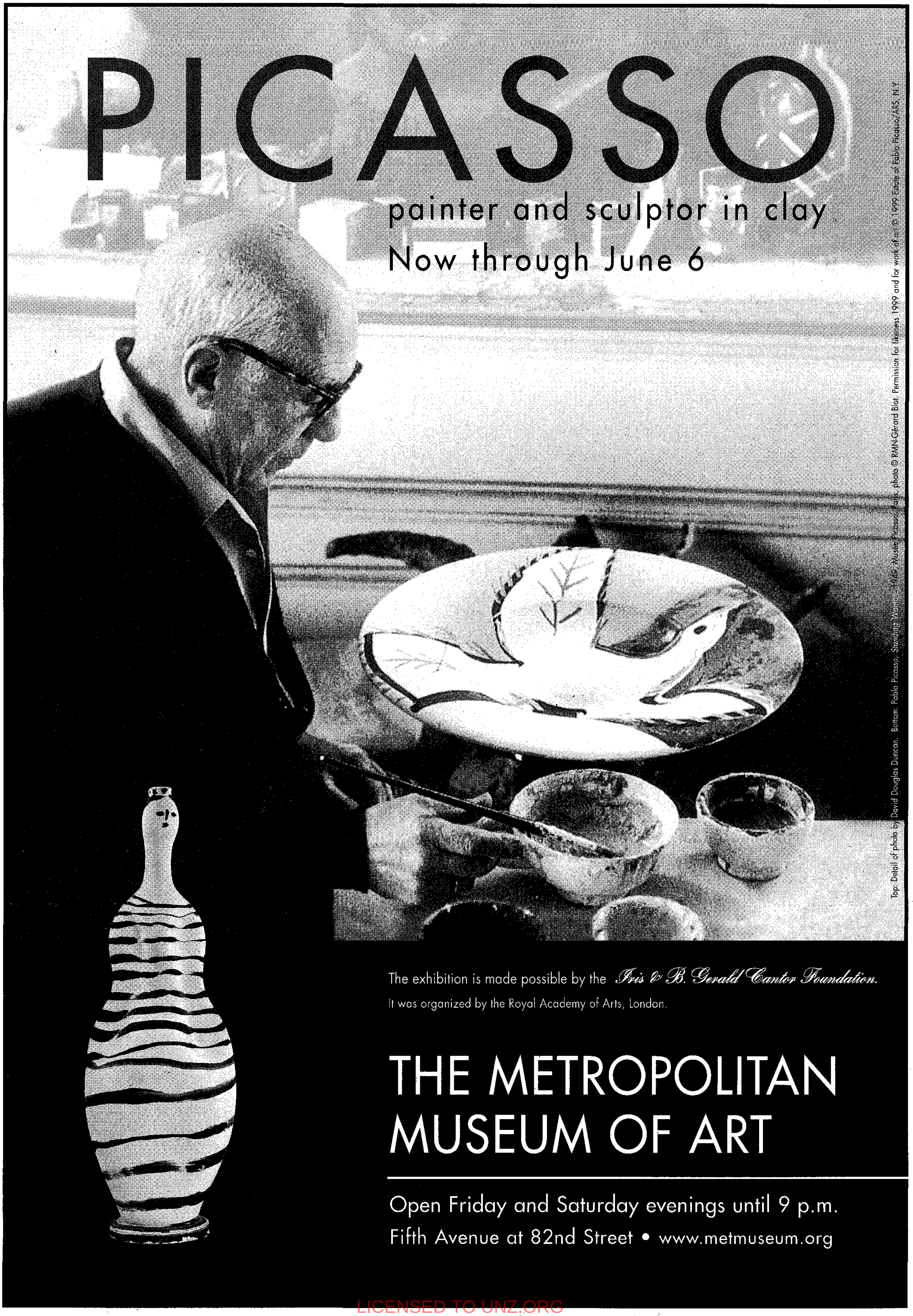
THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART

11 West 53rd Street,708-9400; hours 10:30-5:45 daily, 10:30-8:15 Friday, Closed Wednesday.

An important and influential European artist, Sigmar Polke, is showing his astonishing range of works on paper in a just-opened (April 1) exhibition, even as ongoing shows of Pop Art, art as humor, and Julia Margaret Cameron's photographs of women continue to engage MoMA-goers.

The German-born Polke has painted since 1963 and it's the period from 1963 to 1974 that informs some 180 drawings, gouaches, and sketchbooks, most of which have never been seen in the United States. The Polke oeuvre leaps from small ballpoint and felt-tip pen drawings exploring his "Capitalist Realist" imagery to a series of monumental works from the 1970s.

Obviously touched by World War II and postwar reconstruction, Polke delivers wry and sensitive commentary on the purported pleasures of consumerism. One sees the techniques of



PICASSO

painter and sculptor in clay

Now through June 6

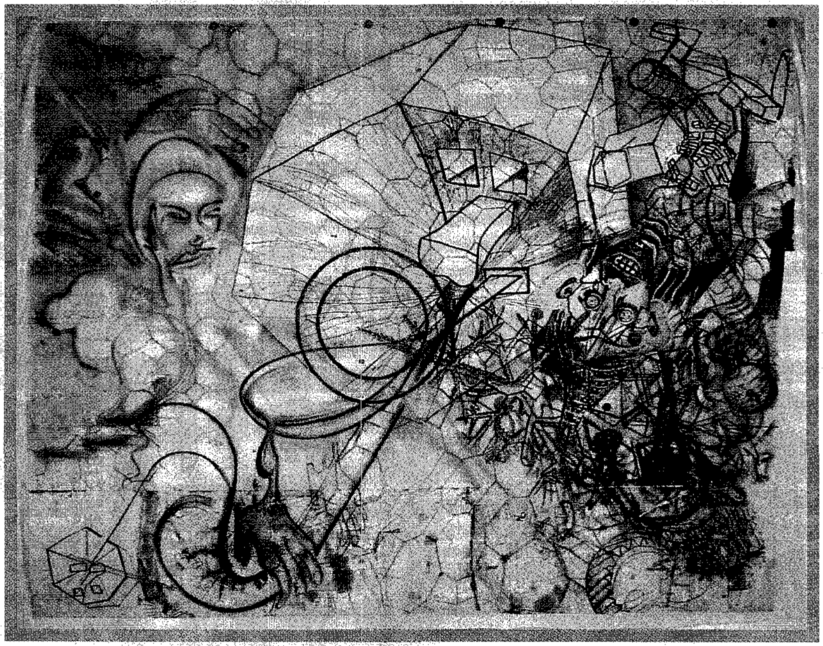
Top: Detail of photo by David Douglas Duncan. Bottom: Pablo Picasso, *Standing Woman*, 1949. Musée Picasso, Paris, photo © RMN-Gérard Blot. Permission for likeness 1999 and for work of art © 1999 Estate of Pablo Picasso/ARS, N.Y.

The exhibition is made possible by the *Iris & B. Gerald Cantor Foundation.*

It was organized by the Royal Academy of Arts, London.

THE METROPOLITAN
MUSEUM OF ART

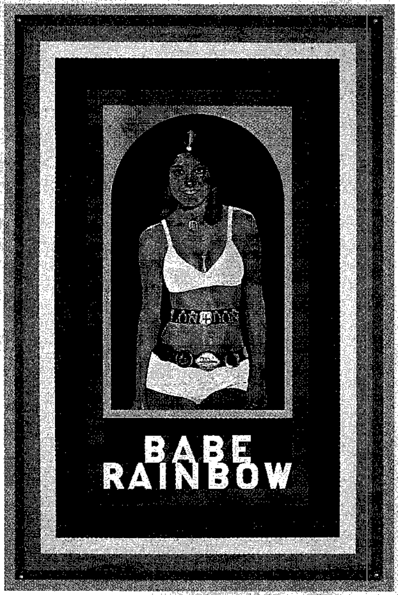
Open Friday and Saturday evenings until 9 p.m.
Fifth Avenue at 82nd Street • www.metmuseum.org



Sigmar Polke, "The Ride on the Eight of Infinity, II (The Motorcycle Bride); Time and again we cross the point where objects pass from the field of gravitational force into the field of centrifugal force." 1969-71

American Pop artists such as Roy Lichtenstein, but instead of touting the glories of consumerism, Polke often distorts or disrupts the iconography. In his parodies of politics, human relationships and cultural values, Polke reveals a joyful and novel cynicism.

Three other riveting exhibitions that opened this winter have a month or more to go. In "Sight Gags" (through May 4) we see the role that humor has played in modern and contemporary drawing from Marcel Duchamp to Mike Kelleys. There are satirical sketches, grotesques, straight comic illustrations and visual puns from MoMA's collection of works on paper. Also through May 4, an exhibition of sixty works by Julia Margaret Cameron focuses on the women she photographed in the 1860s and 70s. Using friends and family members as models, she explored themes of motherhood, spirituality, and love.



Peter Blake, "Babe Rainbow," 1968

In "Pop Impressions" we see the explosive role printmaking had on the Pop Art movement of the '60s. This art signaled the emergence of screenprinting as a viable tool for fine art, leading to a resurgence of interest in the medium. Beyond landmark works such as Andy Warhol's screenprint *Cagney* and Claes Oldenburg's multiple *London Knees*, 1966, the exhibition reflects the broad base Pop enjoyed in the U.S. and Europe.

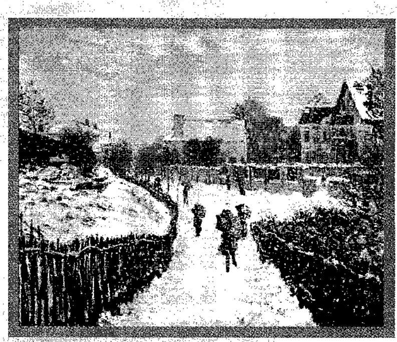
BROOKLYN MUSEUM OF ART

200 Eastern Parkway, 718-638-5000;
hours 10 - 5 Wednesday - Friday, 11 - 6
Saturday and Sunday (until 11 the first Saturday of each month).

From French impressionists to the prince of preeminent American printmakers, Jack Levine, the Brooklyn Museum of Art will unfurl its usual dazzling range of subjects in the months ahead.

On May 28, even as spring is in full bloom, a major exhibition "Impressionists in Winter: Effets de Neige" will arrive on the final stop of a three-city tour. You will see exquisite and experimental winter scenes by Monet, Pissarro, Renoir, Sisley, Caillebotte, and Gauguin. Loaned from public and private collections from around the world, it is the first wintry exhibition of the Impressionists, a group better known for lush landscapes of other seasons.

Monet was the most prolific in his winter themes, Renoir explored it rarely but *Skaters in the Bois de Boulogne* was a fine example, and Gauguin executed several snowy French landscapes. You will see winter depicted across a hoary range--morning light on untouched fields of snow, city rooftops at twilight, all in all providing fresh insight into Impressionism's endless fascination with light, the moment, and changing conditions in the atmosphere.



Claude Monet, "Boule. St. Denis, Argenteuil, In Winter"

Continuing through June 13, "Domestic Transformation," the latest in the museum's *Working in Brooklyn* series, features the work of four young Brooklyn artists—Ann Agee, Ron Baron, Jean Blackburn, and Andy Yoder, using familiar materials to explore changing ideas of the role of the home and family in modern life. From April 23 to June 20, "A Voice of

Come for the exhibitions, stay for the world's finest collection of modern art.

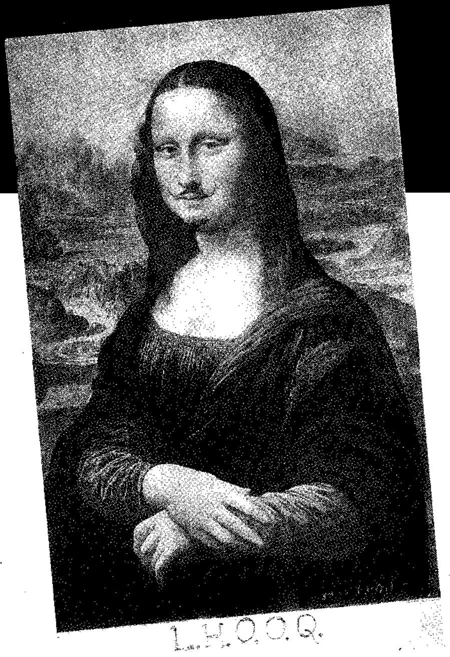
Julia Margaret Cameron's Women

Through May 4

The first exhibition to closely examine photographs of women by one of the great portrait photographers of her era. Sixty images by this pioneering Victorian photographer center on themes of beauty, spirituality, and love. Catalogue available.

This exhibition was organized by The Art Institute of Chicago with the support of American Airlines and the National Endowment for the Arts.

Pomona. 1872. Albumen silver print from wet-collodion glass negative, 13⅝ x 10⅝" (34.6 x 26.9 cm). The Royal Photographic Society, Bath, England



The Museum as Muse

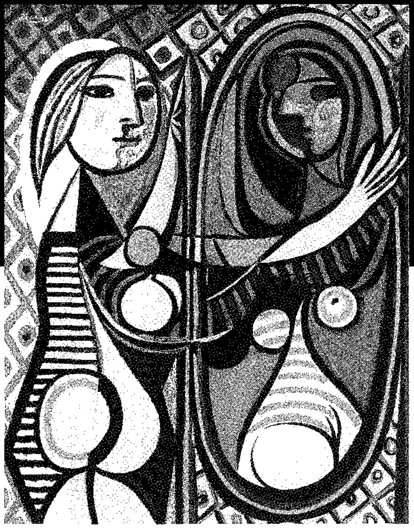
Artists Reflect

Through June 1

Artists take on the museum—its concept, function, nature, methods, and relationship to art. This major exhibition comprises nearly 200 paintings, sculptures, photographs, drawings, prints, videos, sound recordings, and installations by some 60 modern and contemporary artists. Catalogue available.

The exhibition is made possible by the Contemporary Exhibition Fund of The Museum of Modern Art. The artists' commissions are made possible by The Bohen Foundation. Additional support is provided by The International Council of The Museum of Modern Art. The accompanying publication is supported by The Andy Warhol Foundation for the Visual Arts. The accompanying Web site and online artists' projects are made possible by The Contemporary Arts Council and The Junior Associates of The Museum of Modern Art.

Marcel Duchamp. *L.H.O.O.Q.* 1919. Photographic reproduction and pencil. Private collection



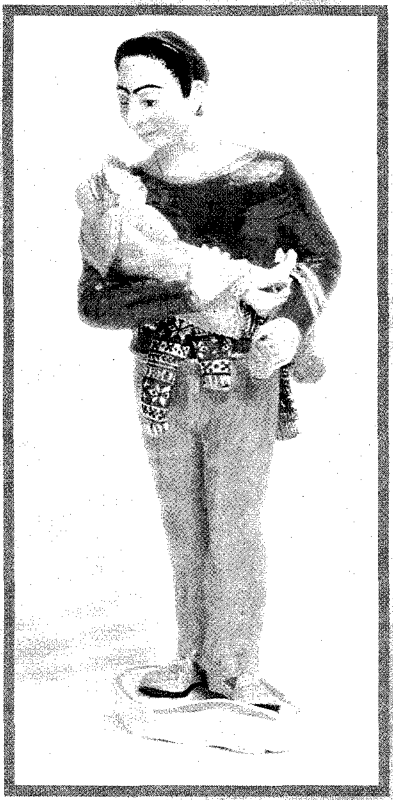
Picasso's masterworks are back!

Following a triumphant international tour, the best Picassos in town are once again on view. See 29 paintings by Pablo Picasso, many of them groundbreaking masterpieces, only at MoMA.

Pablo Picasso. *Girl before a Mirror.* 1932. Oil on canvas, 64 x 51¼" (162.3 x 130.2 cm). Gift of Mrs. Simon Guggenheim. © 1999 Estate of Pablo Picasso/Artists Rights Society (ARS), N.Y.

MoMA

The Museum of Modern Art 11 West 53 Street, NY (212) 708-9400 www.moma.org Closed Wed.



Ann Agee, "Man with Baby," 1997

Conscience: The Prints of Jack Levine" will include a range of prints by an artist who has never ceased twitting and teasing American political life.

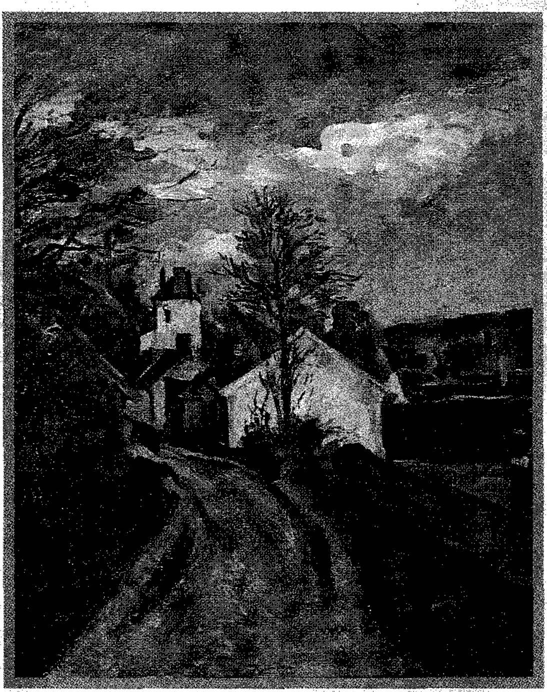
The museum continues its highly successful First Saturdays programs in which the museum remains open until 11 p.m. the first Saturday of each month. Beginning at 5 p.m., there is a wide range of programs including different live dance bands, jazz ensembles, film, and live performances each month.

THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART

1000 Fifth Avenue (at 82nd Street)
535-7710; hours Tuesday - Thursday
and Sunday 9:30 to 5:30, Friday and
Saturday until 9. Closed Monday.

With Picasso's ceramics drawing rapt attention, the New Greek Galleries about to open, and a smashing Impressionist/Post-Impressionist show coming later in May, the Met is bursting out all over this spring.

On April 20, the museum's monumental Greek collection, preeminent in the western hemisphere and among the greatest in the world, will return to view after a 3-year renovation and reinstallation, occupying seven galleries that have been restored to the neoclassical splendor of the original McKim, Mead, and White design. The new galleries, featuring masterpieces from the archaic and classical periods (sixth through fourth centuries), will reopen some of the museum's grandest, most beloved spaces–and allow the display of an unprecedented array of objects from its magnificent collection of Greek art.

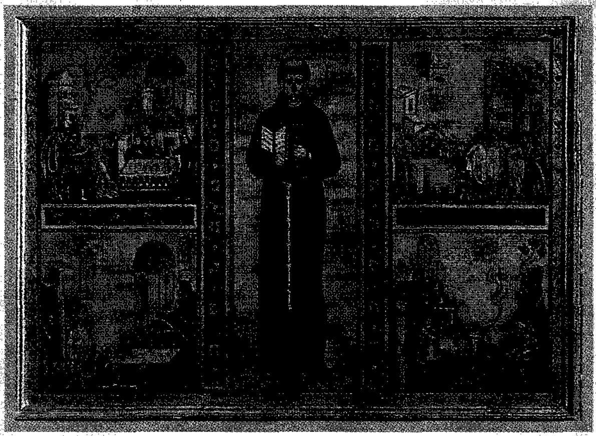


Paul Cézanne, "Dr. Gachet's House at Auvers," 1873

The keystone of the project is the grand vaulted gallery once known as the Cypriot corridor, a 140-foot-long space with soaring limestone walls that will display large-scale sculpture and other work. To highlight the event, the Met will hold a lecture series, gallery talks and walking tours; a series of feature films based on ancient Greek literature is scheduled for summer and fall.

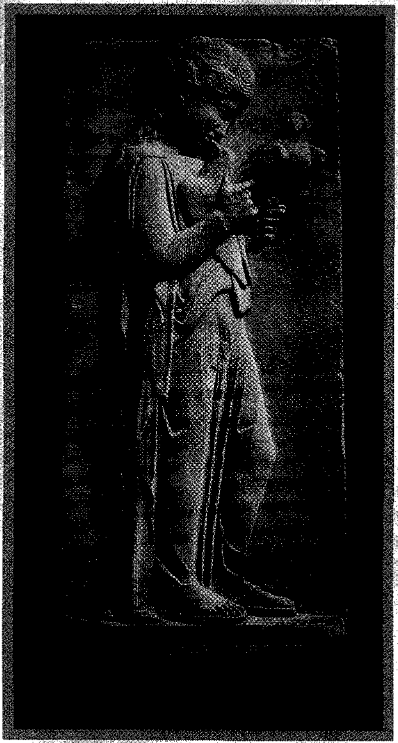
In a novel exhibition that runs until June 6, the museum is displaying more than 175 unique ceramic works by Picasso, mostly created in the south of France between 1947 and 1962. It is the first large-scale examination of his ceramic work. The subjects–still lifes, bullfights, lovers and clowns, centaurs and fauns, birds and fish–relate in theme and subject matter to his art in other mediums. To no one's surprise, much of the work, begun when Picasso was 65, celebrates the female form–nude and clothed, standing and seated.

In an unexpected opportunity from the devastating 1997 Assisi earthquake, some 70 masterpieces of medieval and Renaissance art are on display at the Met while the Basilica and Convent of St. Francis continue to undergo renovation. The exhibition "The Treasury of Saint Francis of Assisi" (through June 27) is an unprecedented collaboration, combining Assisi's panel paintings, sculptures, goldsmith work, textiles and manuscript illuminations with 30 works from museums and private collections.



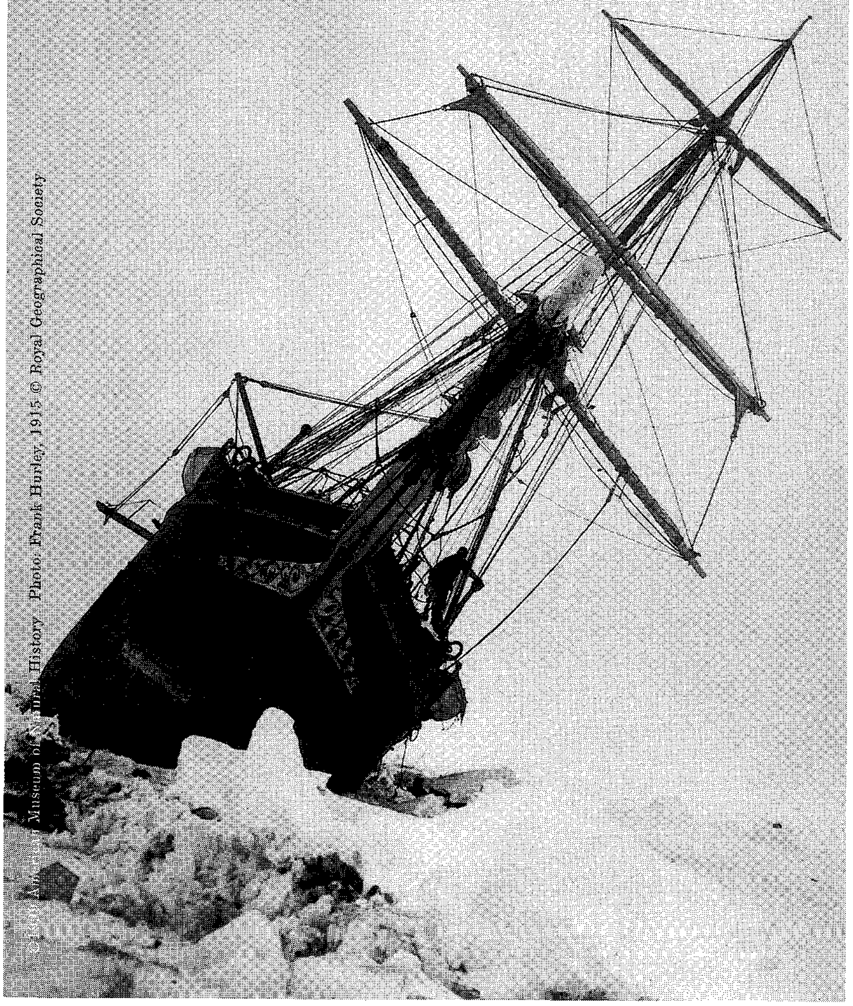
Master of the Treasury: "Saint Francis and Four of His Posthumous Miracles," ca. 1240

From May 25 to Aug. 15, a much anticipated exhibition "Cézanne to Van Gogh: The Collection of Doctor Gachet," will display the centerpieces of an extraordinary Impressionist and Post-Impressionist collection formed by Dr. Paul-Ferdinand Gachet (1828-1909), the physician who cared for Van Gogh in the last months of his life. To this remarkable cache of 50 paintings and drawings, lent by the Musée d'Orsay in Paris, will be added other paintings and works on paper from the Van Gogh Museum and other collections. Dr. Gachet, who was both friend and patron to the artists–Monet, Pissarro, Renoir, Sisley and above all, Cézanne and Van Gogh–also copied their works, adding a layer of controversy to several key paintings. The exhibition will also include souvenirs, such as artists' palettes, paint tubes and props, which record Gachet's close relationship with the 19th-century masters. One not only gets a fascinating view of the man who amassed the collection but also of his son and heir, Paul Gachet (1873-1962) who kept it virtually hidden for nearly a half-century.



New Greek Galleries: "Grave Stele of a Girl With Doves," ca. 450-440 B.C.

IT IS A RARE OCCASION WHEN AN INSTITUTION OF SCIENCE ACKNOWLEDGES THE POSSIBILITY OF MIRACLES.



© 1999 American Museum of Natural History Photo: Frank Hurley, 1915 © Royal Geographical Society

In 1914, Sir Ernest Shackleton and his crew were stranded off Antarctica when their ship, *Endurance*, was crushed by ice. Enduring inhuman cold and violent storms, Shackleton bravely led his men to safety. Miraculously, not one life was lost.

Timed tickets can be reserved in advance. Call 212-769-5200.

The story of Shackleton's expedition is told in Caroline Alexander's best-selling new hardcover book, *The Endurance*.

The Shackleton exhibition is made possible by a gift from Mr. & Mrs. Joseph F. Cullman 3rd.

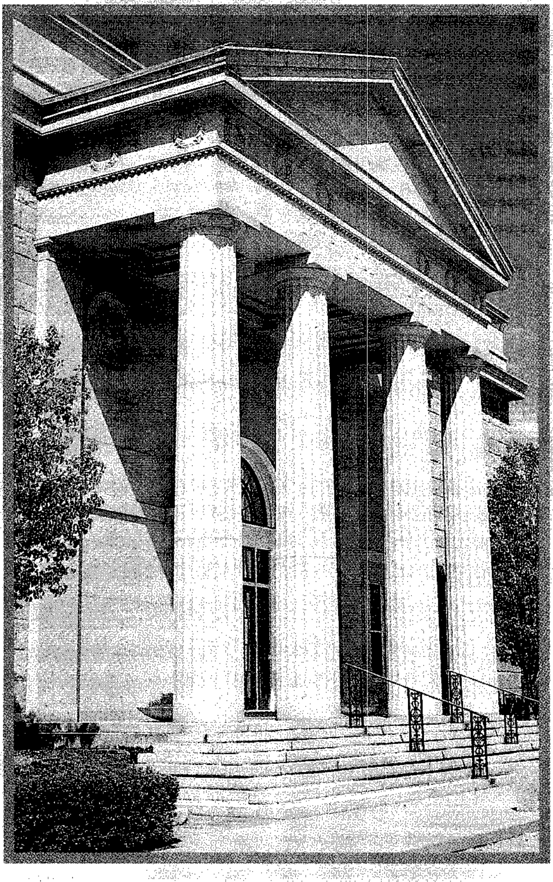
THE ENDURANCE

SHACKLETON'S LEGENDARY ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION

APRIL 10 – OCTOBER 11, 1999

American Museum of Natural History

Central Park West at 79th Street www.amnh.org



Lyman Allyn Art Museum

LYMAN ALLYN ART MUSEUM

625 Williams Street, New London, CT 860-443-2545; hours Tuesday-Saturday, 10 - 5, Sunday, 1 - 5. Two hours-plus drive from NY, exit 83 off I-95.

America's great landscape painters, priceless southwest weavings and jazz concerts on the lawn await visitors to the Lyman Allyn Art Museum this spring and summer on the historic Connecticut coast at New London.

In a stunning exhibition running through November 28, "The Holy Calm of Nature" will display major works of 19th century landscape painters Thomas Cole, Albert Bierstadt, Frederick Edwin Church, and others. Cole's *Prospect of Mt. Etna* is one of the featured paintings in the group, all of which belong to the Lyman Allyn collection.

On June 25 (through Aug. 22), the finest textile artistry of the Pueblo, Navajo, and Hispanic peoples will form a much-awaited show, "Southwest Weaving: A Continuum." The exhibition covers 70 pieces of textile artistry—rugs, wall hangings, blankets, parade saddle covers—crafted as far back as 1840 and representing eight decades of collecting.

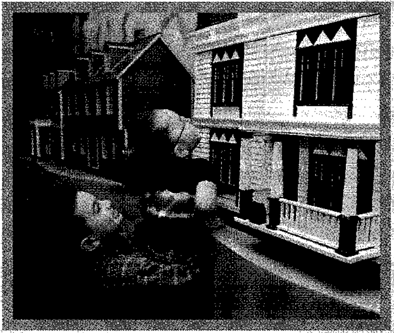
A short stroll away, the Lyman Allyn is opening four new galleries in the refurbished Deshon-Allyn House, an 1831 mansion. In these airy spaces you'll see Connecticut-crafted furniture and decorative arts, 18th and 19th century American and Connecticut paintings. On the summer calendar, the first in a series of contemporary photo exhibitions, "Herman Leonard: The Eyes of Jazz," will coincide with the opening of another season of Sunday Jazz on the Lawn. These happy afternoons, with jazz in the air and activities for all, are played out within view of Long Island Sound and the Coast Guard Academy.

LYMAN ALLYN DOLLS & TOYS

**165 State Street,
New London, CT, 860-443-2545; hours Tuesday-Saturday 11 - 5.**

In historic downtown New London, the new Lyman Allyn Dolls & Toys museum is itself an oversized playhouse that enchants visitors of all ages.

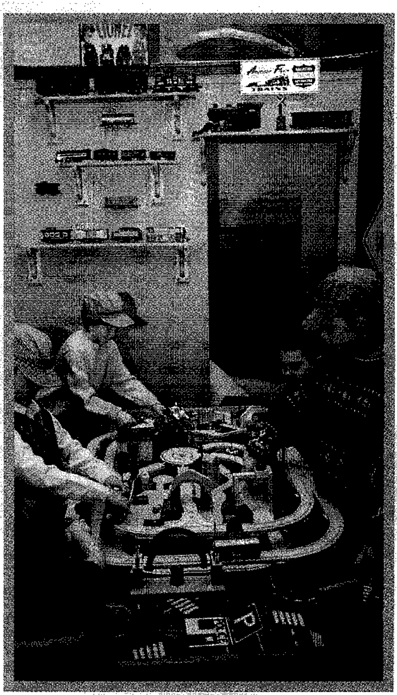
Opened last December on the ground floor of a handsomely restored building, the museum houses the beloved collection of antique toys, dolls, and dollhouses that were on display at the Lyman Allyn Art Museum. But in their new home, the toys and dolls have the space, light, and happy surroundings they were crying for. And they also have many new companions.



Lyman Allyn Dolls & Toys

Kids can stroll down Allyn's Lane, with its rows of 19th and 20th century dollhouses, and peek in at eye level at some fancy furnishings.

Looming above the rooflines is the oversized Victorian Townhouse. At Harriet's Farm, they can amble through the Waterford countryside, checking out classic and contemporary farmhouses and barns, farmers and their livestock. The centerpiece is the large-scale Silo, with its active play area for children aged 3 to 8. At Harriet's Farm, toddlers love clamber-



Lyman Allyn Dolls & Toys

ing around the edge of Duckling Pond, set out with toys and a three-tiered climber.

Kids will want to drag their parents to the Hall of Dolls, the astonishing collection of dolls and accessories accumulated by Lyman Allyn over the years. Adults need no urging to inspect the antique boats, trains, and fire engines.

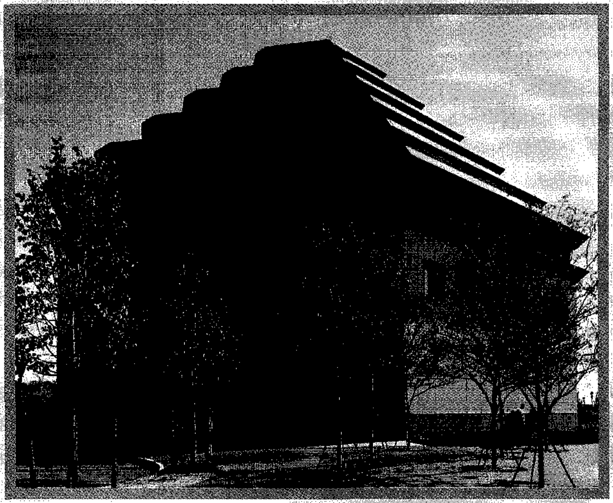
MUSEUM OF JEWISH HERITAGE

18 First Place, Battery Park City,
509-6130; hours Sunday-Wednesday,
9 - 5, Thursday, 9 - 8, Friday, 9 - 5.

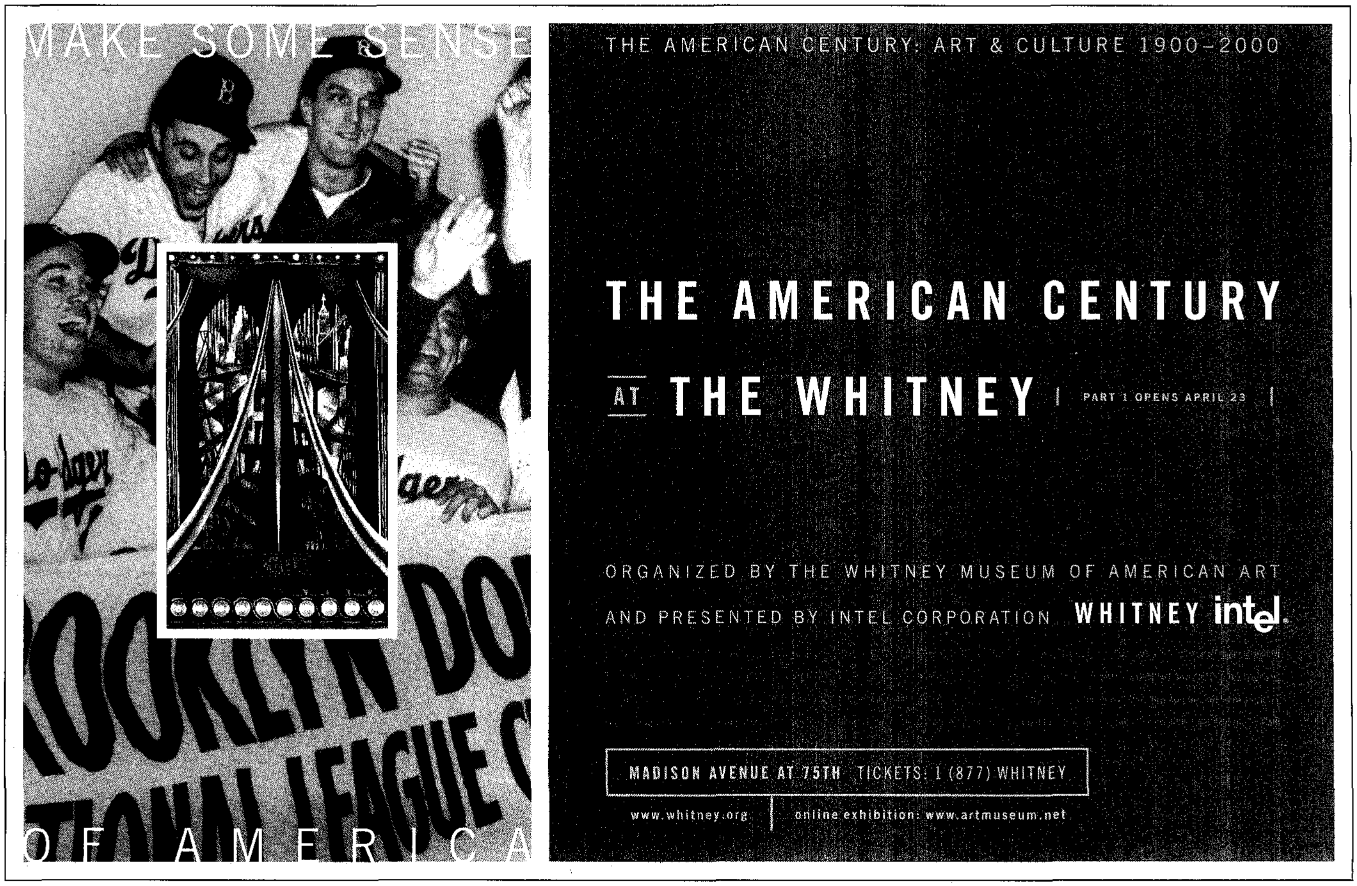
Museum of Jewish Heritage–A Living Memorial to the Holocaust opened in 1997. The 30,000-square-foot museum goes far beyond recounting the horrors of the Holocaust. Its ambitious mission is to educate people of all ages and backgrounds about the unique tapestry of Jewish life over the past century–before, during, and since the Holocaust.

"In its first 18 months, the Museum of Jewish Heritage already has demonstrated a capacity to forge intimate links between people," says Museum Director David Altshuler. "The artifacts inside have helped reunite Holocaust survivors and family members, opened new doors of understanding for school children about humanity and hope, and brought together strangers responding to a singular history and its universal messages here," he said.

The museum's core exhibition is organized around three themes: "Jewish Life a Century Ago," "The War Against the Jews," and "Jewish Renewal." With more than 2,000 photographs, 800 artifacts, and 24 original documentary films on display, the museum uses personal stories and artifacts to present 20th-century Jewish history and the Holocaust.



Museum of Jewish Heritage
A Living Memorial to the Holocaust



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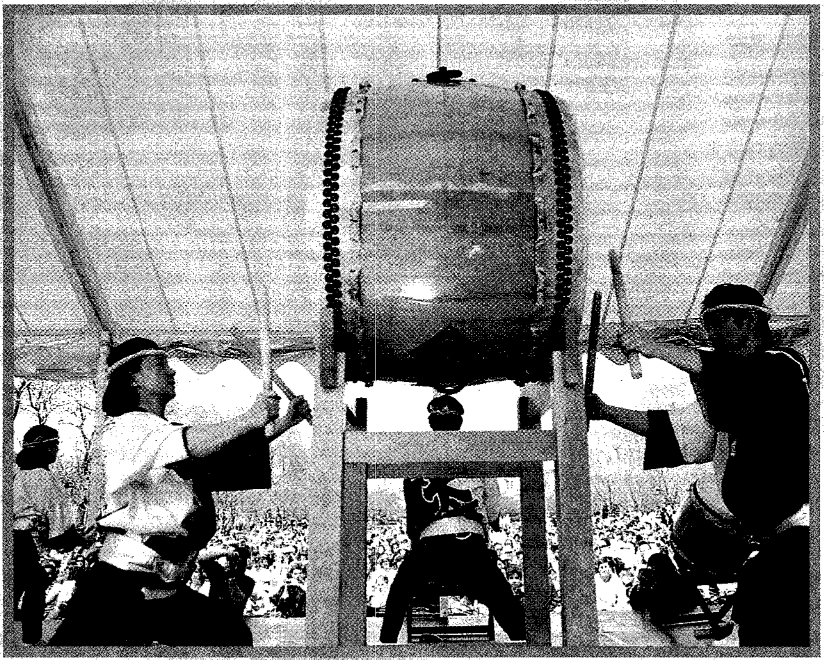


Cherry Blossom Festival

BROOKLYN BOTANIC GARDEN

1000 Washington Avenue, 718-622-4433; hours Tuesday - Friday,
8 - 6, Saturday, Sunday and holidays,
10 - 6. Closed Monday.

With the lengthening of its hours and the return of its dazzling daffodils this month, this 52-acre swath of bucolic peace heralds spring from April 5 to 25. Tens of thousands of daffodils bloom in the Rock Garden, Shakespeare Garden, Perennial Borders, Osborne Garden, and of course up on Daffodil Hill. May is an even greater explosion of blooms and events at Brooklyn Botanic Garden. The annual all-weekend Cherry Blossom Festival (or Sakura Matsuri) will welcome spring on Saturday and Sunday, May 1 and 2, running from 10 to 6 each day. There will be taiko drumming, children's activities, dance, and arts and crafts. Gardeners and plant lovers will want to mark May 5 and 6 on their calendars, dates of BBG's Annual Plant Sale. With 15,000 plants, the event is the largest annual benefit plant sale in the northeast.

Lilac Weekend, May 8-9, will arrive just in time for Mother's Day, turning the Garden into a vale of whites, pale pinks and intense purples with a scent that can only mean sweet spring and love. May also means tulips, wisterias, dogwoods, and azaleas and a great azure blanketing in the Bluebell Wood. June is rose month and also the coming out of peonies and irises, and there will be tropical festivities and events throughout July and August.

Visit a
Spider's Maze

Children's Discovery Garden

BBG has always welcomed kids to its Children's Garden. And thanks to the largest renovation since the Garden opened in 1914–with raised planting beds, smooth pathways, up-to-date irrigation–the program is better than ever. KinderGardeners aged 3 to 6 work in small groups to nurture young sprouts and watch for creepy-crawly things; City Farmers aged 7 to 12 hang out with new friends as they dig, line rows, plant seeds, weed, cultivate and harvest. And Earth Movers aged 13 to 17 collaborate in the design and creation of big garden plots, choosing their own crops. Call the main number to register.

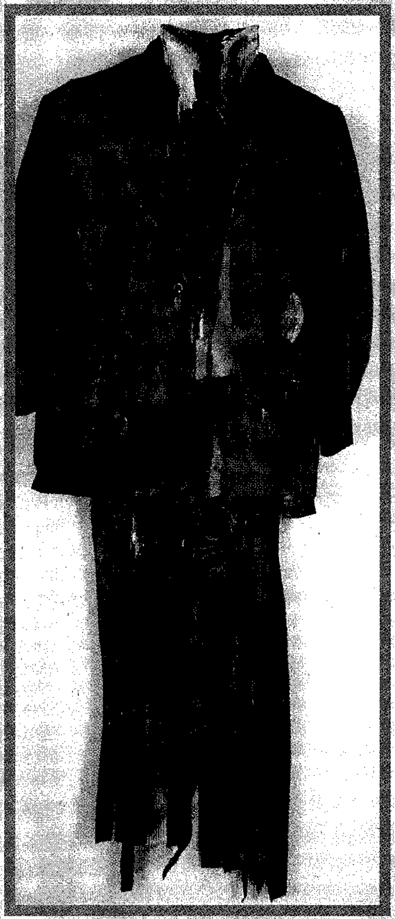
GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM

1071 Fifth Avenue (at 89th Street), 423-3500; hours Sunday-Wednesday, 10-6, Friday and Saturday, 10-8.

Even as Picasso and Jim Dine exhibitions continue to thrill Guggenheim goers, there is much anticipation of a vast Surrealist show opening June 4.

Such monumental surrealists as Max Ernst, Salvador Dalí, Rene Magritté, Man Ray, Giorgio de Chirico and Yves Tanguey will be featured among the 500 rarely seen works drawn from the collections of Nesuhi Ertegun and Daniel Filipacchi, the two leading private collectors of Surrealist art. Along with paintings, works-on-paper and objects, the exhibition (until Sept. 12) will feature experimental games and techniques pioneered by the Surrealists, and also Filipacchi's unmatched collection of books and manuscripts.

Meanwhile, "Picasso and the War Years: 1937-1945" is the first exhibition to examine that critical period in the life and work of the century's premier artist. The exhibition (until May 9) traces the artistic response to cataclysmic world events, from the Spanish Civil War through the Nazi occupation of France down to its liberation by Allied troops. Picasso's work from that time repre-



Jim Dine, "Green Suit," 1959

sents some of his most powerful imagery and darkest commentary on the human condition.

Through May 8, the museum's WorldBeat Jazz Series will continue to celebrate the Picasso exhibition Friday and Saturday nights in the rotunda. In the last of the winter-spring series, Argentine guitarist and composer Fernando Tarrés will perform his eclectic blend of tango, classical and modern jazz harmonies. And the Guggenheim's Sunday/Monday series, Works and Process, will continue to present dance, opera and contemporary music events in the museum's Peter B. Lewis Theater.

In "Jim Dine: Walking Memory, 1959-1969" the Guggenheim has mounted the first major survey (running until May 16) on the early work of an important American artist—daring and provocative material indeed. These 100-plus works focus on the first 10

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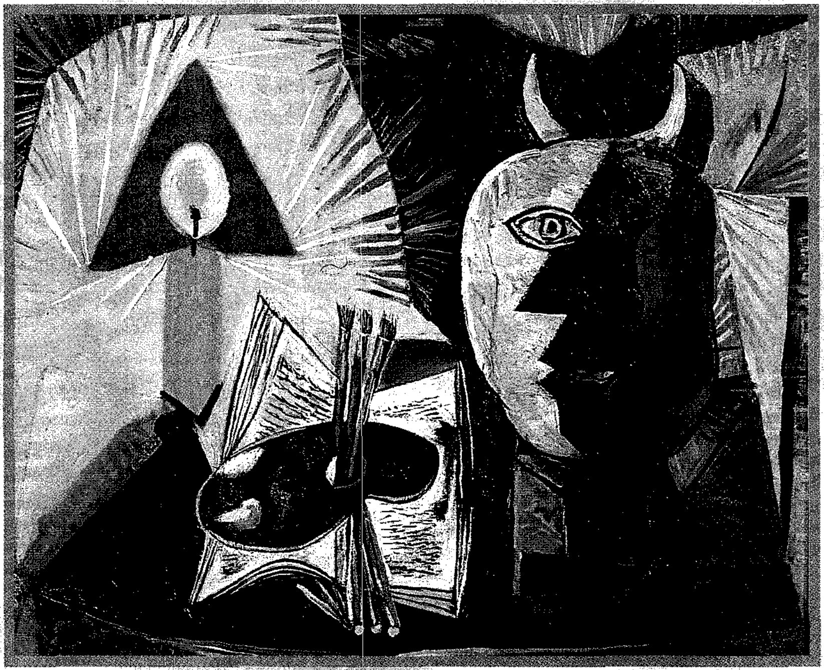


Pablo Picasso, "Still Life with Palette, Candlestick, and Head of Minotaur," 1938

years of Dine's career when he seized on the idea of self-exposure as a way of exploring new ranges of expression. What resulted was a formidable visual language of corporeal motifs that tested the conventions of representation and perception.

COOPER-HEWITT, NATIONAL DESIGN MUSEUM

91st Street and Fifth Avenue, 849-8300; hours, Tuesday, 10 - 9, Wednesday - Saturday, 10 - 5, Sunday 12 - 5.

An outstanding (one might say sterling) exhibition of 17th- and 18th-century English silver opens (and runs through April 8) in this historic mansion. "The Huguenot Legacy: English Silver 1680-1760" features 100 exquisite silver objects—some considered the most beautiful ever created—executed by French Huguenot designers and craftsmen who had emigrated to England to escape religious persecution. Many of these French Protestants, known as the Huguenots, had worked in the studios of the French courts and were embraced by British patrons who fancied French fashions of the period. Ornately decorated domestic silver for ambassadors of the English crown will be on view alongside forms invented for the emerging 18th-century craze for tea, coffee, and chocolate. You will see plates and vessels created to hold the ragouts and soups adopted from the French court; candle holders, toilet services, scent bottles, jars, trays, and ewers from the salons and boudoirs of the English well-to-do. Outstanding examples created by stellar figures of the period include a teapot by Paul Crespin with a serpent spout; a pair of tea caddies, and a matching sugar box by Paul de Lamerie; and an important soup tureen by Thomas Heming.

Through May 23, the Cooper-Hewitt continues its compelling display of more than 200 works of graphic design created by avant-garde artists between the two world wars, all drawn from the unparalleled, private collection of Merrill C. Berman. "Graphic Design in the Mechanical Age" features original collages, montages, poster designs, and other ephermera by Jan Tschichold, Aleksandr Rodchenko, A.M. Cassandre and others.

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY

Central Park West (at 79th Street), 769-5100; hours Sunday-Thursday 10-5:45, Friday-Saturday 10-8:45.

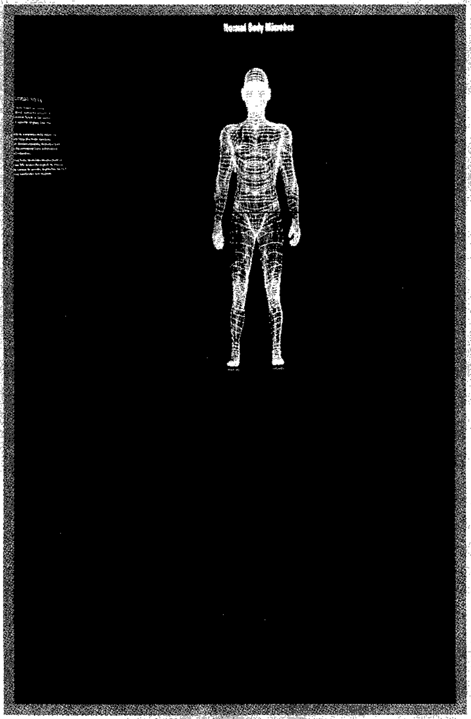
An ongoing exhibition on infectious disease, a new show on a legendary Antarctic expedition and the arrival later this spring of the ambitious Hall of Planet Earth will make the American Museum of Natural History a bigger hit than ever in the months ahead.

Opening April 10, "The Endurance" documents in photos, film footage and artifacts the dramatic, near-fatal 1914 expedition by Sir Ernest Shackleton and his ship Endurance to Antarctica. Sixty miles from its goal, the ship was

Paul Crespin, "Teapot," 1740-41

"Epidemic! The World of Infectious Disease"

trapped in pack ice and remained there for 10 months. The ship photographer Frank Hurley recorded the dire daily life aboard ship and on the ice, along with wildlife and extraordinary ice formations. Shackleton finally saved the crew by abandoning the Endurance and fleeing to South Georgia Island in a 22-foot lifeboat.



"Epidemic! The World of Infectious Disease"

On the third floor, a startling and edifying show "Epidemic!" which opened in late February and runs through September 6, examines in striking detail the natural history of infectious disease from biological and cultural vantage points. Throughout the exhibition, specific diseases, such as malaria, flu, tuberculosis, AIDS, and Lyme disease, are used as examples to illustrate the larger issue of containment, treatment, and prevention in different historical contexts.

As part of the monumental Rose Center for Earth and Space, coming in early 2000, the Gottesman Hall of Planet Earth is scheduled to open this spring, dedicated to the earth's processes, phenomena, and circumstances that make this fragile planet habitable. Among the natural samples on view will be an ice core from Greenland which shows climactic shifts over 20,000 years ago, and four "black smokers" that grow hydrothermal vents in the deep ocean. On April 17, an exhibition will open featuring the top wildlife photographers of 1998.

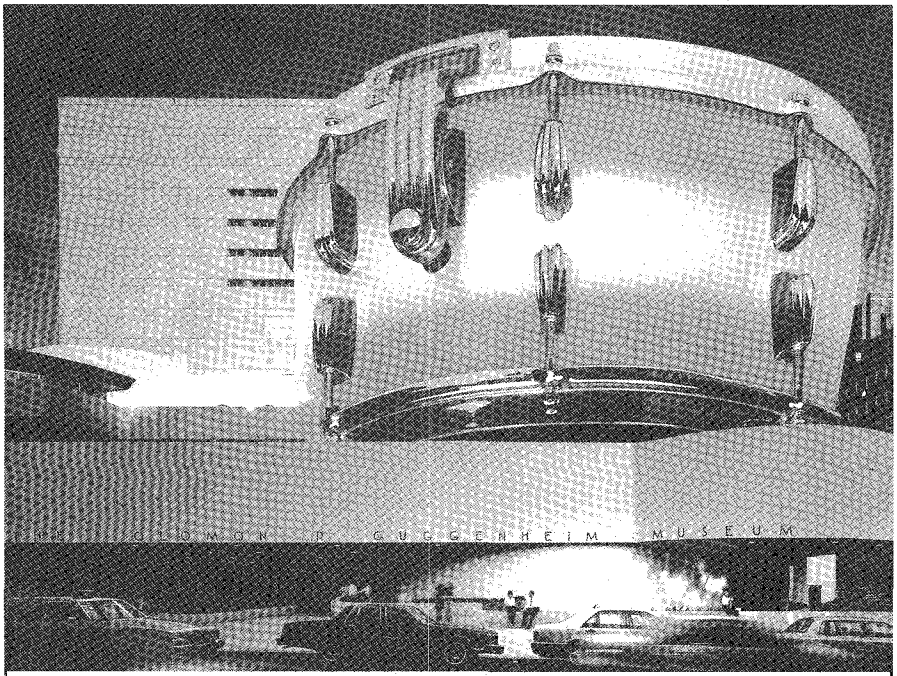
LIBERTY SCIENCE CENTER

251 Phillip Street, Jersey City, NJ
201-451-0006; hours 9:30 - 5:30 daily.

Real reptiles and robotic animals are coming soon to Liberty Science Center in Jersey City, and even before that, the eye-opening IMAX® film *Island of the Sharks* will premiere in the museum's IMAX® Dome Theater.

The film, opening to the public April 23 after its world premiere two days earlier, zeroes in on Cocos Island, 300 miles west of Costa Rica. This tiny volcanic island is home to more species of marine wildlife than any other place on earth. In six different expeditions to Cocos, award-winning film makers Howard and Michele Hall filmed rare shrimp, giant schools of dolphin, tuna, and sharks. Get ready for a swarm of 400 hammerhead sharks coming at you.

On May 29, the Liberty Science Center will unfurl two mind-bending exhibitions. "Robot Zoo" will present an interactive band of giant robot animals enlivened by biomechanics and computer technology. You'll see how a giant squid easily propels itself through the ocean with its 18-foot tentacles, how a giraffe, with only seven bones in its neck–same as humans–supports a head and neck



WORLDBEAT JAZZ
AT THE GUGGENHEIM

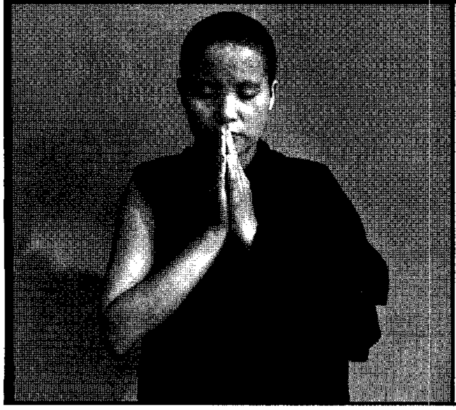
Enjoy jazz and cocktails in the Frank Lloyd Wright Rotunda, Friday and Saturday nights 5-8pm. Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Avenue (at 88th Street). Information: 212 423-3500

The Tibetans
Photographs by Steve Lehman

At Newseum/NY through June 5, 1999

Admission is free.

NEWSEUM/NY
FUNDED BY THE FREEDOM FORUM
580 Madison Avenue ■ New York, NY 10022



Newseum/NY, a photojournalism gallery at 57th Street and Madison Avenue, features exhibits, lectures, films and other activities to broaden the public's understanding of journalism and First Amendment issues. It is open Monday through Saturday, 10 a.m.-5:30 p.m. Group tours are available by appointment. For more information, call 212-317-7503. www.freedomforum.org

TORTOISE TRACK

"Tortoise Track"

that stretches nine feet tall.

Also on May 29, a traveling reptile zoo will explode common myths about some of the world's most feared and misunderstood creatures. In "Reptiles: the Beautiful and the Deadly," you'll meet more than 20 species of turtles, crocodiles, lizards, and snakes—the largest exhibit of its kind in the world. And in a series of interactive displays, kids can climb on a full-scale replica of a giant Galapagos Tortoise shell, and older visitors may want to "milk" an oversized rattlesnake model.

"Reptiles: Beautiful & Deadly"

INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY

1130 Fifth Avenue (at 94th Street), 860-1777; ICP Midtown, 1133 Avenue of the Americas (at 43rd Street), 768-4682; hours Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday 10-5, Friday 10-8, Saturday and Sunday 10-6. Closed Monday. www//icp.org.

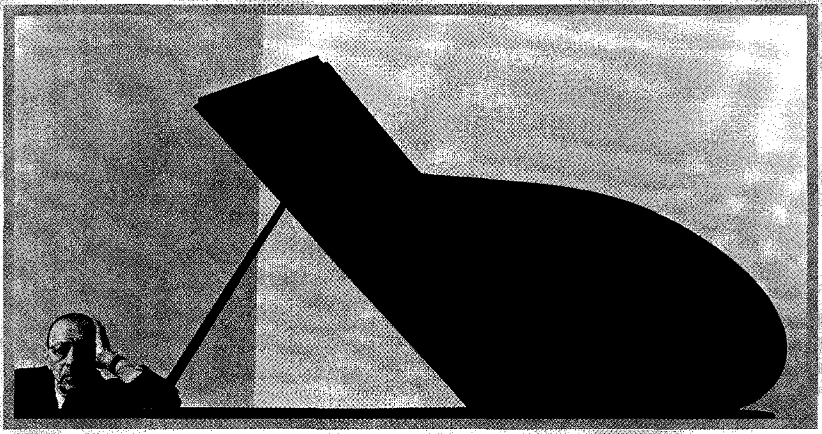
Celebrating its 25th birthday this year, ICP will fill the calendar with a series of riveting exhibitions and special events at its uptown and midtown galleries.

For almost three months (March 13-June 6), the Center is highlighting the life work of Arnold Newman, who is not only recognized as the father of environmental portraiture but is the 1999 recipient of ICP's 15th Infinity Award for Master of Photography.

Newman is noted for photographing his subjects in their immediate professional, creative, or domestic surroundings. Included in the exhibition are his famous 1946 portrait of composer Igor Stravinsky, an image of Otto Frank standing alone in the Anne Frank house in Amsterdam, and Truman Capote lounging in his Manhattan apartment.

The exhibition "Newman's Gift: 60 Years of Photography" is drawn from the George Eastman House and supplemented with work personally selected from the photographer's own collection.

Besides Newman, other winners of the Infinity Award are Harold Evans for Lifetime Achievement, L. Fritz Gruber, Nicolai Fuglsig, the publication *Juarez*, John Morris, Hiroshi Sugimoto, Alexandra Boulat, Julius Shulman, and *Dutch Magazine*. The awards will be presented at a gala ceremony May 17 at



© *Arnold Newman, "Igor Stravinsky,"* 1946

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BUT DO YOU KNOW HOW THEY LIVED?

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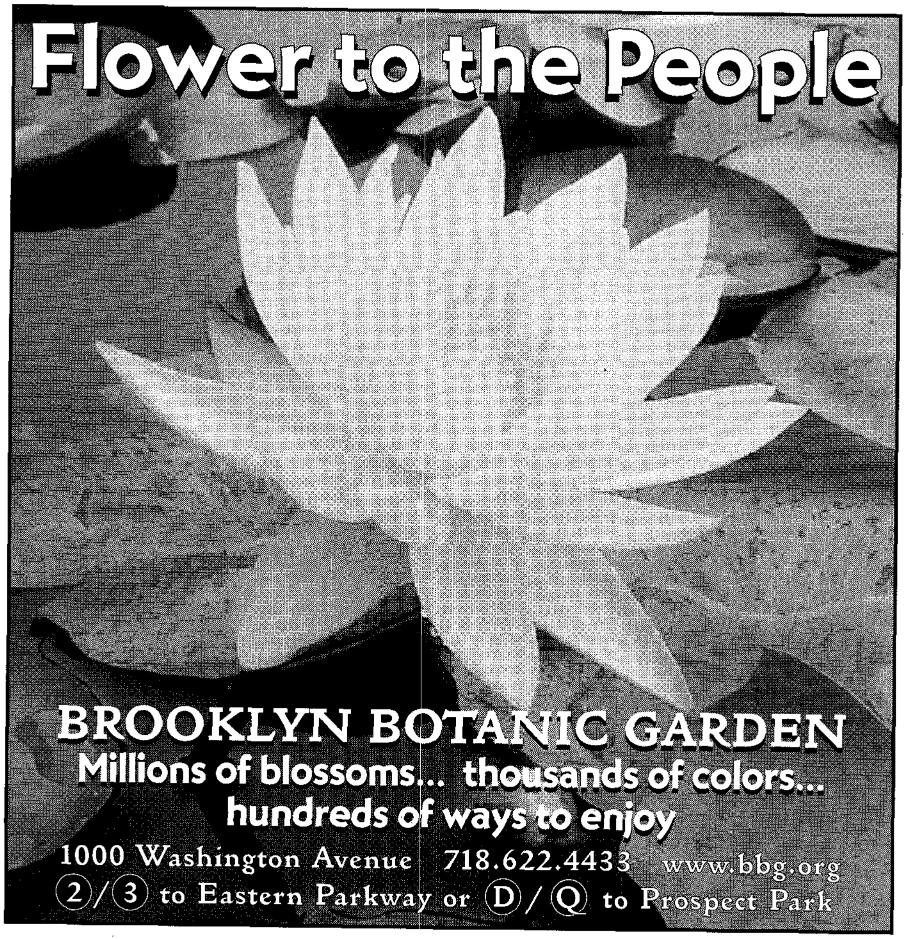

Flower to the People

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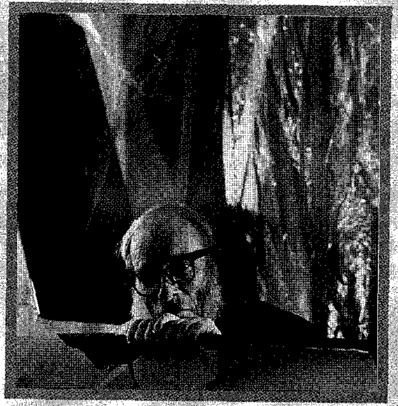


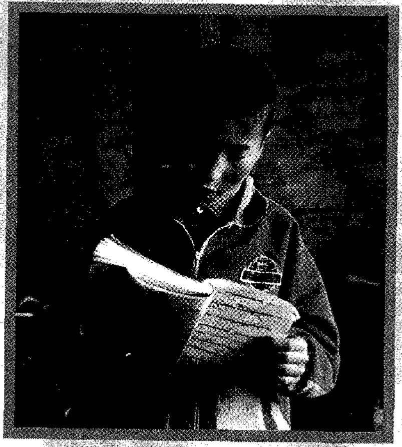
© *Arnold Newman, "Isaac Asimov," 1990*

the New York Hilton, sponsored by Eastman Kodak Company.

In a stunning exhibition that will run until May 16, ICP Midtown is displaying the work of eight artists—painters, sculptors, photographers, and multimedia artists—and their role of addressing historical, social, and humanitarian issues. "To the Rescue: Eight Artists in an Archive" presents photographs and documents from the American Jewish Joint Distribution Committee (JDC) in conjunction with the exhibition's specially commissioned artwork. The featured artists are Magdalena Abakanowicz, Alan Berliner, Wendy Ewald, Leon Golub, Pepón Osorio, Gilles Peress, Fred Wilson, and Terry Winters.

NEWSEUM/NY
580 Madison Avenue (at 57th Street), 317-7503; hours Monday through Saturday, 10 - 5:30.

For an inside look at journalism and



Steve Lehman, "Tibetan Boy in School"

Steve Lehman, "Monk Rallies Tibetan Protesters"

how it works, get to Newseum/NY, a photojournalism gallery in midtown.

As part of its ongoing program of exhibits, lectures, films and other activities, Newseum/NY is focusing on Tibet in an exhibit running to June 5. "The Tibetans" features photographs by award-winning photojournalist Steve Lehman, who broke the story of Tibetan unrest in both 1987 and 1989. The photos explore the issues of cultural assimilation, human rights abuse, political demonstrations, environmental degradation and religious persecution.

On April 8, the museum's author series will present Robert W. Snyder, a journalist and historian, in a piece called "Transit Talk," which tells the stories of New York bus and subway workers in their own recorded commentary. On April 20, *ABC News* correspondent Farai Chideya will discuss her book, *The Color Our Future*, which focuses on young people and their stake in the future. This month, Newseum/NY will also feature, "Joe DiMaggio: A Photographic Retrospective by *The Associated Press*.

Coming to Newseum/NY on June 18 (through Sept. 25), an exhibit by photojournalist Harry Benson will celebrate the 35th anniversary of the Beatles' first trip to America.

Newseum/NY is a branch of the Newseum in Arlington, Va., the only interactive museum of news.

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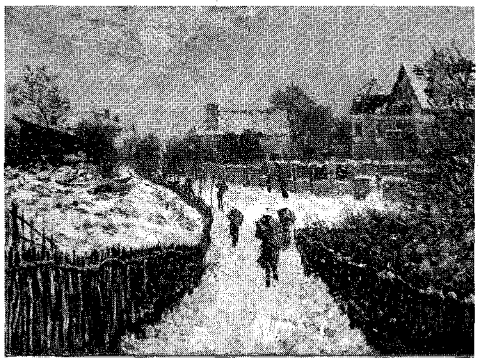

Claude Monet. *Boulevard Saint-Denis, Argenteuil, in Winter*, 1875. Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, Gift of Richard Saltonstall

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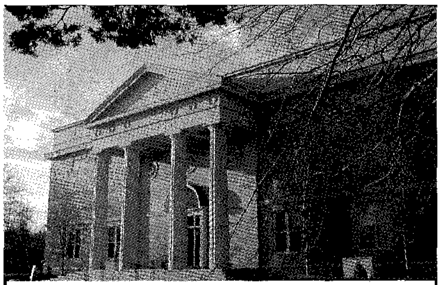

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MOVIES PETER RAINER

Tube Boob

Director Ron Howard—who grew up on television before our eyes—exacts a certain revenge with 'EDtv' (we're not in Mayberry anymore).

This is my life: Matthew McConaughey and Woody Harrelson play brothers in Howard's *EDtv*.

COULDN'T WE PLEASE HAVE A MORATORIUM ON movies about the soul-sapping and celebrity-mongering ways of television? *The Truman Show* was bad enough, but then *Pleasantville* came along, and now here's the new Ron Howard comedy **EDtv**. I've never been sold on this anti-TV thesis. It's snooty. It assumes we in the audience have seen the light denied the lower orders. Invariably, the people in these movies who are rendered blotto by the tube are dingbat common folk. *EDtv* takes this notion to a new low by introducing as its hero a good ol' boy, Ed Pekurny (a livelier-than-usual Matthew McConaughey). Ed isn't just the ideal audience for TV pap; he turns out to be the ideal TV celebrity too. His life is transformed into a 24-hour television show by a cable network, and viewers can't get enough of it. Even when he's on the potty. His parents (Sally Kirkland and Martin Landau) and everyone else in his orbit get pulled into the media vortex. No one ends up looking good.

The big difference between *EDtv* and *The Truman Show* is that Ed *knows* he's being filmed and Truman, at least at first, doesn't. But the net result is the same: These guys want out of the celebrity circus. At first, Ed wants in. His story begins when the program director (Ellen DeGeneres) for the San Francisco–based cable-television documentary channel True TV offers to make him its round-the-clock star after viewing his audition tape. Puttering away at his video-store job, Ed doesn't have much going on; he accepts the offer and, for a while, can't get enough of the adulation. He equates the success of the show with a successful life.

It's part of the film's game plan that Ed is portrayed as slow on the uptake. For a long time, he doesn't realize he's trapped, while we, of course, see it at once. Either way, it's not remotely believable that Ed's soap-opera world becomes a national obsession. The makers of *EDtv*—Howard and screenwriters Lowell Ganz and Babaloo Mandel—are behind the times: "Reality-based" television isn't where it's at anymore. What piques the public isn't "real" people doing real things. Rather, it's big shots like, say, the president of the United States, acting real—i.e., screwing up just like us regular folks. And even this is getting old fast.

And so is the notion that in America, we all want to become celebrities. Someone in *EDtv* is overheard saying, "Nobody wants to be a nobody in America." This showbiz conceit is the propulsion behind the movie's moralizings. Only in Hollywood. *EDtv* gets huffy about stardom, but the high cost of fame is not an issue that burns brightly for most people, many of whom are probably more content than the stars they're supposed to idolize. The appeal of celebrity-gazing is, after all, essentially vicarious. It delivers the pleasures of being a big cheese without incurring the big-time hassles. Its satisfactions are pretty straightforward. *EDtv* turns the relationship between audience and celebrity into a compulsive contest between exhibitionist and voyeur. Howard and his writing team began their movie partnership on a pair of terrific comedies, *Night Shift* and *Splash*, both eminently unmessagey. But then came *Parenthood*, a "personal" comedy that was about as personal as a polished sitcom. *EDtv* has flashes of the trio's erstwhile knockabout silliness—especially in Landau's deftly addled performance and some of McConaughey's pluck—but it strains to be bigger than its preshrunk britches.

Even though the filmmakers are locked into a showbiz worldview, they still sentimentalize Ed's need to break free from showbiz. In *EDtv*, you can choose fame, or you can choose heart. Ed loves the limelight until it drives away the amour he was too dense to appreciate. Shari (Jenna Elfman), his sweetie, was initially paired with Ed's hoot-and-holler brother Ray (Woody Harrelson). Her switch to Ed is seen as a step up in class, but the media hoopla is too much for her—70 percent of the public polled thinks she's not good enough for him—and she flees. Coaxed by the network

Photograph by Ron Batzdorff/Universal Studios.

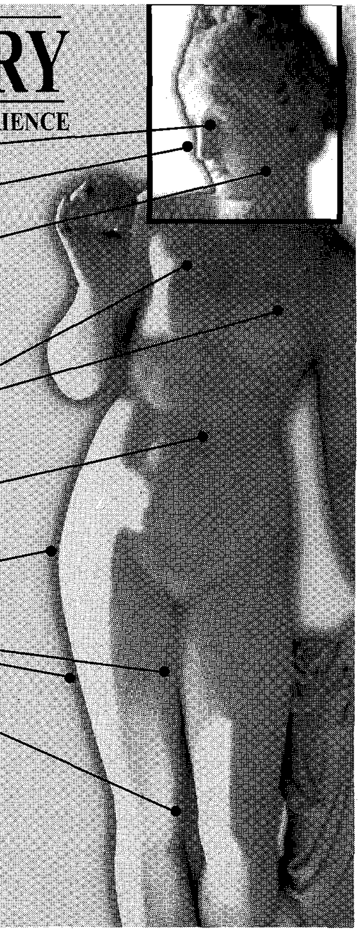
honchos into a fling with a British sexpot (Elizabeth Hurley), Ed begins to hanker for normality, especially when the network's pitiless CEO, Whitaker (Rob Reiner), makes it clear Ed's contract is unbreakable. Our TV hero longs to melt into the crowd and into Shari's embrace. And so *EDtv* becomes another testament to the powers of true love—even though, if truth be told, Shari is pretty drab.

Love can even quell the siren lure of a Jay Leno or a RuPaul—both of whom appear in the movie. George Plimpton also shows up as himself on a televised roundtable as he rails against Ed's extravaganza. "It's a joyous celebration of boobery," he sniffs, and we're meant to howl at his snobbery. The film plays it every which way: It makes fun of doofuses but also gets all populist about them. Whitaker refers to his star contemptuously as "Gomer." Ed shoots back that "we're not as dumb as you think we are." Meanwhile, an average-Joe viewer faced with the cancellation of Ed's show moans, "What do you expect me to do now?"

Even when the film tries to glorify Ed, it ends up belittling him. Here we have a guy who is moving in some pretty fast circles; his world expands beyond the confines of the video store and his ratty apartment. And yet the film doesn't perceive any upside to fame; ultimately, Ed doesn't use his newfound clout for anything except undoing his eminence. We're supposed to see this as heroic—this man of the people walks away from *People*—but instead he just seems stunted. The best Ed can do with his opportunities is manipulate his way back to boringness. Some victory.

In brief: IF YOU'RE GOING TO MAKE A MOVIE about a subject as outlandish as wayfaring high-wire electric-tower painters, shouldn't the movie be outlandish, too? The British **Among Giants** manages the peculiar feat of reversing our curiosity: We start out by thinking we've never seen anything like its ragtag crew and end up believing we've seen it all before. Pete Postlethwaite plays Ray, the painters' foreman, who enlists an itinerant Australian mountain climber, Gerry (Rachel Griffiths), into his raffish all-male brigade. There's a good scene early on, in a bar, when Gerry tries to prove her mettle by catwalking around the confines without once touching the floor. But there's way too much metaphorical malarkey in this movie—starting with its title. Giants, indeed. The mavericks who work the electrified pylons are romanticized right out of their riggings. Meanwhile, a deeper issue is skimped on: the paradox of men who feel compelled to bludgeon the spirit of the fancy-free women to whom they are attracted. ▬

Peter Rainer's 1998–99 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com**.



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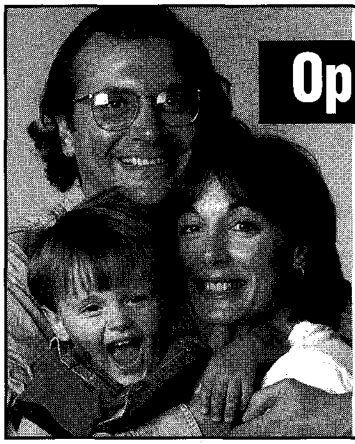

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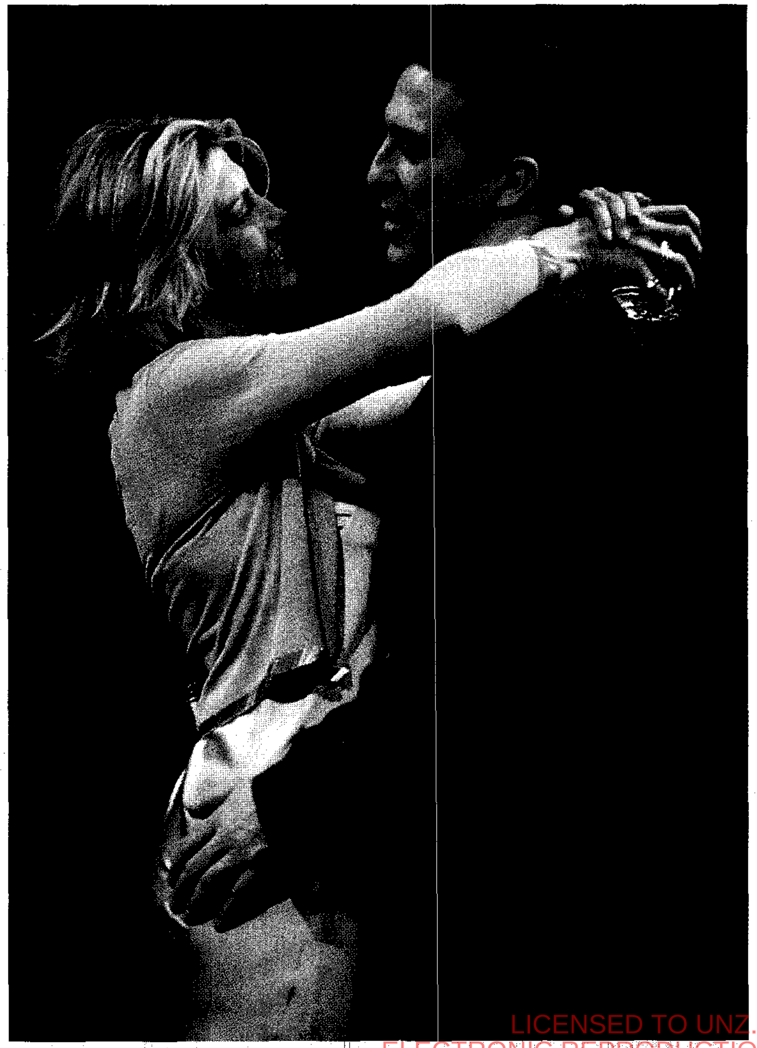
Love Bites

Sad, witty, and wise, 'Closer' is a perceptive play about modern relationships; 'Street of Dreams' is a fine platform for a genuine talent.

PATRICK MARBER'S **Closer** IS A SAD, SAVVY, OFTEN funny play that casts a steely, unblinking gaze at the world of relationships and lets you come to your own conclusions. It is rather like that scar on young Alice's thigh: of a strange shape, clumsily made, and for which she and others offer various explanations, none of which may be true. But it is there, and something it betokens may never have healed.

There are four characters, sufficient for this wistful merry-go-round. Alice, who has heedlessly walked in front of a taxi, has had her leg injured just below that old scar. Dan, a young obituary writer, passing by, has brought her to the hospital. While they wait for a doctor to show up, they banter and fall in love. A middle-aged doctor, Larry, hurrying by, notices only because Alice is pretty, but, being a dermatologist, can offer only skin-deep comfort. Which is how most comfort is.

Time passes rapidly in *Closer*. After a considerable lapse, we are in the studio of the somewhat older Anna, a photographer taking pictures of Dan. It's for the book jacket of his forthcoming novel, the story of himself and Alice, with whom he is now living. Yet here he is instantly craving Anna, who, although seemingly aloof and even mildly sarcastic, is not unresponsive. Alice, arriving to pick up Dan, rightly suspects that there has been some hanky-panky.



A kiss before dying: Natasha Richardson and Ciaran Hinds in *Closer*.

The next scene takes place on the Internet, and is both visually and comedically highly stimulating, but that is as much as I can tell you about it. From here on, as several years go by, everyone ends up sexually and emotionally involved with everyone else, each trying vainly to get closer to the other. Marber tells his story in short, staccato scenes in which the unsaid talks as loudly as the said. The dialogue is almost entirely stichomythic, the occasional speech still not much longer than a few lines. There are frequent pauses, but not of the Pinteresque variety—more like skipped heartbeats.

There are many ways of interpreting this play. Is it on the Anouilhesque theme of how innocence and the rare ability to love never goes unpunished in this world? Is it about how no relationship lasts, and how everyone ends up alone or with somebody else in a worse kind of aloneness? Or is it about the noose of time tightening around everyone's neck, closer and closer? Or is this the Eliotian theme about our not being able to bear very much reality, and that the truth ultimately kills? Early on, the obituarist Dan, asked by Alice, "Do you like it . . . in a dying business?" answers, "It's a living." And how is the loving business? Perpetually dying. But always only for one partner; there is no shared *Liebestod.*

Closer, this acutely observed, wise play, is directed by its author the way he has written it: with a scalpel. He has elicited a semi-abstract unit set from Vicki Mortimer that is adaptable through minimal changes to both the specifics and the ambiguities of each situation. Her costumes are similarly evocative, and Hugh Vanstone's lighting artfully fills in the elliptic scenery. Paddy Cunneen's music is brash and raw, like the emotions. And the acting is just fine.

Although Ciaran Hinds, as Larry, may be a bit excessively unwinning, he conveys well the weaknesses of a strong man. Rupert Graves gets the volatile, puppyish but nevertheless hurtful mischievousness of Dan perfectly, and Natasha Richardson splendidly balances coolness and passion, irony and pain. As for Alice: No one could capture the intermingled aggressiveness and vulnerability of youth with more empathy than Anna Friel. *Closer* does not merely hold your attention; it burrows into you.

True, we have three very fine American plays, rather unusually, currently on our boards (*Wit, Side Man*, and *This Is Our Youth*), but why is it that good straight plays come so much more readily from Britain? Is it tradition, education, culture, subsidies, more and cheaper theater, or what? Someone should investigate.

Photograph by Joan Marcus.

SOMEWHERE BETWEEN WALTER MATTHAU and Tony Curtis, but more versatile than either, is James Naughton. Having problems with one-man shows, I got to his **Street of Dreams** rather late in the game, but you still have till April 11 to join the fun at the Promenade Theatre.

It is 90 minutes of song and chatter, admirably managed, even if, like me, you are not bowled over by most of the songs; it is the uniqueness of the delivery that counts. Some performers mostly play up to the audience; some perform mostly to please themselves. Naughton is one who does both, equally and easefully. Both audibly and visibly, he relishes what the spoken or sung words are saying, and his manner is loose and relaxed. But in his smile, there is the faintest sign of concern, for you, for himself, for his craft.

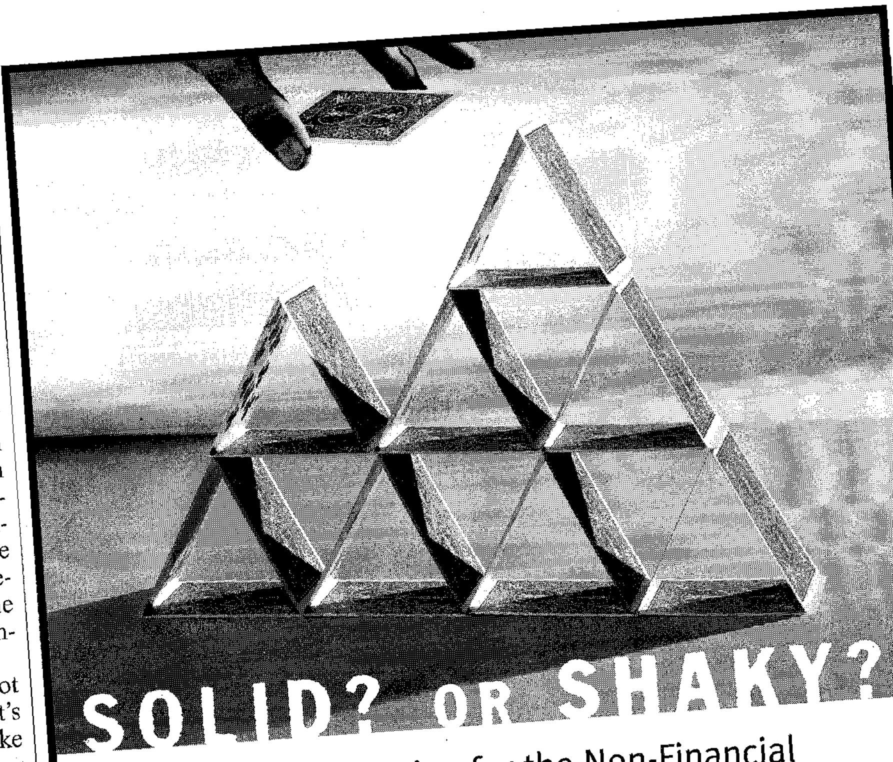
Naughton's baritone is mellow, yet not without the appropriate bite when it's called for. At times, oddly, he sounds like a little boy in the process of discovering how tasty a vowel can be, and trying to suck it all into himself. But the very next sound is generously shared, and the anecdotes from his life are immensely likable. His five-piece band, captained by John Oddo at the piano, goes all out for him. And so, I think, will you.

SONJA, A FIRST-GENERATION AMERICAN AND a successful author, travels to Shanghai to interview Hua, a star of the Beijing Opera, about whom she is writing a book. She arrives simultaneously with the Cultural Revolution, and makes no headway with Hua, who is unimpressed by her. However, she gets to observe Hua's humiliation at the hands of Ling, a young member of the Red Guard, who may or may not be his daughter.

That is what the first act of **Red** is about, and mighty uninteresting it is. In Act Two, we get a rather implausible but striking twist, which I can't discuss because that is almost all there is to this amateurish play. It is the sort of thing that anyone who has read a few articles about the Cultural Revolution and seen a couple of recent films from China could write with one arm tied behind his back. Chay Yew, the author, has published a number of plays that have been produced here and abroad, has won several playwriting awards, and holds a couple of impressive theatrical posts in Los Angeles. But *Red* is likely to make you see red.

It is, to be sure, hard to convey the Cultural Revolution with only three speaking parts and one nonspeaking one. In this decently acted and directed production, only Liana Pai, as Ling, stands out. ■

John Simon's 1997–99 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com**.



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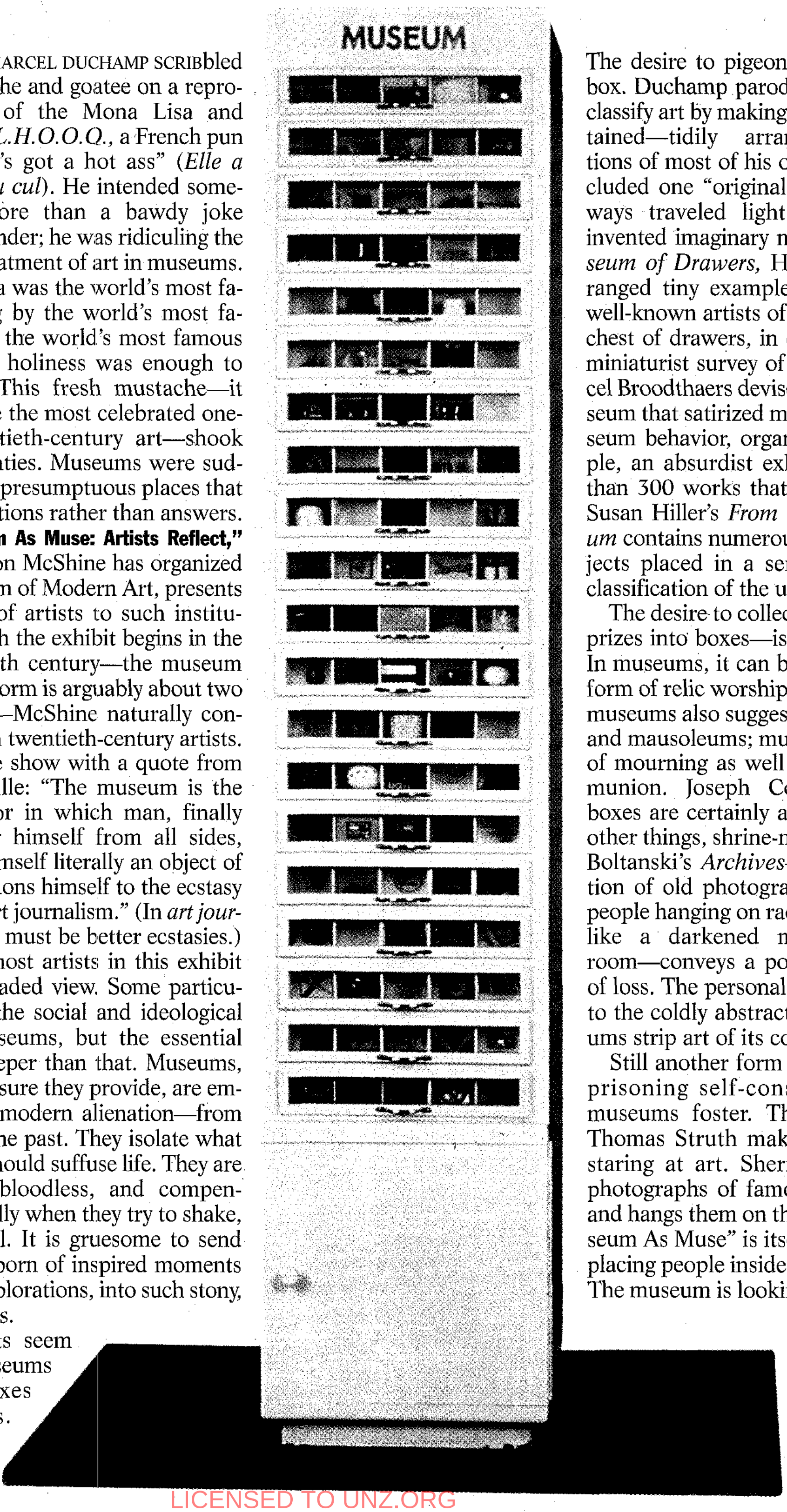
ART MARK STEVENS

Masterpiece Theater

In MoMA's "Museum As Muse" show, artists cast a critical eye at the way museums go about the very act of presenting art.



Herbert Distel's *Museum of Drawers* (1970–77).

Photograph by Kunsthaus Zurich, courtesy of the Museum of Modern Art.

IN 1919, MARCEL DUCHAMP SCRIBbled a mustache and goatee on a reproduction of the Mona Lisa and called it *L.H.O.O.Q.*, a French pun for "She's got a hot ass" (*Elle a chaud au cul*). He intended something more than a bawdy joke about gender; he was ridiculing the worshipful treatment of art in museums. The Mona Lisa was the world's most famous painting by the world's most famous artist in the world's most famous museum. The holiness was enough to kill a pope. This fresh mustache—it would become the most celebrated one-liner in twentieth-century art—shook the old certainties. Museums were suddenly strange, presumptuous places that provided questions rather than answers.

"The Museum As Muse: Artists Reflect," which Kynaston McShine has organized for the Museum of Modern Art, presents the response of artists to such institutions. Although the exhibit begins in the early nineteenth century—the museum in its modern form is arguably about two centuries old—McShine naturally concentrates upon twentieth-century artists. He sets up the show with a quote from Georges Bataille: "The museum is the colossal mirror in which man, finally contemplating himself from all sides, and finding himself literally an object of wonder, abandons himself to the ecstasy expressed in art journalism." (In *art journalism*? There must be better ecstasies.) In any case, most artists in this exhibit have a more jaded view. Some particularly distrust the social and ideological power of museums, but the essential problem is deeper than that. Museums, for all the pleasure they provide, are embodiments of modern alienation—from both art and the past. They isolate what artists know should suffuse life. They are secondhand, bloodless, and compensatory, especially when they try to shake, rattle, and roll. It is gruesome to send works of art, born of inspired moments and playful explorations, into such stony, pedantic places.

Many artists seem to regard museums as boxes. Boxes within boxes. The desire to pigeonhole is one such box. Duchamp parodied the mania to classify art by making a valise that contained—tidily arranged—reproductions of most of his own work. He included one "original." (Duchamp always traveled light.) Other artists invented imaginary museums. In *Museum of Drawers,* Herbert Distel arranged tiny examples of work from well-known artists of his period into a chest of drawers, in order to create a miniaturist survey of art history. Marcel Broodthaers devised a fictional museum that satirized many forms of museum behavior, organizing, for example, an absurdist exhibition of more than 300 works that depicted eagles. Susan Hiller's *From the Freud Museum* contains numerous mysterious objects placed in a series of boxes—a classification of the unknowable.

The desire to collect—and put one's prizes into boxes—is often fetishistic. In museums, it can become a modern form of relic worship. The boxiness of museums also suggests coffins, crypts, and mausoleums; museums are places of mourning as well as ecstatic communion. Joseph Cornell's sublime boxes are certainly a form of, among other things, shrine-making. Christian Boltanski's *Archives*—a large collection of old photographs of nameless people hanging on racks in what looks like a darkened museum storage room—conveys a powerful sensation of loss. The personal seems forced into the coldly abstract, much as museums strip art of its context.

Still another form of box is the imprisoning self-consciousness that museums foster. The photographer Thomas Struth makes art of people staring at art. Sherrie Levine takes photographs of famous works of art and hangs them on the wall. "The Museum As Muse" is itself an example of placing people inside a box of mirrors: The museum is looking at artists looking at museums looking at art.

Not surprisingly, some artists dream of

liberating themselves from such constraints. Edward Ruscha's *Los Angeles County Museum on Fire* is a celebrated contemporary example, but the dream itself is very old. McShine has included a picture by Hubert Robert—a painter who died in 1808—that shows the Grand Gallery of the Louvre in ruins. And many modernist visionaries have tried to transcend the usual form of museums. Frank Lloyd Wright hoped to spin free of the box when he designed the Guggenheim.

Most of the artists represented in this exhibit are the intellectual heirs of Duchamp. What a great provocateur he was! But that was many years ago, and museums today are entirely untroubled by the observations of his successors. With some important exceptions, the work in the show does not have Duchamp's panache. Nor does it offer, in the main, a powerful visual experience. Duchamp himself dismissed visual values as merely "retinal," and artists have too often taken him at his word. The weakest such work is simply deduced from some a priori perception about museums. It becomes an idea clothed in art. In fact, the written statements by artists that McShine includes in the catalogue are often more interesting than the art itself. Cornell stands out in this exhibition—startlingly so—precisely because his work appears so visually rich and emotionally necessary, coming to us without the cool ironies and seminar talk of the postmodern tradition.

Duchamp's preeminence among museum-watchers leads to one inevitable oversight. You would never know from the work here that a museum can also be a great and inspiring muse, embodying tradition in a positive, not just a restraining, manner and serving artists by demanding that they measure their achievement against time-tested standards—including the visual power of the old masters. This now sounds embarrassingly quaint, but many modernists have sought such authority from museums. Think of Degas haunting the Louvre or Arshile Gorky sending himself to school at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, submitting to the old masters until he understood the great tradition from the inside out. Tradition, T. S. Eliot famously wrote, cannot be inherited but must be obtained "by great labor." That is a labor most artists are today unwilling to undertake. Still, "The Museum As Muse" vividly makes the essential point, which is that art must be continually saved and awakened. Concerned that his mustachioed Mona had become an iconoclastic icon, Duchamp in 1965 "restored" a reproduction to its original form—a telling paradox—by giving her a "shave." The new work was called *L.H.O.O.Q./Rasée.* ■

Mark Stevens's 1997–99 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com**.

BE LESS PRODUCTIVE AT THE OFFICE.

The office has always been a place to get ahead. Unfortunately, it's also a place where a lot of natural resources start to fall behind. Take a look around the next time you're at work. See how many lights are left on when people leave. See how much paper is being wasted. How much electricity is being used to run computers that are left on. Look at how much water is being wasted in the restrooms. And how much solid waste is being thrown out in the trash cans. We bet it's a lot.

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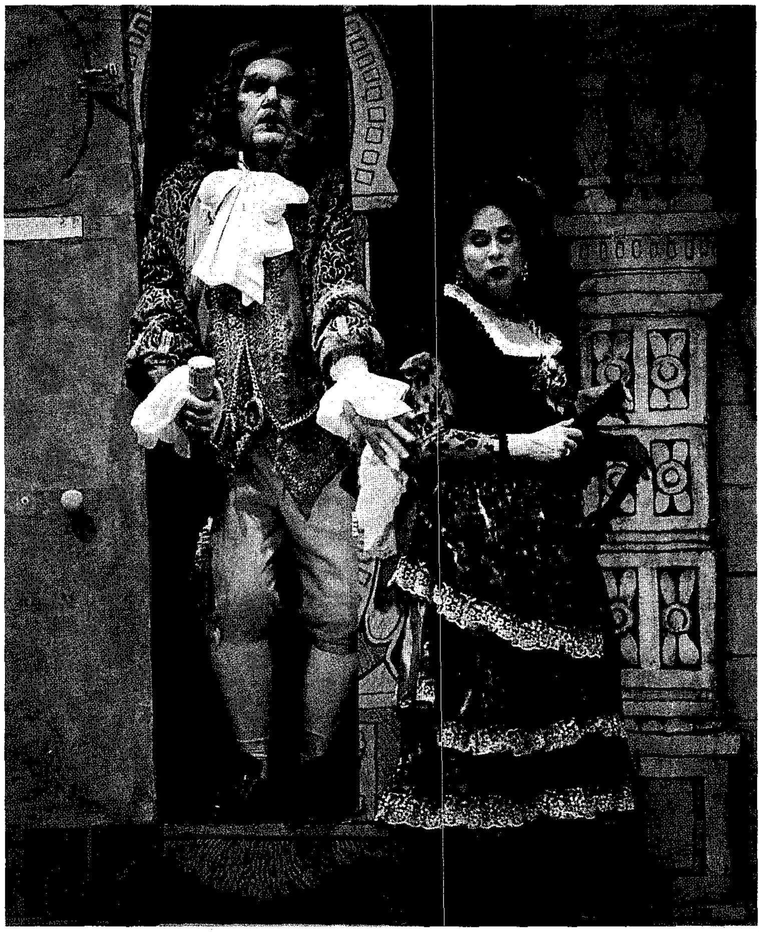
CLASSICAL MUSIC PETER G. DAVIS

Toy Stories

City Opera's pairing of Ravel's whimsical operas 'L'Heure Espagnole' and 'L'Enfant et les Sortilèges' is Sendak-inspired silliness.



Uses of enchantment: Kevin Glavin and Amy Burton in Ravel's *L'Heure Espagnole.*

MAURICE RAVEL'S TWO ONE-ACT OPERAS SIT so comfortably together that it's a mystery they're not performed more often as a double bill. **L'Heure Espagnole** is a screwball sex farce about an exasperated clock-maker's wife who attempts to control the comings and goings of her three admirers, and **L'Enfant et les Sortilèges** tells the cautionary tale of a naughty boy who learns a lesson in humanity when his mistreated toys and pets rebel. These two enchanting works come from different periods in Ravel's life, and they aim to please in very different ways, but each typifies the composer's work: two completely realized musical worlds, each consummately crafted and full of entrancing instrumental sounds, winning melodies, and childlike awe.

The New York City Opera first paired the two works nine years ago, and we have waited too long for a revival. The designer-director team of Maurice Sendak and Frank Corsaro has done nothing better than this, and the production seems even more engaging the second time around, *L'Enfant* especially. There will always be disagreement over how best to stage this fantasy, in which armchairs dance a slow fox-trot, a fairy-tale princess appears in a rosy romantic vision, wounded plants come to life, and a grandfather clock goes haywire (Ravel apparently favored a cartoon treatment à la Disney, but composers are often wrong about their work). Sendak's inimitable and instantly recognizable style, with its combination of wit and slightly threatening wonderment, perfectly matches Colette's adorable libretto. Corsaro's precise staging has a theatrical edge and a bracing vigor that are also right in tune with both operas' unsentimental but warming spirit.

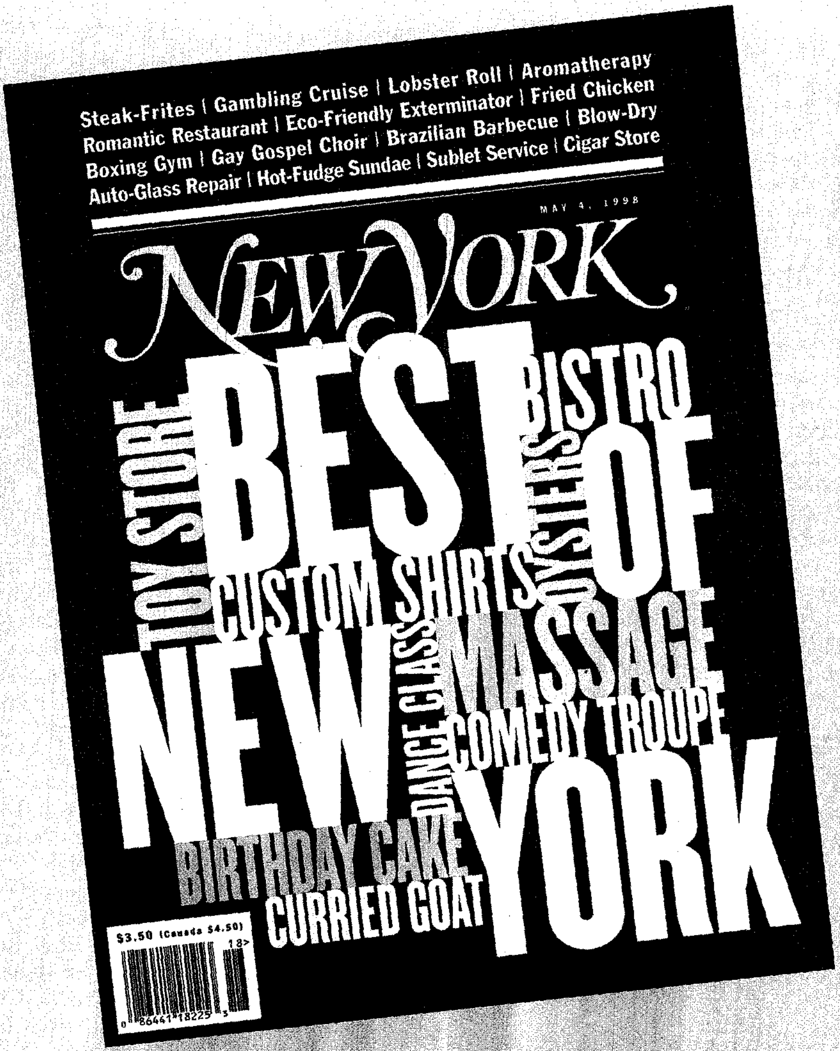
The Metropolitan has a production of *L'Heure Espagnole* on the horizon starring Cecilia Bartoli, although it's hard to see how that acclaimed diva could be more cheekily amusing or vocally on target than the City Opera's Amy Burton. Besides, this is really an ensemble piece for five sophisticated singing actors, and Burton fits right in with the polished and often slyly hilarious performances by Thomas Trotter (Gonzalve), John Lankston (Torquemada), Kurt Ollmann (Ramiro), and Kevin Glavin (Don Inigo Gomez). *L'Enfant* has a large cast, mostly in disguise, with Marguerite Krull as the disarming little mischief-maker taking center stage. Ravel has written one of opera's great fight scenes for two quarreling tabby cats, here presented as animal versions of the child's parents. The significance of that touch escapes me, particularly since it means inventing the character of the father. No matter. It's a harmless conceit, and that delightful scene, like every other moment in this exquisite double bill, is irresistible.

JOHN ADAMS MAY BE KNOWN BEST FOR HIS OPERAS, BUT none has yet convinced me that he is a composer with a true gift for the stage, let alone the ability to write effectively and idiomatically for the voice. His instrumental music is something else again, in particular his large-scale pieces for orchestra, which become increasingly inventive and self-confident the farther he gets from his minimalist roots. Esa-Pekka Salonen and the Los Angeles Philharmonic recently brought Adams's latest big score to Avery Fisher Hall: **Naive and Sentimental Music**, in three movements and lasting nearly an hour, a stunning work I'm sure we will be hearing often in the future.

The only thing wrong with the piece may be its title. In a tortured program note that makes one fear the worst, Adams explains that his music attempts to embody the concept of "naïve" and "sentimental" as defined by Schiller and applied to the two basic types of creative beings: the naïve, who produce freely and unconsciously simply because they must, and the sentimental, who seek to bend nature to their will and promote an agenda. Just how this *(continued on page 94)*

Photograph by Carol Rosegg.

Nothing against mom, but if you really want to know what's best...



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TELEVISION JOHN LEONARD

Talking Cure?

Bill Moyers journeys to Nelson Mandela's new South Africa, where the Truth and Reconciliation Commission seeks to make peace with the past.

Albie Sachs, a white Jewish lawyer who spent most of his adult life fighting apartheid in South Africa—in courtrooms on behalf of black clients, in prison in Johannesburg for sedition, and in exile in Mozambique, where a car-bombing cost him his right arm—doesn't show up until the second hour of **Facing the Truth With Bill Moyers** (Tuesday, March 30; 9 to 11 P.M.; Channel 13). In the new South Africa of Nelson Mandela, Albie Sachs is now a judge of the Constitutional Court. To Moyers, he speaks of returning after a quarter of a century, of "freedom and transformation," of "roses and lilies growing out of my arm." He also recalls what it was like, in solitary confinement, to discover the nearby existence of a fellow prisoner. From separate cells, they whistled to one another. And what they whistled was a passage from a Dvořák symphony: "Going Home." On camera, with something like exuberance, Sachs whistles.

This is one of many amazing moments in *Facing the Truth.* Moyers and producer-director Gail Pellet have gone to Jo'burg to examine the work of the Truth and Reconciliation Commission. They've had access to two years of public hearings and the testimony of 21,000 witnesses, most of which was broadcast live on state-run television, as well as archival footage that goes back to 1960. We see what Sachs looked like as a young man, when he was arguing civil-rights cases. We also see the aftermath of the car bomb in Maputo. Nevertheless, here is the man, like a cheerful ghost, whistling.

And yet the very Constitutional Court on which Sachs sits has rejected an application by the family of Steve Biko challenging the authority of the Truth and Reconciliation Commission to grant amnesty to the state security cops who beat Biko to death in an interrogation cell in 1977. Moyers also talks to Biko's son, who seeks more than an apology; he wants retribution. And we meet those cops too. In Biko's case, they pretend to be mystified by such an "accident," even in the face of a gruesome autopsy. In other cases, less notorious, they claim rather that the orders came from above, that they'd believed at the time they "were doing the right thing," that they'd been trained to think "the blacks were communists," and that in retrospect they're sorry.

Nor are these crimes against humanity entirely white-on-black. While *Facing the Truth* alludes only briefly to the murder of suspected informers by the revolutionary army of the African National Congress, to the infamous "necklace" of burning tires, it dwells at length on the 1993 machine-gunning of Anglican parishioners in their Sunday-morning house of worship by APLA, the military wing of the Pan-African Congress. The husband who saw his wife killed in that attack makes up his mind to be a lot more Christian than most of us could manage. But the weight of the evidence, the imbalance of history itself, is racist. During apartheid, a white Christian fascist minority specialized in the abduction, defenestration, and incineration of troublemakers among the black majority; in torture, rape, and assassination; in electric shock with telephone wires and suffocation by plastic bag. After which, we had every right to expect a bloodbath. Instead, we got something remarkable.

There has never before been anything quite like the Truth and Reconciliation Commission—not a show trial, not a revolutionary tribunal, not a judgment at Nuremberg, not even a Czech "lustration," but a public inquiry into the atrocities of the past that intends to purge the poison from the system. If the victims or their families could confront their tormentors, if the accused admitted and repent- *(continued on page 80)*

Johannesburg, not Nuremberg: Bill Moyers with Archbishop Desmond Tutu in *Facing the Truth.*

Photograph by Karina Turko.

RESTAURANTS **HAL RUBENSTEIN**

Chinese Roulette

When they go out for Chinese, Upper West Siders are used to taking unnecessary culinary risks, but Ruby Foo's dramatically improves the odds.

East meets west: Ruby Foo's over-the-top interior, designed by David Rockwell.

IT TOOK HIS OWN DOMESTIC SUEY FOR Woody Allen to finally stop blaming Upper West Side Jews for instigating all the ills of modern culture. Yet it's weird how he missed the home team's single worst cultural contribution—those sorry piles of subgum that pass for Chinese food above Canal Street these days. Having been weaned in the suburbs and outer boroughs on egg rolls and shrimp in lobster sauce (at places with names like King Yum and Hop Kee), the generation that gentrified upper Broadway and Columbus Avenue in the seventies soon discovered that there was almost nowhere to get the kind of high from lo mein they'd become addicted to as children. Naturally, they panicked. They needed mu shu quick, wor shu often, and moo goo close. But what about good?

Thus begat the Empire of Szechuan, and soon, any storefront sporting a red-bowed philodendron and a sign promising no MSG (Yeah? Try removing it from soup) got locals rattling their chopsticks like old Belgian lace-makers at a crewel-off—no matter how bad the food. Today, the neighborhood boasts some of the worst kitchens that ever made a Peking duck. As Mama, the cell-block warden in *Chicago,* sings, "What ever happened to class?"

Stephen Hanson has it. Plus smarts. And he artfully combined both to conjure **Ruby Foo's**, an Oriental fantasy for every Occidental princess who ever wanted to meet General Tso without his chicken. With incalculable assistance from interior designer David Rockwell—channeling Auntie Mame during her mah-jongg Provincial period—Foo's is a red-hot, polished-black-and-antique-gold duplex of such brazen, gawk-at-this elegance that its grand staircase can transform the descent of any common flower girl into a spotlight-worthy entrance to rival Eliza Doolittle's coming-out party.

Eschewing his successful recipe for fish shtick (Hanson also owns the Atlantic, Ocean, and Blue Water Grills), he and chef Junnajet Hurapan have come up with a true Sino of the times. But can an updated Chinese menu with pan-Asian inclusivity charm this crowd of wonton wantons? Put it this way: If the rows of giant back-lit mah-jongg tiles don't get them, the vibrant black-bean sauce on the delicious baby-back ribs will.

Warn Mom beforehand about the absence of lobster sauce, but don't worry, she'll adjust. A really tasty (and really messy) wok-steamed lobster in ginger and scallions will easily distract her, as will lightly broiled, moist chunks of cod in barely sweetened miso; tearingly soft, clay-pot-cooked masaman lamb in a smoky tamarind curry; and a hot-and-sour lemongrass soup that'll thaw winter's late wrath. But unless you want to hear a nostalgic ode to orange beef, steer her clear of the Singapore noodles—so despairing of pork and shrimp that we had to declare them both MIA—and avoid the five-ingredient-short seven-flavor beef satay.

Dependably overloaded sushi platters of glistening eel, tuna, yellowtail, and slithery–in–a–tantalizing–Angelina Jolie–kind–of–way sea urchin have become Hanson's trademark. But if you find ordering a hand roll in a Chinese-themed restaurant as disorienting as watching an almond-eyed Marlon Brando in *Teahouse of the August Moon,* there's steamed halibut in a lovely broth of kaffir lime leaves floating in ginger and cilantro, eggplant intriguingly perfumed by a contrasting Thai basil, and some truly jumbo shrimp wonderfully benefiting from another appearance of those black beans. Crispy duck is all that, but not much more; curried chicken pot stickers have a weird aftertaste, as if white wine got spiked with brass polish; and the sweet-potato and Chinese-broccoli dumplings are two wallflowers on their first and only dance. As for pork steamed buns, they're like gefilte fish—if they don't trigger something warmly familial in your memory bank, get the first bite down and move on.

Photograph by Kenneth Chen.

Ruby Foo's is cheongsam-shiny with glowing theatricality, but there are three puzzlements that Buddha Hanson should consider:

1. No matter how clever the apple spring roll, bright the raspberry parfait, dark and richly inappropriate the chocolate mousse, or expertly authentic the Duncan Hines–ish chocolate cake (ah, that memory bank again), the sole reason any child ever agreed to swallow Chinese vegetables was to get that scoop of vanilla or chocolate with the bits of ice in it. None of the three above, nor even a labor-intensive, laboriously coy sushified ice-cream platter, can come close to that chilly thrill.

2. While Foo's staff knows its menu thoroughly and brings food to the table with the speed of Hong Kong's new airport bullet train, there's serious derailment when it comes to clearing. They don't come, and when they do, it's obvious no staff meeting ever began with fifteen minutes of Stacking 101.

3. Do the math: A fourteen-karat paint job, a sweepingly curved descent, huge chandeliers, jumbo prawns, waves of West Siders getting back in touch with their untouched roots. Am I the only one who sees a gold-mine catering hall? No matter how lucrative the restaurant business, just tally up the caterer-of-the-moment's weekly take and it will crack your abacus. How long before Hanson hears those carpeted steps screaming for a parade of Vera Wang duchesse satin? West Siders, you'd better enjoy Ruby Foo's while you can. One day you may call for a table for two and find out you've been shut out by the Garfein wedding. If that happens, at least try to wangle an invitation.

Ruby Foo's Dim Sum and Sushi Palace, 2182 Broadway, at 77th Street (724-6700). Lunch, Monday to Friday 11:30 A.M. to 4 P.M.; brunch, Saturday and Sunday 11 A.M. to 4 P.M.; dinner, Sunday to Thursday 5:30 P.M. to 12:30 A.M., Friday and Saturday till 1 A.M. Appetizers, $4.95 to $7.95; entrées, $9.50 to $19.95. All major credit cards.

MOST GAY DINING ESTABLISHMENTS SHARE one vital trait. You'd swear all the chefs were graduates of the Pat Robertson Cooking School: if the food doesn't scare you straight, Aesthetic Realism doesn't stand a chance. Joe Fontecchio didn't think it had to be this way. That's why he and his partners opened **Food Bar** in 1992. Not only did the place jettison the stereotypical New Hope kitschiness of the time for a look as sleek as a fresh body-wax, but for once, you didn't have to get plastered on seabreezes to eat the food.

In less time than it takes decadurobolin to make a muscle grow, Food Bar became gay Chelsea's ground zero. But management seemed to lose focus, the kitchen's output became as unsavory as a party boy in a K-hole, and the fickle clientele decamped. A handsome face-lift and a dumb new name (Che 2020) raised prices but not quality in 1996. Still, everyone liked the pretty new face, and the boys came back, smiling. Save one.

Fontecchio, with a résumé that includes Cafe Luxembourg (where we worked together and became friends) and Chanterelle, recently bought out his partners, locked the doors, decorated yet again (guess that stereotype still holds), and reopened with the old Food Bar logo repainted on the window.

The name may be the same, but it's a new restaurant. Damned likable, too, whatever your orientation. Strategic changes in lighting, wall color, and upholstery have heightened the intimacy and shifted the emphasis onto dining, not schmoozing. And the new staff readily accepts that it wasn't invited to this party, it's just working it.

The biggest alteration comes in Fontecchio's kitchen. Roasted-apple-slathered potato pancakes can distract one from returning that all-important glance across the room; the solid country salad, bristling with frisée and chicory, is thick with Roquefort and lardons; and a Caesar with either grilled shrimp or chicken is Zone-diet perfect. There's an agreeably balanced salad of grilled eggplant, tomato, spinach, and chèvre. The guacamole offers a big hello. And any Baltimorean would be delighted to serve these crab cakes.

For under $15, you can have iron-pumping calf's liver, grilled lamb leg worth its weight in floss, meatloaf dense enough to deserve a ketchup glaze, thick blush-pink salmon in a lively pool of gumbo, small but juicy bass wrapped in a golden-potato crust, or rosy sliced duck breast in braised winter fruit. Fontecchio is famous for his pies, and the blueberry, peach, pumpkin, and cherry are honeys. His apple-walnut crisp and pineapple upside-down cake ain't shabby either. Feeling more socially expansive now, are you?

Food Bar is a happy joint these days. It's nothing to do with gay pride, really. It has everything to do with feeling proud about what you do, period. If you haven't returned since its rebirth, it's time to head back. If you've never been, give it a shot—if only to be proud of yourself for knowing a good deal, and being big enough to walk in. But if someone should ask you "just how big?" you're on your own.

Food Bar, 149 Eighth Avenue, near 17th Street (242-2020). Open daily 11 A.M. to midnight. Appetizers, $3.50 to $7.95; entrées, $9.95 to $15.95. All major credit cards.

Hal Rubenstein's 1997–99 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com**.

Leonard

continued from page 78

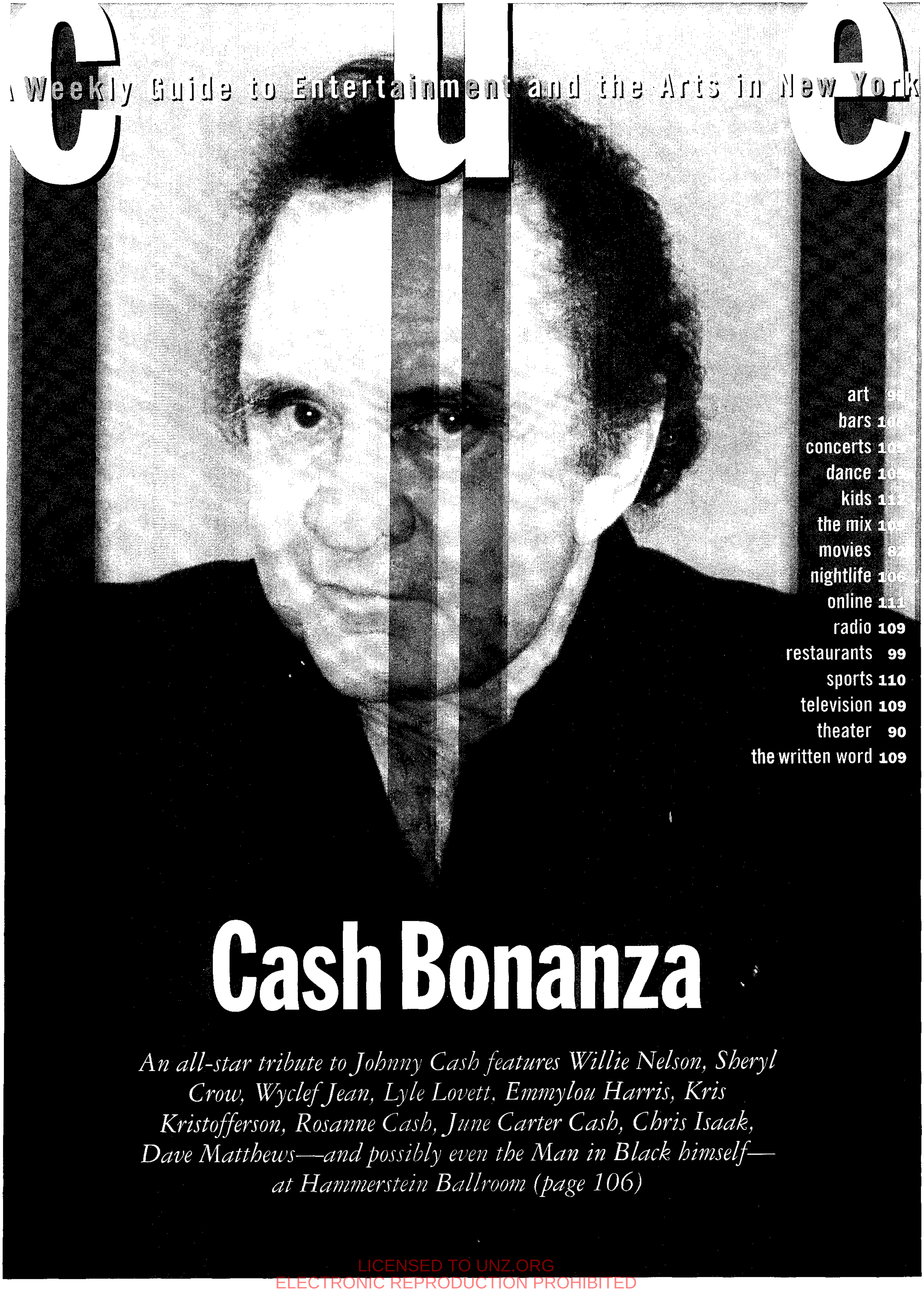
ed of their crimes, and demonstrated that those crimes were committed in the name of government, if the unspeakable was at last spoken in the light of day, then maybe the new nation might at least forgive, if not forget, and get on with the business of healing. "We needed to look the beast in the eye," explains Archbishop Desmond Tutu, "so that the past wouldn't hold us hostage any more."

Such a project seems almost utopian, even whimsical. Already, the Nigerian playwright and Nobel Prize winner Wole Soyinka has published a book, *The Burden of Memory, The Muse of Forgiveness* (Oxford), casting passionate doubt on the whole idea of confession and absolution as strategies of social healing. Since the 13 percent white minority, as *Facing the Truth* points out, still owns four fifths of the farmland, 90 percent of the capital, and 95 percent of the industry, does it really need forgiveness too? And those white South African students at the University of Stellenbosch to whom Moyers introduces us are not exactly a comfort. Most seem weary of hearing so much bad news. Only one seems aware that the benefits he has enjoyed for most of his life come with "a moral blame." Another actually complains about affirmative action for blacks.

Words like *denial* come to mind. But so do words like *collective responsibility* and *collective guilt.* How much good are they to the squatters' camps and shantytowns? Can you cash them at a bank, trade them for a job, or buy back your loved ones? Maybe only art is generous enough to hold together, in simultaneous consciousness, the remembrance of terror and the willingness to forgo revenge. Certainly we are most dazzled by those interludes in *Facing the Truth* when the actual words of actual victims are turned into theater and song.

But this sort of television is also an art, more expansive and compelling than any article or book. One of the all-news cable channels should have broadcast these hearings, and this ambiguity, live. Once again we have reason to be grateful to Moyers, who suggests that however wishful it may be, some ingenious device like a Truth and Reconciliation Commission is obviously required to repair a century so addicted to state violence and reciprocal terrorism that they amount to brain-smoking forms of crack—to a tour of hell from which we get back picture postcards of death camps and Pol Pot; of secret police and Shining Path; of pink-cheeked bombers of federal buildings and abortion clinics and skywriting kamikazes of Kingdom Come; of Belfast, Beirut, Jakarta, and Jerusalem.

John Leonard's 1997–99 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com**.



cue

A Weekly Guide to Entertainment and the Arts in New York

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Cash Bonanza

An all-star tribute to Johnny Cash features Willie Nelson, Sheryl Crow, Wyclef Jean, Lyle Lovett, Emmylou Harris, Kris Kristofferson, Rosanne Cash, June Carter Cash, Chris Isaak, Dave Matthews—and possibly even the Man in Black himself—at Hammerstein Ballroom (page 106)

movies

The Out-of-Towners*...Elodie Bouchez...*The Matrix

New Films

★**Affliction**—Writer-director Paul Schrader's adaptation of the 1989 Russell Banks novel is a heavy dose of oppressiveness. Small-town New Hampshire looks like hell frozen over. Barreling his way through this frostbitten inferno, Wade Whitehouse (Nick Nolte) is the archetypal walking wounded. He may try to wriggle out of his fate but it's bigger than he is. The world of this movie is framed as a battlefield of male privilege, and even if you reject the hallucinatory machismo at its core, it holds you. There's excellent supporting work by Sissy Spacek, Willem Dafoe, Mary Beth Hurt, and James Coburn. Nolte is near the top of his form. The character he plays is afflicted, all right—beyond reckoning. The movie is his dirge. (Rainer; 1/11/99) (1 hr. 54 mins.; R) *CC Village East; Clearview's Chelsea; Clearview's 59th Street East; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas; BAM Rose Cinemas.*

Among Giants—See Rainer, page 71. (1 hr. 33 mins.; R).

Analyze This—Robert De Niro plays a Mafia boss who suddenly finds himself experiencing panic attacks. Delivered up to a psychiatrist (Billy Crystal), he approaches the sessions as if they were summit meetings. Initially on guard, he begins to catch on to the ritual. It's like learning a new scam. De Niro is quite funny; comedy seems to rejuvenate his actor's instincts. Crystal is unduly dour. Harold Ramis, who directed, brings off some classic sequences, but he sets up the capo and the psychiatrist as matching mopes. They learn life lessons from each other. And what we learn yet again is that potentially terrific comedies are often whacked by filmmakers feeling the need to spread a little therapy themselves. (Rainer; 3/15/99) (1 hr. 45 mins.; R) *Loews Village; CC Murray Hill Cinemas; Loews 19th St. East; CO Coronet; UA Criterion; Loews Orpheum 7; Clearview's Metro Cinema; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Clearview's Cobble Hill; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; UA Marboro; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Jackson Triplex; Main Street Cinemas; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay II; UA Movieworld; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Baby Geniuses—A talking-baby movie. With Kathleen Turner. (1 hr. 34 mins.; PG) *CC Village East; Clearview's Chelsea; UA Criterion; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Cinemart; Main Street Cinemas; UA Crossbay II; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

★**Central Station**—I can't join in with the prevailing opinion that Walter Salles's *Central Station* is on par with early De Sica—I love early De Sica too much. But in this otherwise rather schematic swatch of social catharsis, Brazil's Fernanda Montenegro gives the best performance by an actress I've seen all year. De Sica might not have made this movie, but he would have recognized in her bitter, beseeching portrayal a kindred character. (Rainer; 12/14/98) (1 hr. 55 mins.; R) *Quad Cinema; CC Eastside Playhouse; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas; BAM Rose Cinemas.*

Children of Heaven—A young boy loses his sister's only pair of shoes and tries to get them back without letting his parents know they are missing. Written and directed by Majid Majidi. (1 hr. 28 mins.; PG) *CC Angelika Film Center.*

Cookie's Fortune—A matriarch's passing throws her family into tumultuous waters. With Patricia Neal, Charles S. Dutton, Glenn Close, Julianne Moore, Liv Tyler, Lyle Lovett, Chris O'Donnell, Ned Beatty, Courtney B. Vance, and Donald Moffat. Directed by Robert Altman. (1 hr. 58 mins.; PG-13) *Opens 4/2.*

The Corruptor—An idealistic NYPD cop learns how

Photograph courtesy of

Talent

The Winner Is . . .

The night Gwyneth Paltrow collected her first Oscar, France's own talented and beautiful Best Actress, Elodie Bouchez, was in New York doing publicity for the film that won her the César, *The Dreamlife of Angels*, a box-office hit last year in France (it opens here April 2 at Lincoln Plaza and Quad Cinemas). The 25-year-old brown-eyed brunette's celebrity is a little less apparent than Paltrow's, yet the two emerging stars have some things in common. Both project an easy intelligence onscreen, and Bouchez, like Paltrow, decided at a young age that acting was her destiny. Her first time onstage, as a 6-year-old schoolgirl, she remembers as "really something special. I felt something very strong in my body, in myself. I felt, 'Oh, this could be a job.' " In *Dreamlife*, Bouchez plays a street urchin with only a backpack to her name who wanders into the life of another struggling, spirited girl (Natacha Régnier) in Lille. They meet in a factory, sewing dresses, and become roommates. The film conveys with astonishing accuracy the bonds of friendship that form between women on the brink of adult life. Bouchez actually had to talk herself into taking the role. At first, she says, she "liked the idea" but thought her character "had nothing to do and nothing to play with her emotion—she was too simple and maybe boring." But Bouchez decided to trust the first-time director, Erick Zonca, as well as her own ability to "start with nothing and from that make something very interesting." The result won Best Picture, along with the acting award for Bouchez. The actress has chosen a very low-key route to success, shunning magazine covers and profiles; she considers Hollywood a place to vacation, not work. "I don't have plans," she says. "If it comes, I'll do it. I'm always trying to do this in a very simple way." So on Oscar night, she watched for a bit, then fell asleep. "You have many commercials," she explains. "We don't have commercials."

Patricia Falvo

'Cue' cover photograph by David Barry/Outline.

Ground Rules:

These brief reviews, where noted, are condensed versions of reviews by Peter Rainer…A ★ denotes a current release that *New York* recommends, ranging from best-of-the-year picks to worthy curios to flawed movies with one outstanding element…Reviews are followed by the theaters where the film is playing.

power has corrupted his superiors. Starring Chow Yun-Fat and Mark Wahlberg. Directed by James Foley. (1 hr. 51 mins.; R) *Loews Village; CC Murray Hill Cinemas; Loews 19th St. East; CC Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Loews Astor Plaza; Loews Orpheum 7; Loews 84th Street; New Coliseum; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Ridgewood; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Cruel Intentions—Teenage step-siblings make wagers regarding the sexual conquest of two innocent prep-schoolers. With Sarah Michelle Gellar, Ryan Phillippe, and Reese Witherspoon. Directed by Roger Kumble. (1 hr. 37 mins.; R) *Clearview's Chelsea; UA Criterion; Loews Orpheum 7; UA Gemini; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; UA Crossbay II; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Dancemaker—A documentary about choreographer Paul Taylor and his dance troupe. By Matthew Diamond. (1 hr. 38 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

Days of Heaven—Terrence Malick's 1978 film about a couple who leave Chicago to work for a wheat farmer in the Texas panhandle. Starring Richard Gere, Brooke Adams, and Sam Shepard. (1 hr. 35 mins.; R) *Film Forum.*

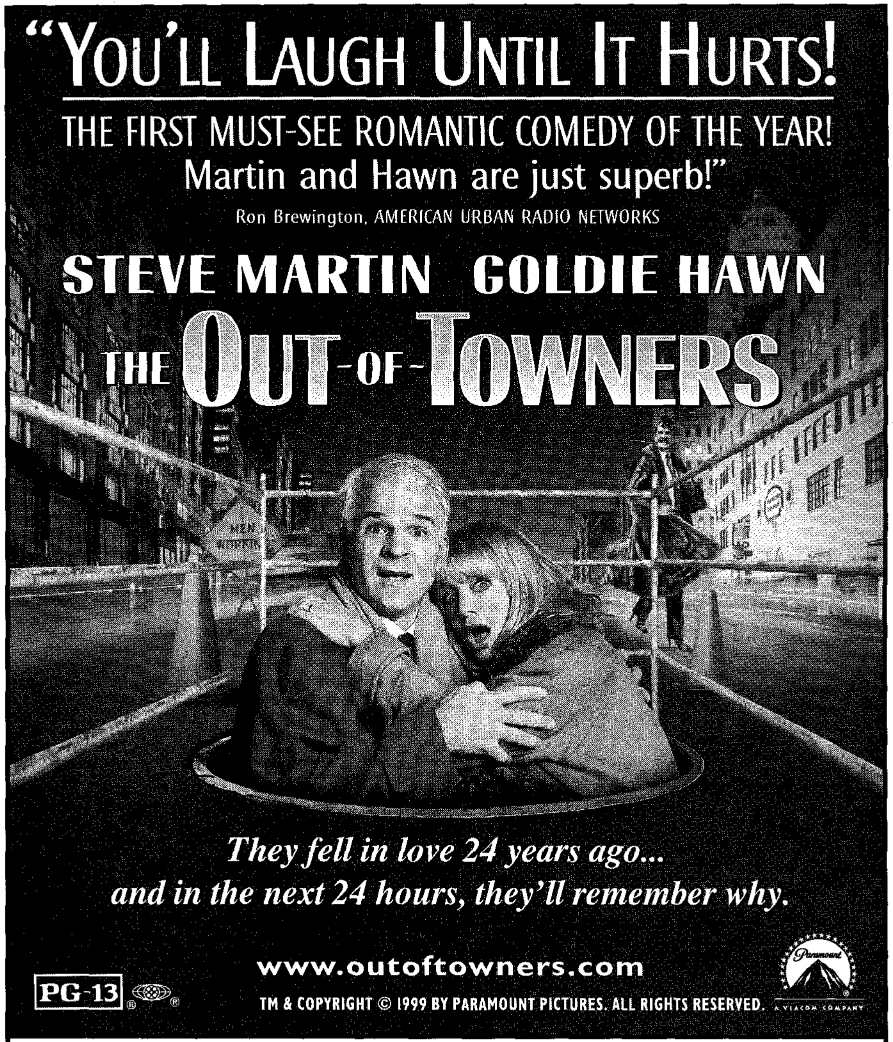
The Deep End of the Ocean—Michelle Pfeiffer plays a mother whose 3-year-old son is kidnapped and then, nine years later, reunited with her in this uneven, affecting drama directed by Ulu Grosbard. It's essentially a superior example of a TV movie-of-the-week on the big screen, but Pfeiffer's performance gives it real resonance, especially in her early scenes, when she seems practically zombiefied with grief. It's one of the most harrowing portrayals of heavy depression ever put on film. Later, when Beth becomes a valiant archangel and the film takes on the Big Issues, the meaning of family, and all that, it loses its force. Treat Williams plays her straight-arrow husband who just wishes his storybook family could stay intact. As their troubled older son, Vincent, Jonathan Jackson scores in a couple of key scenes with Pfeiffer. (Rainer; 3/22/99) (2 hrs. 28 mins.; PG-13) *Loews Village; CC Murray Hill Cinemas; Clearview's Chelsea; UA Criterion; UA Gemini; Sony Lincoln Square; UA Marboro; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Doug's First Movie—The animated story of a boy's quest to save the local monster from certain death and take a secret crush to the school dance. Directed by Maurice Joyce. (1 hr. 17 mins.; G) *CC Village East; Clearview's Chelsea West; CC Sutton; Guild 50th Street; New Coliseum; Nova; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Canarsie; Kent Triplex; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; Ridgewood; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Cinemart; Main Street Cinemas; Plaza; UA Crossbay II; UA Movieworld; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

The Dreamlife of Angels—A coming-of-age story about two young women working in a dress factory in Lille, France. Starring Elodie Bouchez and Natacha Regnier (co-winners of the 1998 Best Actress award at Cannes). (1 hr. 53 mins.; R) *Opens 4/2 at Lincoln Plaza and Quad Cinemas.*

EDtv—See Rainer, page 70. (2 hrs.; R) *Loews Village; Loews 19th St. East; UA Criterion; Clearview's Park and 86th St.; Loews New York Twin; Clearview's Olympia; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Main Street Cinemas; UA Astoria; UA Movieworld; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

8 MM—Set in the porno underworld, this is an ex-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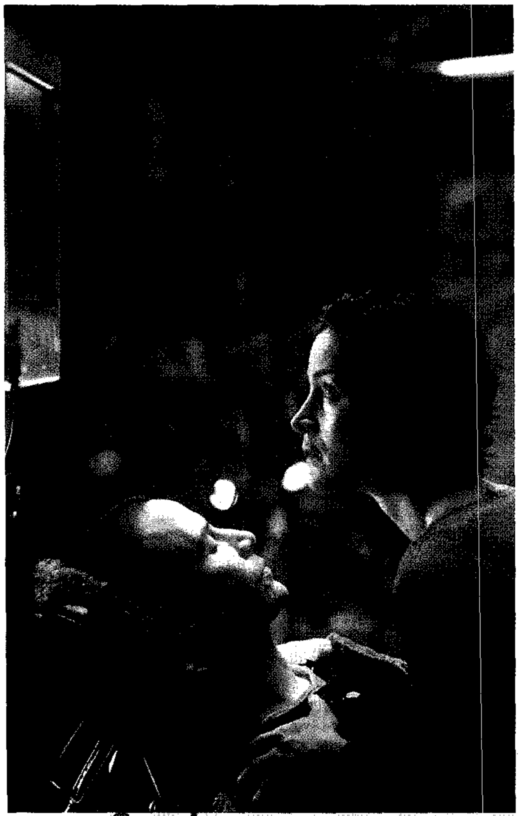

Opening

A Mad, Mad World

Here are some things we know about the action thriller called *The Matrix:* Keanu Reeves is a guy named Neo who is living in a future that looks exactly like the present. He's searching for the truth about the virtual reality we are all living in (with the help of Carrie-Anne Moss, above). The only man who can help him is named Morpheus (Laurence Fishburne). And the trio needs "guns, lots of guns" to bring the bad guys to their knees. Opens March 31.

ploitation movie about an exploitation movie. It wallows in its own scum. Nicolas Cage, in a blanked-out performance, plays a private detective who is hired by a rich widow when she discovers in her late husband's safe an 8-mm. snuff film. Charged with finding out whether it's real, Cage descends into the porn pits and becomes deranged. Movies about the sex industry are always ripe for attack from both the right and the left. It would be unfortunate if the inevitable salvos aimed at this film boosted its credibility. Its crimes are aesthetic, not political. The true obscenity is how out of touch the film is with the most basic human sympathies. Joel Schumacher directed with a floridness in the porn scenes that suggests he's still in his *Batman* mode; the screenwriter was Kevin Allen Walker, the same fun guy who gave us *Seven*. As Max, the porno-store clerk, Joaquin Phoenix is the only guy you don't want to see snuffed. (Rainer; 3/8/99) (About 2 hrs.; R) *Loews State; Loews 84th Street; Bay Plaza; UA Marboro.*

Elizabeth—This film, about the daughter of King Henry VIII and Anne Boleyn, has real verve. It's not all that great even so, but in the historical-bio genre, liveliness counts for a lot. Cate Blanchett plays the young Elizabeth from the time she is nearly rendered headless by her half-sister Queen Mary (Kathy Burke) to her final ascension as the Virgin Queen. We are not to take that moniker literally. The Elizabeth on view here is a frolicker who knows how to dangle her spinsterhood before her panting suitors. She's a sexy queen, especially when she realizes she needs to ensure her power by lopping off a few heads of her own. The Indian director Shekhar Kapur and his screenwriter, Michael Hirst, would like us to see her as a feminist icon: She could do it all—dance the volta with her lover Robert Dudley (Joseph Fiennes) in full scandalous view of her court and lord it over the old fuds in Parliament. "I am no man's Elizabeth," she cries out while still in her marriageable mode. Later, she amends that: "I am married to England." Lucky England. (Rainer; 11/16/98) (2 hrs. 4 mins.; R) *Clearview's Chelsea West; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Loews 84th Street; BAM Rose Cinemas.*

Encounter in the Third Dimension—An IMAX 3-D film that tells the history and future of 3-D technology. With Stuart Pankin. (45 mins.; NR) *Opens 4/2 at Lincoln Square.*

Forces of Nature—Ben Affleck meets Sandra Bullock on the way to his wedding. With Blythe Danner and Maura Tierney. Directed by Bronwen Hughes. (About 2 hrs.; PG-13) *Art Greenwich Twin; Clearview's Chelsea; Loews State; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Loews Orpheum 7; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Main Street Cinemas; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay II; UA Movieworld; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Gods and Monsters—The story of aging director James Whale (Ian McKellen) and his relationship with his lawn boy, played by Brendan Fraser. With Lynn Redgrave. Written and directed by Bill Condon. Based on the novel *Father of Frankenstein.* (1 hr. 45 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema; Clearview's 34th Street Showplace; Clearview's 59th Street East; Clearview's 62nd and Broadway.*

★**Hands on a Hard Body**—It's about one of those homespun real-life gothic events just crying out to be chronicled. Every year in Longview, Texas—population 70,000—an auto dealership stages a contest in which entrants are required to stand around a fully loaded Nissan hard-body pickup with at least one hand on the truck at all times. The last person standing wins. Seth Bindler, an NYU Film School grad, shot this film on video for less than the cost of the truck—around $15,000. It's not all that it might be, but Bindler doesn't turn the contestants into freaks or saps. Errol Morris might have turned this subject into a creepy-crawly sideshow, but it's probably best he didn't get wind of it. Weirdness this good deserves the plain treatment. (Rainer; 2/15/99) (1 hr. 37 mins.; PG) *CC Village East.*

Hard—When an L.A. cop goes after a serial killer who targets male hustlers, he finds he becomes the murder suspect and the killer's main target. With Noel Palomaria and Malcolm Moorman. Directed by John Huckert. (About 2 hrs.; NR) *Cinema Village.*

The Harmonists—A pretty good German film about the legendary a cappella vocal ensemble the Comedian Harmonists, who gave to the waning days of Weimar a bubbly frivolity before being broken up by the Nazis. (Three of the six vocalists were Jewish.) The destruction of the arts in Germany by the Nazis is often framed in terms of high culture. Here's an instance of pop culture being blown apart. (Rainer; 3/22/99) (2 hrs.; NR) *CC Angelika Film Center; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Hilary & Jackie—Emily Watson is the celebrated British cellist Jacqueline du Pré, who developed multiple sclerosis at 28. With Rachel Griffiths as her sister Hilary. Based on the book by Hilary and Piers du Pré, *A Genius in the Family*. Directed by Anand Tucker. (2 hrs.; R) *Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

I Stand Alone—A middle-aged ex-con tries to salvage his life despite his horribly violent temper and racism. Written and directed by Gasper Noé. In French with English subtitles. (1 hr. 32 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

The King and I—An animated story based on the musical by Rodgers and Hammerstein. Featuring the voices of Miranda Richardson and Martin Vidnovic. (1 hr. 30 mins.; G) *CC Village East; Loews State; Loews Orpheum 7; UA Gemini; New Coliseum; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; Ridgewood; Centre Sunnyside; Cinemart; Main Street Cinemas; UA Movieworld; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

★**The Last Days**—A superb documentary, directed by James Moll, from the Survivors of the Shoah Visual History Foundation centering on testimony from five Hungarian Jewish survivors of the Holocaust. The film's tone is ostensibly inspirational, but what stays with one, too, is the abomination of these people's lives. (Rainer; 2/15/99) (About 2 hrs.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

Life Is Beautiful—An Italian Jew and his son are taken to a concentration camp at the end of World War II, and the father attempts to hide the horror through fun and games. Starring Roberto Benigni, Sergio Bustric, Nicoletta Braschi, and Giorgio Cantarini. In Italian, with subtitles. (1 hr. 54 mins.; PG-13) *CC Angelika Film Center; CC Murray Hill Cinemas; Loews 19th St. East; Paris Theatre; Clearview's Park and 86th St.; Loews 72nd St. East; Clearview's Metro Cinema; Loews 84th Street; Clearview's Cobble Hill; UA Marboro; UA Hylan Plaza.*

Lock, Stock and Two Smoking Barrels—It's about four petty hoodlums from London's East End who fight their way out of debt and throw in a double-cross. First-time writer-director Guy Ritchie sets four separate gangs against each other in what amounts to a serial Gunfight at OK Corral, and he stages the splatter like an MTV-generation Peckinpah; it has a hideous giddiness. He's a director to watch. (Rainer; 3/15/99) (1 hr. 47 mins.; R) *Loews Village; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Sony Lincoln Square; BAM Rose Cinemas; Pavilion.*

The Matrix—Keanu Reeves investigates an alternate reality. (About 2 hrs.; R) *Clearview's Chelsea; New Coliseum; Nova; Canarsie; Kent Triplex; Pavilion; Ridgewood; Jackson Triplex.*

The Mod Squad—Claire Danes, Omar Epps, and Giovanni Ribisi are juvenile delinquents working as undercover cops. Based on the TV show. Directed by Scott Silver. (About 2 hrs.; R) *Loews Village; Loews 19th St. East; Loews State; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Loews Orpheum 7; Loews 84th Street; New Coliseum; Nova; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Canarsie; Kent Triplex; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; Ridgewood; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Jackson Triplex; Plaza; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay; UA Movieworld; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

The Other Sister—A couple's mentally handicapped adult daughter builds a relationship and teaches her parents about life and love. With Diane Keaton, Tom Skerritt, Giovanni Ribisi, and Juliette Lewis. (About 2 hrs.; PG-13) *CC Village East; CC Sutton.*

The Out-Of-Towners—A midwestern couple visit New York on a business trip that turns into a series of mishaps. Starring Goldie Hawn, Steve Martin, and John Cleese. Directed by Sam Weisman. (91 mins.; PG-13) *Opens 4/2.*

★**Payback**—As Porter, the thug-on-a-mission, Mel Gibson is as mad as he's been since he was Max. His bootblacked hair is color-coordinated with his black jackets and blacker mood. He's a human projectile blasting through crimeland's inner sanctums. Shot and left for dead after a heist by his double-crossing partner (Gregg Henry), he thinks only of one thing: revenge and getting back his share—$70,000. The insanity of setting himself up as the walking dead for such a paltry sum never penetrates Porter's brain. Brian Helgeland, the gifted screenwriter of *Conspiracy Theory* and (with Curtis Hanson) *L.A. Confidential*, makes his directorial debut and, despite some production disagreements with Gibson that resulted in his walking off the set near the end of the shoot, it's a confident, startlingly funny piece of work. It's a killing comedy not for the squeamish. The terrific cast also includes Maria Bello, David Paymer, William Devane, Kris Kristofferson, and, unbilled, James Coburn. The film is based on the same book—Donald Westlake's *The Hunter*, written under the pseudonym Richard Stark—that John Boorman used for *Point Blank*. (Rainer; 2/22/99) (2 hrs.; R) *Loews State; Linden Boulevard Multiplex.*

Photograph by Jasin Boland.

The Rage: Carrie 2—A misfit girl with telekinesis is once again tricked into thinking she is normal. Horror ensues. Starring Emily Bergl, Amy Irving, and Jason London. Directed by Katt Shea. (1 hr. 44 mins.; R) *Clearview's Chelsea; UA Criterion; Loews Orpheum 7; Loews 84th Street; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Cinemart; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay II; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Ravenous—This black comedy about cannibalism is a bit like *The Thing* plunked down in the Donner Pass. Starring Guy Pearce and Robert Carlyle, it opens with a close-up of bloody steaks and eventually moves on to bloody corpses. Set in 1847 in a remote military outpost in California's snowy Sierra Madre mountains, it's a not-so Grand Guignol gross-out that posits the moral dilemma, Would you rather eat or be eaten? Don't go to this on a full stomach. Better yet, don't go. (Rainer; 3/30/99) (About 2 hrs.; R) *Bay Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; UA Movieworld.*

Relax . . . It's Just Sex—Thirtysomething friends bed-hop until a gay-bashing incident triggers the group's upheaval. With Jennifer Tilly, Lori Petty, Cynda Williams, and Serena Scott Thomas. (1 hr. 30 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

Rushmore—Fun but overrated. Fifteen-year-old Max

Opening

Southern Living

It was a favorite at Sundance: 'Cookie's Fortune,' Robert Altman's latest, about goings-on in a Mississippi community. Glenn Close is the self-appointed aesthete, Julianne Moore her dimwitted sister, and Patricia Neal their unconventional aunt whose passing sets a series of misfortunes in motion. The rest of the extensive cast (led by Charles Dutton, below, with Liv Tyler) fashion characters just as wacky; together, they produce a very enjoyable, leisurely tour of southern life. Opens April 2 at Lincoln Plaza and Beekman.

"DELIGHTFUL! WONDERFULLY ACTED!"
- Janet Maslin, THE NEW YORK TIMES

"HILARIOUS!"
- Leah Rozen, PEOPLE

"DELICIOUSLY WICKED!"
- Graham Fuller, INTERVIEW

Glenn Close
Julianne Moore
Liv Tyler
Chris O'Donnell
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Fischer (Jason Schwartzmann) is a tenth-grader at Rushmore Academy who is on sudden-death academic probation despite (or because of) being captain of everything from the drama club to the Double-Team Dodgeball Society. His counterpart is Mr. Blume, a clinically depressed tycoon and the academy's chief benefactor, extremely well played by Bill Murray. Wes Anderson, the co-writer and director, has an affinity for deadpan obsessives and a flukey sense of comic timing. (Rainer; 12/21/98) (2 hrs.; R) *Art Greenwich Twin; Sony Lincoln Square; Clearview's Cobble Hill.*

★**Saving Private Ryan**—This is a marvelous film, though it needs to be said that the material between the two battle scenes isn't on their transcendent level. It begins as an epic, changes into an anecdote, and works toward a kind of moral fable. After the beach has been secured, Captain Miller (Tom Hanks) and some of his men (Adam Goldberg, Vin Diesel, Barry Pepper, Ed Burns, Jeremy Davies, and Tom Sizemore) are sent on a special mission. It seems that three brothers from Iowa have been killed; the Army wants the fourth brother, Private Ryan, sent home. When they at last find Ryan (Matt Damon), he doesn't want to be saved. The business of saving a single soldier gets folded into a larger question: What is the value of a decent gesture—any decent gesture—in war? (Denby; 7/27/98) (2 hrs. 48 mins.; R) *Clearview's Beekman; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex.*

The School of Flesh—A successful fashion designer falls for a dangerous young bartender. Starring Isabelle Huppert and Vincent Martinez. In French with English subtitles. (1 hr. 45 mins.; NR) *Cinema Village; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Shakespeare in Love—A fanciful romp about the young Will who wrote *Romeo and Juliet* and the romantic liaison that may have led to it. Joseph Fiennes is blandly dashing as the Bard and Gwyneth Paltrow, as his muse, is blandly pretty. She'd be better off if she didn't keep trying to set herself up as the Grace Kelly of the twentysomething set. She's best when she shows some steel, as in *Hard 8* and *Flesh and Bone.* (Rainer; 12/21/98) (2 hrs.; R) *CC Angelika Film Center; Clearview's 34th Street Showplace; Clearview's Chelsea; CC Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Clearview's Ziegfeld; Loews Orpheum 7; Clearview's Olympia; Sony Lincoln Square; Whitestone; Clearview's Cobble Hill; Pavilion; UA Marboro; UA Movieworld; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

★**A Simple Plan**—A crashed small plane with 4 million bucks in tow is discovered in a remote game preserve by three local townspeople. Theft, murder, double-crosses ensue. Director Sam Raimi is primarily known as a gonzo goremeister with a hyperkinetic visual style, but he's pared down his act here. In his new film, wintry rural Minnesota gets the dark, elemental treatment. The snowdrifts seem to be covering up some vast horror and the *noir* fatalism is limiting. Once again we are told that greed turns good men into bad—it doth make suckers of us all. But the action is compelling and the performances by Bill Paxton and Billy Bob Thornton, playing night-and-day brothers, as well as Brent Briscoe and Bridget Fonda, are superb. (Rainer; 12/14/98) (2 hrs.; R) *CO Worldwide Cinemas; Clearview's Metro Cinema.*

The Sticky Fingers of Time—A woman in 1953's New York spontaneously lands in the East Village, ca. 1997, and finds she's caught in a dangerous struggle among time-travelers like herself. Written and directed by Hilary Brougher. Opens March 26 at the Screening Room. (1 hr. 25 mins.; NR) *Screening Room.*

Tango—A tango dancer falls in love with his beautiful partner and clashes with her gangster boyfriend. With Miguel Ángel Solà and Mia Maestro. In Spanish with English subtitles. (1 hr. 55 mins.; PG-13) *Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

10 Things I Hate About You—An anti-social high-school girl is transformed when she meets a similar-minded guy. With Julia Stiles, Larisa Oleynik, and Heath Ledger. Directed by Gil Younger. (1 hr. 38 mins.; PG-13) *Clearview's Chelsea; CC Sutton; Ridgewood; Cinemart.*

The Thin Red Line—Terrence Malick's first movie in twenty years—an adaptation of James Jones's 1962 WWII novel about an Army platoon in Guadalcanal—brings us back to that same seventies fugue state of his in which all action is aestheticized until nothing is left but patterning and pretty pictures. Malick never saw a sunset he didn't want to emblematize. A lot of powerful actors turn up—including Nick Nolte and Sean Penn—but they're upstaged by Malick's froufrou flossiness. The initial battle charge against the Japanese artillery is excitingly staged, and there are some evocative passages, but this seems less a movie about the terrors of combat than a reverie about how to preserve your refinement in the trenches. (Rainer; 1/4/99) (2 hrs. 46 mins.; R) *Clearview's First & 62nd St.*

True Crime—Clint Eastwood directed and stars in this creaky melodrama about a womanizing, down-on-his-luck newspaper reporter who discovers in the course of covering the last hours of a condemned man (Isaiah Washington) that he may be innocent. Eastwood is playing a good guy, but he seems leaner and hungrier than ever. His voice has a midnight-caller raspiness and his smile resembles a sneer. The role of hack reporter seeking redemption brings out Eastwood's penchant for bluesy blahness. He spends lots of time in dank places feeling mopey. The newsroom atmosphere on display is counterfeit: Didn't anybody connected with this film ever step inside one? As Eastwood's editor, James Woods carries on like a cackling banshee; he's about as believable as Perry White on the old *Superman* TV series. Still, in political terms, this is a far cry from *Dirty Harry.* It actually stands up for due process of law. In Hollywood, this is known as mellowing. (Rainer; 3/30/99) (2 hrs.; R) *Loews Village; Clearview's 34th Street Showplace; Loews 19th St. East; UA Criterion; Loews New York Twin; UA East; Loews 84th Street; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Clearview's Cobble Hill; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Main Street Cinemas; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

200 Cigarettes—Another multi-character, multi-plot movie that gives a bad name to the term *Altmanesque.* It's about partygoers in the East Village, 1981, and it features actors you want to see—just not in this thing. Ben Affleck, Courtney Love, Christina Ricci, Janeane Garofalo, and many others turn up. Everybody vamps and preens as if it were amateur night in SoHo. As a disco cabdriver stuck in the seventies, Dave Chappelle has a slithery rap, but for all its punk trappings, the film is a squeaky-clean affair. (Rainer; 3/8/99) (1 hr. 45 mins.; R) *CO Worldwide Cinemas; UA Crossbay II.*

The Underground Orchestra—A documentary of the musicians who play on the streets of Paris. Directed by Heddy Honigmann. (1 hr. 48 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

Waking Ned Devine—Compared to all the I.R.A.-themed movies we've been seeing lately, this swatch of stage-Irishness is a walk in the park. Two lifelong mates from Tully More—population 52—figure out that one of their neighbors has won the lottery. David Kelly and Ian Bannen are the dynamic duo who connive to get close to the money. They have such an easygoing rapport that you can almost forgive the fact that this film seems to have been produced strictly for the tourist trade. It would make the perfect in-flight movie on Aer-Lingus. (Rainer; 12/4/98) (1 hr. 31 mins.; PG) *CO Worldwide Cinemas.*

A Walk on the Moon—Diane Lane is a young housewife in 1969 who begins an affair at a summer resort in the Catskills. With Liev Schreiber, Anna Paquin, Tovah Feldshuh, and Viggo Mortensen. Directed by Tony Goldwyn. (1 hr. 47 mins.; R) *CC Crown Gotham.*

Wing Commander—A sci-fi thriller set in 2564 during a war between Earth's forces and those of another planet. With Matthew Lillard, Freddie Prinze Jr., and Saffron Burrows. Directed by Chris Roberts. (1 hr. 33 mins.; PG-13) *CC Village East; UA Criterion; Bay Plaza; Whitestone; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; UA Crossbay II; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Manhattan

Below 14th Street

Art Greenwich Twin—97 Greenwich Ave. at W. 12th St. (929-3350) *Forces of Nature; Rushmore.*

CC Angelika Film Center—18 W. Houston St. (995-2000) *Children of Heaven; The Harmonists; Life Is Beautiful; Shakespeare in Love.*

CC Village East—189 Second Ave., at 12th St. (529-6799) *Affliction; American History X; Baby Geniuses; Doug's First Movie; Hands on a Hard Body; The King and I; The Other Sister; Wing Commander.*

Cinema Village—22 E. 12th St. (924-3363) *Hard; The School of Flesh.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Clearview's Waverly—323 Sixth Ave., at W. 3rd St. (777-FILM#603) *Saving Private Ryan.*

Film Forum—209 W. Houston St. (727-8110) *Dancemaker; Days of Heaven; I Stand Alone; The Underground Orchestra.*

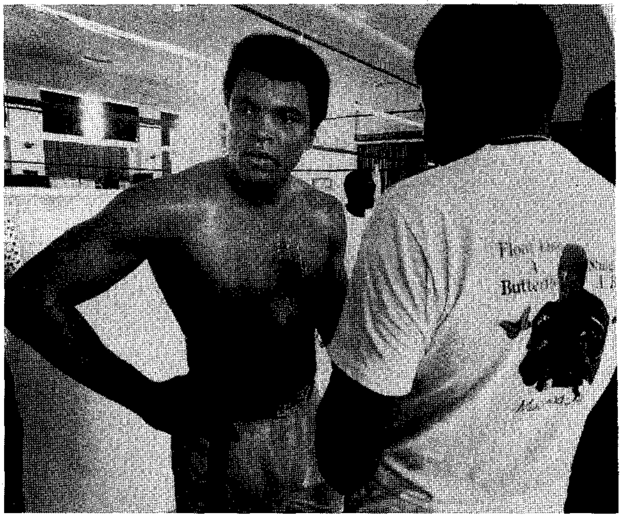
Loews Village—66 Third Ave., at 11th St. (50-LOEWS #952) *Analyze This; The Corruptor; The Deep End of the Ocean; EDtv; Lock, Stock and Two Smoking Barrels; The Mod Squad; True Crime.*

Quad Cinema—34 W. 13th St. (255-8800) *Central Station; Gods and Monsters; The Last Days; Relax . . . It's Just Sex.*

Screening Room—54 Varick St. (below Canal) (334-

Festival
Faces of a Fighter

The magnificent 'When We Were Kings' isn't the only record of Muhammad Ali's spirit and prowess. In the series "The Greatest: Muhammad Ali on Film," the American Museum of the Moving Image also screens 'Ali the Fighter' (below), a 1971 record of Ali's title bout against Joe Frazier in Madison Square Garden (which includes behind-the-scenes action as well as the entire match), and 'Muhammad Ali, the Greatest,' William Klein's take on the fighter. Starts April 3. See "Museums, Societies, Etc." for more info.



Photograph by William Klein.

2100) *The Sticky Fingers of Time; Velvet Goldmine.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

UA Union Square—13th St. and Broadway (253-2225) *A Walk on the Moon; Among Giants; Cruel Intentions; 8 MM; Elizabeth; Forces of Nature; Hilary & Jackie; The Rage: Carrie 2; Ravenous; Rushmore; Saving Private Ryan; The Thin Red Line; 20 Dates.*

14th–41st Streets

CC Murray Hill Cinemas—160 E. 34th St. (689-6548) *Analyze This; The Corruptor; The Deep End of the Ocean; Life Is Beautiful.*

Clearview's 34th Street Showplace—238 E. 34th St. (777-FILM#700) *Gods and Monsters; Shakespeare in Love; True Crime.*

Clearview's Chelsea—260 W. 23rd St. (777-FILM#597) *Affliction; Baby Geniuses; Cruel Intentions; The Deep End of the Ocean; Forces of Nature; The Matrix; The Rage: Carrie 2; Shakespeare in Love.* Opening 3/31: *10 Things I Hate About You.*

Clearview's Chelsea West—333 W. 23rd St. (777-FILM#614) *Doug's First Movie; Elizabeth.*

Loews 19th St. East—890 Broadway, at 19th St. (50-LOEWS #558) *Analyze This; The Corruptor; EDtv; Life Is Beautiful; The Mod Squad; True Crime.*

42nd–60th Streets

CC Cinema I, II, Third Ave.—1001 Third Ave., at 60th St. (753-6022) *The Corruptor; Shakespeare in Love.*

CC Crown Gotham—969 Third Ave., bet. 57th and 58th Sts. (759-2262) *A Walk on the Moon.*

CC Eastside Playhouse—919 Third Ave., bet. 55th and 56th Sts. (755-3020) *Central Station.*

CC Sutton—205 E. 57th St. (759-1411) *Doug's First Movie; The Other Sister.* Opening 3/31: *10 Things I Hate About You.*

Clearview's 59th Street East—239 E. 59th St. (777-FILM#615) *Affliction; Gods and Monsters.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Clearview's Ziegfeld—141 W. 54th St. (777-FILM#602) *Shakespeare in Love.*

CO Coronet—993 Third Ave., bet. 59th and 60th Sts. (505-CINE#608) *Analyze This.*

CO Worldwide Cinemas—340 W. 50th St. (505-CINE#610) *Enemy of the State; Patch Adams; The Prince of Egypt; A Simple Plan; 200 Cigarettes; Waking Ned Devine; You've Got Mail.*

Guild 50th Street—33 W. 50th St. (757-2406) *Doug's First Movie.*

Loews Astor Plaza—44th St. bet. Broadway and Eighth Ave. (50-LOEWS #699) *The Corruptor.*

Loews State—1540 Broadway, bet. 45th and 46th Sts. (50-LOEWS #901) *8 MM; Forces of Nature; The King and I; The Mod Squad; Payback.*

Paris Theatre—4 W. 58th St. (688-3800) *Life Is Beautiful.*

UA Criterion—1514 Broadway, bet. 44th and 45th Sts. (354-0900) *Analyze This; Baby Geniuses; Cruel Intentions; The Deep End of the Ocean; EDtv; The Rage: Carrie 2; True Crime; Wing Commander.*

61st Street and Above, East Side

Clearview's Beekman—1254 Second Ave., bet. 65th and 66th Sts. (777-FILM#606) *Saving Private Ryan.*

Clearview's First & 62nd St.—400 E. 62nd St. (777-FILM#957) *Baby Geniuses; Elizabeth; Forces of Nature; Lock, Stock and Two Smoking Barrels; The Mod Squad; The Thin Red Line.*

Clearview's Park and 86th St.—125 E. 86th St. (777-FILM#604) *EDtv; Life Is Beautiful.*

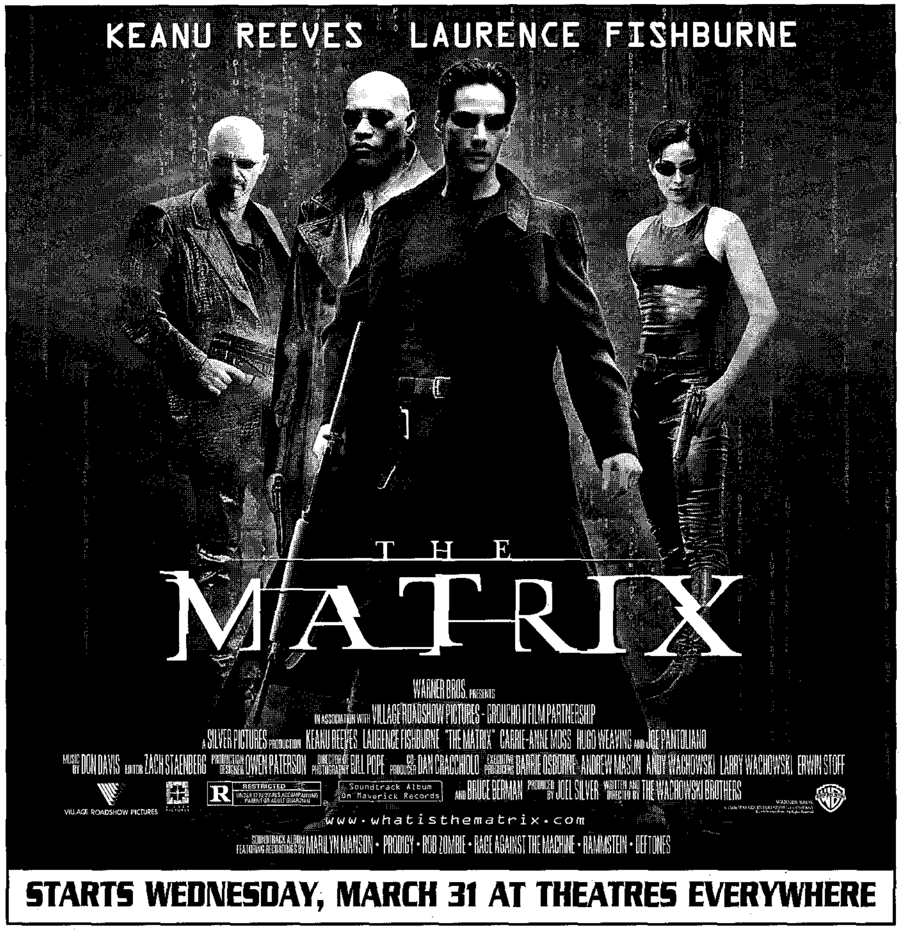
Loews 72nd St. East—1230 Third Ave., bet. 71st and 72nd Sts. (50-LOEWS #704) *Life Is Beautiful.*

Loews New York Twin—1271 Second Ave., bet. 66th and 67th Sts. (50-LOEWS #698) *EDtv; True Crime.*

Loews Orpheum 7—1538 Third Ave., at 86th St. (50-LOEWS #964) *Analyze This; The Corruptor; Cruel Intentions; Forces of Nature; The King and I; The Mod Squad; The Rage: Carrie 2; Shakespeare in Love.*

UA East—1629 First Ave., at 85th St. (249-5100) *True Crime.*

UA Gemini—1210 Second Ave., at 64th St. (832-1670) *Cruel Intentions; The Deep End of the Ocean; The King and I.*



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Opening
Couples Therapy

Steve Martin and Goldie Hawn are right off the plane in 'The Out-of-Towners,' a remake of that 1970 classic starring Jack Lemmon and Sandy Dennis. The happy midwestern couple tries to enjoy a second honeymoon in Manhattan amid a series of "only in New York" mishaps. Hilarity ensues. And the updated ending is pure nineties Hollywood. Starts April 2.

61st Street and Above, West Side

Clearview's 62nd and Broadway—1871 Broadway, at 62nd St. (777-FILM#864) *Gods and Monsters.*

Clearview's Metro Cinema—2626 Broadway, bet. 99th and 100th Sts. (777-FILM#609) *Analyze This; Life Is Beautiful; A Simple Plan.*

Clearview's Olympia—2770 Broadway, bet. 106th and 107th Sts. (777-FILM#613) *EDtv; Shakespeare in Love.*

CO Regency—1987 Broadway, bet. 67th and 68th Sts. (505-CINE#585) *Call theater for showtimes.*

Lincoln Plaza Cinemas—30 Lincoln Plaza, on Broadway bet. 62nd and 63rd Sts. (757-2280) *Affliction; Central Station; The Harmonists; Hilary & Jackie; The School of Flesh; Tango.*

Loews 84th Street—2310 Broadway, at 84th St. (50-LOEWS #701) *The Corruptor; 8 MM; Elizabeth; Life Is Beautiful; The Mod Squad; The Rage: Carrie 2; True Crime.*

New Coliseum—701 W. 181st St. (740-1545) *The Corruptor; Doug's First Movie; The King and I; The Matrix; The Mod Squad.*

Nova—3589 Broadway, bet. 147th and 148th Sts. (862-5728) *Doug's First Movie; The Matrix; The Mod Squad.*

Sony Lincoln Square—1998 Broadway, at 68th St. (50-LOEWS #638) *Analyze This; Baby Geniuses; Cruel Intentions; The Deep End of the Ocean; Doug's First Movie; EDtv; Forces of Nature; The King and I; Lock, Stock and Two Smoking Barrels; Rushmore; Shakespeare in Love. IMAX: T-Rex; Across the Sea of Time; Everest; Mark Twain's America; Olympic Glory; L5-First City in Space; Encounter in the Third Dimension.*

Bronx
Area Code 718

Bay Plaza—2210 Bartow Ave., behind Bay Plaza Mall (320-3020) *Analyze This; Baby Geniuses; The Corruptor; Cruel Intentions; Doug's First Movie; EDtv; 8 MM; Forces of Nature; The King and I; The Mod Squad; The Rage: Carrie 2; Ravenous; Wing Commander.*

Concourse Plaza—214 E. 161th St. (588-8800) *Analyze This; Baby Geniuses; The Corruptor; Cruel Intentions; Doug's First Movie; The King and I; The Mod Squad; The Rage: Carrie 2; True Crime.*

Whitestone—2505 Bruckner Blvd., at Hutchinson River Pkwy. (409-9037) *Analyze This; Baby Geniuses; The Corruptor; Cruel Intentions; Doug's First Movie; EDtv; Forces of Nature; The King and I; The Mod Squad; The Rage: Carrie 2; Ravenous; Saving Private Ryan; Shakespeare in Love; True Crime; Wing Commander.*

Brooklyn
Area Code 718

BAM Rose Cinemas—30 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn (623-2770) *Affliction; Central Station; Elizabeth; Lock, Stock and Two Smoking Barrels.*

Brooklyn Heights—70 Henry St. (596-7070) *Call theater for showtimes.*

Canarsie—9310 Ave. L, at E. 93rd St. (251-0700) *Doug's First Movie; The Matrix; The Mod Squad.*

Clearview's Cobble Hill—265 Court St. (596-9113) *Analyze This; Life Is Beautiful; Rushmore; Shakespeare in Love; True Crime.*

CO Alpine—6817 Fifth Ave., at 69th St. (777-FILM#580) *Call theater for showtimes.*

CO Fortway—6720 Ft. Hamilton Pkwy., at 68th St. (777-FILM#578) *Call theater for showtimes.*

CO Kenmore—Church Ave. nr. Flatbush Ave. (777-FILM#576) *Call theater for showtimes.*

CO Kings Plaza—5201 Kings Plaza; Flatbush Ave. at Ave. U (777-FILM#579) *Call theater for showtimes.*

CO Kingsway—946 Kings Hwy. at Coney Island Ave. (777-FILM#577) *Call theater for showtimes.*

Kent Triplex—Coney Island Ave. at Ave. H (338-3371) *Doug's First Movie; The Matrix; The Mod Squad.*

Linden Boulevard Multiplex—Linden Blvd. and Eldert Lane (277-0303) *Analyze This; Baby Geniuses; The Corruptor; Cruel Intentions; Doug's First Movie; EDtv; Forces of Nature; The King and I; The Mod Squad; Payback; The Rage: Carrie 2; Ravenous; Saving Private Ryan; True Crime.*

Pavilion—188 Prospect Park West (369-0838) *Analyze This; Doug's First Movie; Forces of Nature; The King and I; Lock, Stock and Two Smoking Barrels; The Mod Squad; The Rage: Carrie 2; Ravenous; Shakespeare in Love; True Crime.* Opening 3/31: *The Matrix.*

Ridgewood—55-27 Myrtle Ave., at Putnam Ave. (821-5993) *The Corruptor; Doug's First Movie; The King and I; The Matrix; The Mod Squad; 10 Things I Hate About You.*

UA Marboro—6817 Bay Pkwy., at 69th St. (232-4000) *Analyze This; The Deep End of the Ocean; 8 MM; Life Is Beautiful; Shakespeare in Love.*

UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay—3907 Shore Pkwy, off Exit 9 at Belt Pkwy. (615-1700) *Analyze This; The Corruptor; Cruel Intentions; Doug's First Movie; EDtv; Forces of Nature; The Mod Squad; The Rage: Carrie 2; True Crime; Wing Commander.*

Queens
Area Code 718

Centre Sunnyside—42-17 Queens Blvd. (361-6869) *Analyze This; The Corruptor; Doug's First Movie; EDtv; Forces of Nature; The King and I.*

Cinemart—106-03 Metropolitan Ave., at 72nd Rd., Forest Hills (261-2244) *Baby Geniuses; Doug's First Movie; The King and I; The Rage: Carrie 2; 10 Things I Hate About You.*

CO Cinema City—183-15 Horace Harding Expy., at 183rd St., Fresh Meadows (777-FILM#592) *Call theater for showtimes.*

CO Fresh Meadows—Eastbound Service Rd. at 190th St. (777-FILM#619) *Call theater for showtimes.*

Jackson Triplex—82nd St. at Roosevelt Ave. (478-6777) *Analyze This; The Matrix; The Mod Squad.*

Main Street Cinemas—72-66 Main St. (263-4828) *Analyze This; Baby Geniuses; Doug's First Movie; EDtv; Forces of Nature; The King and I; True Crime.*

North Shore Towers—27-10 Grand Central Pkwy., Floral Park (229-7702) *Shakespeare in Love.*

Plaza—103-14 Roosevelt Ave., at 103rd St., Corona (639-0012) *Doug's First Movie; The Mod Squad.*

Sony Bay Terrace—211-01 26th Ave. and Bell Blvd., Bayside (777-FILM #712) *Call theater for showtimes.*

Sony Elmwood—57-02 Hoffman Dr., Elmhurst (777-FILM #733) *Call theater for showtimes.*

Sony Trylon—98-81 Queens Blvd., at 66th Ave., Rego Park (777-FILM #735) *Call theater for showtimes.*

UA Astoria—28-60 Steinway St. (726-1279) *Analyze This; The Corruptor; EDtv; Forces of Nature; The Mod Squad; The Rage: Carrie 2; True Crime.*

UA Crossbay—94-11 Rockaway Blvd., at Woodhaven Blvd., Ozone Park (848-1738) *The Corruptor; The Mod Squad; True Crime.*

UA Crossbay II—92-10 Rockaway Blvd., at 93rd St., Ozone Park (641-5330) *Analyze This; Baby Geniuses; Cruel Intentions; Doug's First Movie; Forces of Nature; The Rage: Carrie 2; 200 Cigarettes; Wing Commander.*

UA Midway—108-22 Queens Blvd., at 71st Ave., Forest Hills (261-8572) *Analyze This; The Deep End of the Ocean; EDtv; 8 MM; Forces of Nature; The Mod Squad; Ravenous; Shakespeare in Love; True Crime; Wing Commander.*

UA Movies at Bayside—38-39 Bell Blvd., at 39th Ave. (225-7711).

UA Movieworld—242-02 61st Ave., off Exit 31, Douglaston (423-7200) *Analyze This; Doug's First Movie; EDtv; Forces of Nature; The King and I; The Mod Squad; Ravenous; Shakespeare in Love.*

Staten Island
Area Code 718

Atrium—680 Arthur Kill Rd., nr. Richmond Ave., Eltingville (317-8300) *Analyze This; Baby Geniuses; Doug's First Movie; Forces of Nature; The King and*

I; Life Is Beautiful; Shakespeare in Love; True Crime. Opening 3/31: *10 Things I Hate About You.*

UA Hylan Plaza—107 Mill Rd., at Hylan Blvd., New Dorp (351-0805) *Analyze This; Doug's First Movie; EDtv; Forces of Nature; Life Is Beautiful.*

UA Movies at Staten Island—141 E. Service Rd., at Victory Blvd., Travis (983-9600) *Analyze This; Baby Geniuses; The Corruptor; Cruel Intentions; The Deep End of the Ocean; Doug's First Movie; EDtv; Forces of Nature; The King and I; The Mod Squad; The Rage: Carrie 2; Shakespeare in Love; True Crime; Wing Commander.*

Museums, Societies, Etc.

American Museum of the Moving Image—"The Greatest: Muhammad Ali on Film." 4/3–4/18: Films of the fighter. 4/3–4/4: *Ali the Fighter* (1971). AMMI: 36-01 35th Ave., Astoria, Queens (718-784-0077). Tickets, $4.50–$8.50. Members and children under 4, free.

Anthology Film Archives—"New Filmmakers." 3/31: Shorts and Robert Palumbo's *Fallout* (1997). "Sense and Sensuality." 3/31: Shorts. "Jim Jarmusch." 4/1 and 4/4: *Permanent Vacation* (1984). 4/2–4/4: *Stranger Than Paradise* (1984). 4/3–4/4: *Down By Law* (1986). "James Benning." 4/2–4/3: Shorts. "PS 99: Short Film Exhibition." 4/5–4/26: New short films, including the Academy Award– winning *Bunny* (1997). Call 253-5907 for more info. "Austrian Cultural Institute presents." 3/30: *Sidonie* (1990). "Hans-Jürgen Syberberg Retrospective." 4/3: *Ludwig—Requiem for a Virgin King* (1972). 32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. (505-5110); $7.

Brooklyn Museum of Art—"East Side Stories." 4/3: *Tito and Me* (1992). "First Saturdays." 4/3: Fast, Cheap, and Out of Control (1997). 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000, ext. 230); $6; $4 for members, students, and senior citizens.

Cinema Classics—"Kurosawa Retrospective." 3/29–3/30: *The Idiot* (1951). 3/31–4/1: *Red Beard* (1965). 4/2–4/3: *Dodes' Ka-Den* (1970). 4/4–4/5: *Stray Dog* (1949). Double feature, $5. 332 E. 11th St.; call 675-6692 for info.

Cinema Village—"2000 As Seen By." Directors look at the millennium. 22 E. 12th St. (924-3363).

Different Light—4/4: *A Taste of Honey* (1961). 7 P.M. 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850); free.

Film Society of Lincoln Center (The Walter Reade Theater)—"Jeanette MacDonald: Hollywood Diva." 3/31–4/6: Films starring the musical's first superstar. Call 875-5600 for info. 65 W. 65th St., plaza level (875-5600); regular screenings, $8.50–$15.

French Institute—"A Celebration of Marseilles." 3/30: *Bye Bye* (1995). Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160); $7.

Japan Society—"Tai Kato Retrospective." Through 5/21: Nine of Kato's best-known yakuza films. 4/2: *The Record of Winds and Clouds of the Sanada Clan* (1963). 333 E. 47th St. (752-3015); $5 members, $8 nonmembers, students, and senior citizens.

Museum of Modern Art—"New Directors/New Films." Through 4/11: An international selection of 28 new films. "Edward G. Robinson Retrospective." Through 4/12: Highlights from the actor's career. 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9400); free with $9.50 admission.

92nd Street Y—3/29: Documentary *Beyond Words: The Life and Work of José Limón* (1999) followed by discussion moderated by Deborah Jowitt. 1395 Lexington Ave. Tickets $18. Call 996-1100 for info.

Ocularis—4/4: *Bye-Bye Brazil* (1980). 70 N. 6th St., Williamsburg, Brooklyn (718-388-8713); $5.

Screening Room—Sunday brunch: *Breakfast at Tiffany's* (1961). Call theater for info. 54 Varick St. (334-2100); $8 ($5 for Sunday brunch patrons).

Tonic—"Monday Night Film Series." 4/5: *Viva Knievel* (1977). Tickets, $4. 107 Norfolk St. For more info, call 358-7503.

YWCA Cine-Club—"A Celebration of Japanese Cinema." 4/10–4/11: *Osaka Elegy* (1936). 610 Lexington Ave., at 53rd St. (735-9717); $6 members, $7 nonmembers.

Smart City

continued from page 51

neighborhood seems to be populated by nobody older than 23. Okay, a bit of an exaggeration, but Chinese youth culture is particularly vibrant here, and as a result, you see far more record stores and video shops, and (for some reason) a staggering number of cell-phone retailers, compared with Manhattan's Chinese enclave.

You're in Queens, so start at the mall. Actually, **Hong Kong Plaza** (37-11 Main Street) is a mini-mall at best, but one packed with worthy shops, such as the **Tai Pan Bakery**; sample the improbably good fried curry buns (who knew?), best washed down with a cold glass of milk mixed with Horlicks malt powder (Horlicks, which you may remember from soda-fountain days, is still going strong as one of the beverage additives of choice in Asia—though nobody seems to know quite why). Also in the Plaza, on the lower level, is the mammoth **Hong Kong Supermarket,** with its overwhelming array of geoducks, sea cucumbers, sea slugs, crabs, bok choy, various kinds of noodles (including dry, rice, sheet, and instant), and—you guessed it—the entire family of Horlicks products.

To find Flushing's most notable Chinese restaurants, head to 40th Road, or go to Prince Street behind St. George's Church. There you'll find places like **Yao Han** (135-21 40th Road; 718-359-2828), where Chinese and Vietnamese food share the stage; the Taiwanese-and-Shanghai-styled **Do I Tru** (41-28 Main Street; 718-445-1770); and **Jade Palace** (136-14 38th Avenue; 718-353-3366), which serves dim sum that goes beyond the standard fare (shrimp dumplings are one thing, but have you ever eaten New Zealand clams with egg custard?). When I'm in the neighborhood, I inevitably gravitate to **Tianjin Gou-Bu-Li Bun Restaurant** (135-28 40th Road; 718-886-2121). This American branch of the Chinese chain specializes not only in G.B.L. soup dumplings (which come with pork, shrimp, vegetable, or shrimp-and-pork fillings), but also in wonderful hand-cut-noodle dishes (these aren't your usual wimpy, slippery noodles; they have *texture*).

If the Advil (or Prozac, or Preparation H) just isn't cutting it anymore, you may want to drop in at **New York Tung Ren Tang,** an emporium of traditional Chinese remedies. Dried roots and abalone sit on shelves beside endless cases of tea. I recently went in complaining of a headache and was given a natural medication in pill form designed to "cleanse the blood" and "remove bad wind." (Okay. Sure. Look, don't ask me, but my headache *did* go away.) More potentially potent cures come from such exotic materials as dried abalone, which retails for $350 a pound. Tung Ren Tang also carries an assortment of balms and liniments that, while also quite effective for sore muscles, are worth their low, low prices for the classic Chinese package designs alone.

Subcontinental Divide: Jackson Heights

Forget Hollywood; India is actually the world's leading film center. More movies come out of the Indian motion picture industry (known as "Bollywood") than anywhere else. To catch up on current Indian cinema, visit the **Eagle Theater** (73-07 37th Road; 718-205-2800), which is also one of the few remaining old movie houses not yet demolished or converted into a multiplex. In addition to the movie (which will not likely be in English or have subtitles), you can also munch on yummy samosas that are sold in the lobby.

Two temples to Indian cuisine sit side by side on 74th Street—**Jackson Diner** (at 37-47; 718-672-1232) and **Delhi Palace** (at 37-33; 718-507-0666). Jackson Diner has long been the Indian Restaurant You Always Plan on Going to but Never Find the Time. Find it. While the menu will be familiar to any fan of Indian food, the individual flavors will astonish you with their freshness and complexity, from the succulent kheema matar (lamb mince and peas cooked, according to the menu, "in a special way"), to the vibrantly spiced fish tikka with yellow chili peppers. Delhi Palace also has its Jackson Heights devotees; the tandoori shrimp here is a neighborhood favorite, and the chicken jalfrazi is the best you'll find this side of the subcontinent. Delhi Palace also has the added bonus of an adjoining sweets shop where you can procure the mandatory after-dinner treats: delicious gulaab jamun (fried cheese balls soaked in a honey syrup) as well as, a bit unexpectedly, preternaturally creamy fudge (which is called kalakand).

If you want to take some of Jackson Heights home with you, pay a visit to **Patel Brothers** (37-27 74th Street; 718-898-3445), ground zero for all Indian-food supplies. Particularly worthy of your attention is the dizzying selection of spices, which occupy two full walls of the grocery store. Between that and the 40-pound bags of basmati rice, the health and beauty section that has Indian soaps, henna treatments, and (it's still around?) snuff, a person could go positively vindalooney. ▬

theater

Adobe erupts...Blue Light's *Pitchfork Disney*

Broadway

Previews and Openings

Amy's View—Yet another drama from the roomy imagination of David Hare, who this time enlists Judi Dench to play his leading lady—a fading West End diva whose daughter marries someone less than ideal. $35–$65. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Previews begin 4/3 for a 4/15 opening. *Barrymore Theatre, 243 W. 47th St. (239-6200).*

The Civil War—With this musical, Frank Wildhorn—a man who has made a career out of pleasing crowds and underwhelming critics—becomes the first composer in twenty years to have three shows running simultaneously on Broadway. (His other two are *The Scarlet Pimpernel* and *Jekyll & Hyde.*) He wrote the book with Gregory Boyd and Jack Murphy; Jerry Zaks, an old pro, did the staging. $20–$75. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 2 and 7:30. In previews for a 4/22 opening. *St. James Theater, 246 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

The Gershwins' Fascinating Rhythm—The last hope for a decent musical revue this season. It's plot-free, sexed-up, and as svelte as its dancers—who could ask for anything more? $35–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Previews begin 4/2 for a 4/25 /opening. *Longacre Theater, 220 W. 48th St. (239-6200).*

Marlene—A bio-musical about Dietrich, who practically calls out for one—"Beware the *amazing* blonde women!" as she used to howl. Pam Gems, author of *Stanley* and *Piaf*, wrote it; Siân Phillips stars. $15–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Previews begin 3/30 for a 4/11 opening. *Cort Theatre, 138 W. 48th St. (239-6200).*

Ring Round the Moon—Jean Anouilh's 1950 comedy (or "charade with music," as he called it) about two identical twins who woo the same beautiful woman. A cast of stalwarts, including Irene Worth, Toby Stephens, and Frances Conroy, star; Gerald Gutierrez directs. $25–$55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun at 3. Previews begin 4/1 for a 4/28 opening. *Belasco Theatre, 111 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

The Weir—A brew of ghost stories and ale from Ireland's baby-blue eminence Conor McPherson, who turned 27 this year. $60. Tues.–Sat at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. In previews for a 4/1 opening. *Walter Kerr Theatre, 219 W. 48th St. (239-6200).*

Now Playing

Annie Get Your Gun—Bernadette Peters plays the sharp-tongued, sharpshootin' gal from Cincinnati who eclipses her lover, Frank Butler (played by Tom Wopat), in Buffalo Bill's traveling Wild West Show. Irving Berlin did the lyrics and score; Peter Stone updated the book. $35–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Marquis Theatre, 1535 Broadway, bet. 45th and 46th Sts. (307-4100).*

Art—I sympathize with this play by Yasmina Reza. The plot is simple. Serge spends 200,000 francs on a five-by-four painting by the renowned Antrios that is all white except for some diagonal scratches. His friend Marc considers this Antrios shit, and Serge's purchase of it an insult to their friendship. He tries to enlist the third of our musketeers, Yvan, to side with him. But confronted with Serge and the painting, Yvan does what he does best: He wavers. Reza's cunning dialogue has been fluently Englished by Christopher Hampton. (Simon: 3/16/98 and 10/5/98.) Now with Judd Hirsch, Joe Morton, and George Wendt. $45–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 3/1/98. *Royale Theatre, 242 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Beauty and the Beast—A musical based on a movie based on a fairy tale. Andrea McArdle plays the girl; James Barbour plays the (hairy) boy. With Tony-award-winning costumes by Ann Hould-Ward; lyrics by Tim Rice and Howard Ashman; music by Alan Menken. $22.50–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6:30. Opened: 4/18/94. *Palace Theatre, 1564 Broadway, at 47th St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Cabaret—The Roundabout is to be roundly applauded for re-creating Sam Mendes's 1993 London production, even if with some diminishment. Aided by Rob Marshall as co-director and choreographer, Mendes confirms his directorial reputation with the nightclub scenes. Joe Masteroff's refurbished book emphasizes the squalor of 1930 Berlin nightlife and the bisexuality of Clifford, the writer hero. The supporting cast delivers staunchly. Shortcomings notwithstanding, this revival has enough to satisfy all but the most fastidious. (Simon: 3/30/98.) Starring Alan Cumming. $25–$85. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. Opened 3/19/98. *Studio 54, 254 W. 54th St. (239-6200).*

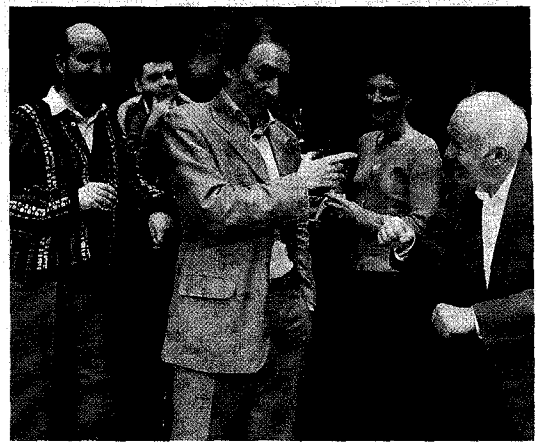
Cats—Now and for the foreseeable future. By Andrew Lloyd Webber, of course, with an assist from T. S. Eliot. $40–$75. Mon. and Tues. at 8, Wed. at 2 and 8, Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. Opened: 10/7/82. *Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Broadway, at 50th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Chicago—It was a gamble to transfer the Encores! production of this musical to Broadway, but since it's about women who kill their men and the mercenary lawyer who gets them off, gambling seems like the merest peccadillo. Minimalism prevails in this production. All is concise, calibrated, calculated, but nothing is stinted on. Bebe Neuwirth does a scissors kick or two with sprightly kittenishness and superhuman timing. But Karen Ziemba, a lovely dancer and likable singer, radiates innocent chirpiness that is all wrong for Roxie. (Simon: 11/30/98.) $20–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 11/14/96. *Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

Closer—See Simon, page 72. A glamorous cast (including Natasha Richardson and Rupert Graves)

Opening Kid Fears

Conor McPherson, the latest baby-blue eminence with a Broadway play (he turned 27 last July), would like to point out that he, too, struggles as a dramatist. In fact, when he completed *The Weir*, opening this Thursday at the Walter Kerr Theatre, he was already *eight years into his career*—it just happened that he was 25 at the time. "The disadvantage of being young," he frets, "is that people don't think you work. They think you're born with it, and that you wake up one morning and the play's there." *The Weir*, a modest drama about five pub dwellers who use an elixir of ghost stories and alcohol to help bare their souls, had a long, favorably reviewed run at London's Royal Court Theatre last year and won a pair of Olivier awards, including Best New Play. "I haven't met anybody who didn't like it," shrugs McPherson. Then he reconsiders: The critics in his native Dublin didn't care for it much. But that's understandable. "They're bad at their jobs," he explains. "And they have columns." McPherson's youthful . . . confidence is tempered, however, by more endearing qualities. He's honest, for one thing—he thoughtfully considered his weaknesses as a playwright, something his peer, *Closer* author Patrick Marber, refused to do in an interview a few weeks before. "I think sometimes, when I see the lines in the cold light of day, they seem too sentimental," he says. "They're too cloying." So he scrubs them out. "That probably has to do with an impatience to get to the heart of the things very fast," he adds. "Rather than going through this long thing, I'll just have someone walk along onstage and say, 'I'm really upset.' " McPherson also has a delightful prankish streak—which, come to think of it, is also rather tempting to chalk off to his youth. One of the first nights in the Royal Court, he dared one of the actors, Brendan Coyle, "to scratch his arse—to really, really put his fingers up there—during the performance." The actor obliged. McPherson was thrilled. "He was just saying hiya." **JENNIFER SENIOR**



explores fashionable interrelated topics (love, deceit, and sexual jealousy) in this Olivier-award-winning play by Patrick Marber. $15–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. *Music Box Theatre, 239 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Death of a Salesman—This *Salesman* is a hard but efficacious sell. "I sell, therefore I am" is the neo-Cartesian maxim Willy is meant to embody and explicate. Rightly, Arthur Miller embeds this value system in a business, social, and family context, but the interaction of the elements is achieved more by contrivance than by a sense of the inevitable. Yet most of the acting is splendid. Brian Dennehy is a man truly at the end of his tether, letting us in on every step of his decline. Elizabeth Franz settles into a quietly and thoroughly moving Linda. Kevin Anderson welds Biff's duality as unmoored drifter and canny *raisonneur* into a heartrending amalgam. (Simon: 2/22/99.) $45–$65. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Eugene O'Neill Theatre, 230 W. 49th St. (239-6200).*

Footloose—Kevin Bacon, sadly, is not a part of this maxi-musical adaptation of the 1984 movie, but the lead does have his haircut. Kenny Loggins, Tom Snow, et al. did the lyrics; Dean Pitchford and director Walter Bobbie did the book. $20–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened 10/22/98. *Richard Rodgers Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. (307-4100).*

Fosse—A tribute to the late choreographer-director, whose swivelin'-hips-and-bowler-hat aesthetic came roaring back with the revival of *Chicago*. $55–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Broadhurst Theatre, 235 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

Jekyll & Hyde—Man turns into beastly man, all in the name of science. Book and lyrics by Leslie Bricusse, music by Frank Wildhorn. $45–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 4/28/97. *Plymouth Theatre, 236 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Les Misérables—The implacable Inspector Javert hounding the innocent ex-convict Jean Valjean; the pathetic Fantine, wronged by the entire world, dying as she entrusts her daughter, Cosette, to the now-prosperous Mayor Valjean; the dastardly Thénardiers bringing up Cosette as a scullion while cosseting their own daughter, Eponine—what a story! Just synopsizing the plot brings tears to the iciest eyes. (Simon: 3/31/97.) $15–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 3/12/87. *Imperial Theater, 249 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 3 hrs. 15 mins.*

The Lion in Winter—One of the iffy things a play can do is try too hard. That is precisely what James Goldman's 1966 play does. Dialogue should be witty; so every line is, or tries to be, an epigram. On the other hand, many of the lines really are funny. As for the plot, it is ingenious and complex. We get the continuous machinations of England's Henry II; his queen and adversary, Eleanor of Aquitaine; and their three sons, each of whom covets the crown. Laurence Fishburne's Henry is good enough to erase memories of Peter O'Toole in the movie version but not good enough to efface Robert Preston in the play's premiere. (Could anyone?) Stockard Channing is sassily sparkly as Eleanor, but I recall Rosemary Harris's achieving as much with greater ease. The others are problematic. (Simon: 3/22/99.) $60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. *Roundabout's Stage Right, 1530 Broadway, at 45th St. (719-1300).*

The Lion King—This spectacle rightfully earns that most abused of epithets: *magical*. Kiddies will delightedly swallow it whole, unless they are tiny and flappable. But this is the one such show adults will feast on, too, mostly because of the wonders wrought by Julie Taymor, who designed and directed this cornucopia of dazzlements. Puppetry from East and West is put to superlative use, yet the actors, singers, and dancers are accorded enough humanity to ply their anthropomorphic skills. And Taymor has found ways to transmute the strictly cartoonish bravura of the big-screen Lion King onto a stage so that nothing is lost in translation. (Simon: 12/1/97). $20–$80. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6:30. Opened 11/13/97. *New Amsterdam Theater, 214 W. 42nd St. (307-4747).*

Miss Saigon—This reworking of Puccini's *Madama Butterfly*, set in Vietnam during the fall of Saigon, is now one of Broadway's ten longest-running musicals. Music by Claude-Michel Schonberg; lyrics by Alain Boublil and Richard Maltby Jr.; directed by Nicholas Hytner. $15–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/11/91. *Broadway Theater, 1681 Broadway, at 53rd St. (239-6200).*

Night Must Fall—Another Broadway revival of an old spine-tingler, this time with Matthew Broderick as the charming sociopath. Judy Parfitt plays the elderly English woman who employs him, J. Smith-Cameron plays her niece, and John Tillinger directs. $25–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Lyceum Theatre, 149 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Not About Nightingales—It is not often that a lost early work of a playwright is exhumed smelling like roses rather than of corpse. That, however, is the case of this remarkable fourth play by Tennessee Williams. The play shuttles between the prison block—where a number of diverse prisoners roister, quarrel, and struggle to survive under the draconian regime of a psychopathic prison warden, Boss Whalen—and the warden's office and waiting room. What he wrote here lends itself splendidly to both small and thunderously big performances—none bigger than Corin Redgrave's grotesque yet scary Boss Whalen. *Stupendous* is the word for Trevor Nunn's direction, the kind you see only a few times in a life of theatergoing. Even if you shun so-called depressing plays, you'd better catch this one, unless you want regrets for the rest of your days. (Simon: 3/15/99.) $65. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Circle-in-the-Square Theatre, 1633 Broadway, at 50th St. (239-6200).*

The Phantom of the Opera—Ten leads, eleven years, and roughly 7 million theatergoers later, Andrew Lloyd Webber's blockbuster continues to pack them in. $15–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 1/26/88. *Majestic Theater, 247 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Ragtime—A musical based on E. L. Doctorow's historical novel, with a book by Terrence McNally and music by the composer-lyricist team of Stephen Flaherty and Lynn Ahrens. The epic, neatly trimmed and tidied for the stage, braids the fates of three fictitious families—one black, one Jewish, one Wasp—and an assortment of historical characters. $31–$125. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 1/18/97. *Ford Center for the Performing Arts, 213 W. 42nd St. (307-4100).*

Rent—The late Jonathan Larson's reimagining of Puccini's *La Bohème* as it might be lived by a gaggle of contemporary sick and hip types living in the East Village. $35–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. *Nederlander Theater, 208 W. 41st St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

The Scarlet Pimpernel—The show about romance, honor, the French Revolution, and, most important, fabric. Pop composer Frank Wildhorn did the score. Nan Knighton has recently revised her book, adapted from Baroness Orczy's novel for the stage. Douglas Sills stars. $20–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 11/9/97. *Minskoff Theatre, 200 W. 45th St. (307-4100).*

Side Man—*A must*. This enjoyable play by Warren Leight is about sidemen, yesteryear's second-tier jazz musicians who hired out as supplementary players to various bands, and about their women. It is narrated by Clifford, the son of Gene, a trumpet player, and Terry, a sweet thing turned bitter. As the play moves from 1985 to 1953 and back, we hear about his parents' courtship, his birth, and the parents' growing estrangement as he grows up. We

Ground Rules:

Except where noted, Broadway shows begin at 8 and are dark Monday. Wallet-watchers should keep in mind the TKTS booths, where discount tickets are available (for that day's performance only) to many Broadway and Off Broadway shows. TKTS booths are at Broadway and 47th St. and 2 World Trade Center, mezzanine level; call 212-768-1818 for more info. Involved in a production and want to submit details for a possible listing? Call 212-508-0740.

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also get glimpses of the lives of Gene's fellow sidemen. As things move near-imperceptibly from comedy to drama, we relish the jive, the jokes, the frustrations enacted by seven actors in a production neatly tied together by Michael Mayer's apt direction. (Simon: 3/23/98.) $25–$60. Tues. at 8, Wed. at 2 and 8, Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, and Sun. at 3. *Golden Theatre, 252 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Smokey Joe's Cafe: The Songs of Leiber and Stoller—They say the neon lights are bright on Broadway, and when this show—drawn from the songbook Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller wrote to accompany the American baby-boomer childhood experience—breezes into New York City, people gonna scrape and bow. A tip, tip, tip, young blood: Buy yourself a ticket, sit down in the very first row. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. $65–$75. *At the Virginia Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. (239-6200)?* Uh-huh. *2 hrs. 10 mins.*

The Sound of Music—Returns to Broadway for the first time since its 1959 premiere. Hum along; bring the kids. Rebecca Luker, who played a memorable Magnolia in *Show Boat,* plays the nun turned governess, and Richard Chamberlain plays the widower captain. $30–$75. Tues. at 8, Thurs. at 7, Fri. and Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7; Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. Opened 3/12/98. *Martin Beck Theatre, 302 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Via Dolorosa—Does a playwright's holding forth in person for 90 minutes about journeying to Israel and the Gaza Strip sound like good theater? No? Guess again; you'll be riveted by this new drama. David Hare can observe, write, think (already rare enough in a dramatist), and also *act.* I could quote forever from a play—and it is a play, not a lecture—whose every other line is quotable. But you must hear it from Hare, in what he calls a monologue "ideally to be performed by its author." And ideally performed it is: with great but controlled flourishes, sparing but effective scenery, searching light effects, and subtle direction. (Simon: 3/29/99.) $35–$55. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. *Booth Theatre, 222 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

You're a Good Man, Charlie Brown—This revival is a curious hybrid, half delightful, half letdown. Clearly, if an adult cast of six is to animate a half-dozen popular cartoon figures, they have to be expert performers as well as something even more important: able to dig up the buried child (or dog) in themselves. Three cast members can; three fail. Clark Gesner's music and lyrics never rise above the functional, but at least they are that. The book is better, thanks to the original "Peanuts" vendor, Charles Schulz. Michael Mayer's direction tirelessly whips these ex-drawings into exciting life. Kristin Chenoweth, as Sally Brown, is something you won't often encounter: perfection. (Simon: 2/15/99.) $15–$75. Thurs. at 2 and 7:30, Fri. at 7:30, Sat. at 11, 3:30, and 8, and Sun. at 1:30 and 6. *Ambassador Theatre, 219 W. 49th St. (239-6200).*

Off Broadway

Previews and Openings

Dream True—A new musical tracing a 50-year friendship between two men. Tina Landau (*Floyd Collins*) wrote it and directs; Ricky Ian Gordon did the music; Judy Kuhn, Jeff McCarthy, and Daniel Jenkins star. $45. Mon.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8. In previews for a 4/14 opening. *Vineyard Theatre, 108 E. 15th St. (353-3874).*

The Exact Center of the Universe—Twice-Tony'd Frances Sternhagen plays an overbearing Southern doyenne in a new comedy by Joan Vail Thorne. Her son rebels against her, she takes action, and gossip saturates her small town like a biscuit dipped in gravy. John Tillinger directs. $37.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3. Previews begin 3/30 for a 4/7 opening. *Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. (354-4660).*

Exactly Like You—A new courtroom musical from Cy Coleman, mixing up four couples, their in-laws, their lawyers, the jurors, everyone. The York Theatre Company presents; Patricia Birch directs and choreographs. $35–$40. Wed. at 2:30 and 8, Thurs. and Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2:30 and 8, Sun. at 2:30 and 7:30. Previews begin 3/31 for a 4/14 opening. *Theatre at Saint Peter's Church at Citicorp Center, 619 Lexington Ave., at 54th St. (935-5820).*

Lake Hollywood—To cap off its John Guare season, Signature presents a brand-new play from the peripatetic playwright, who finished the piece—it follows a couple through World War II, marriage, and old age—just a few months ago. $37.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. Previews begin 3/30 for a 4/13 opening. *Signature Theatre Company, 555 W. 42nd St. (244-PLAY).*

The Pitchfork Disney—A Philip Ridley comedy about a pair of 28-year-old twins whose cloistered life of pill-popping is interrupted by a pair of bizarre cabaret entertainers. Presented by Blue Light Theater Company. $27.50–$30. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 4/1 opening. *HERE, 145 Sixth Ave., at Dominick St. (279-4200).*

A Simple Heart—A dance-theater production of Flaubert's story about a servant, her work, and her parrot. $20–$25. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3. Previews begin 3/30 for a 4/8 opening. *Classic Stage Company, 136 E. 13th St. (677-4210).*

That Championship Season—A revival of Jason Miller's Pulitzer-winning drama about four high school teammates who reunite after twenty years. With a cast of stage and film stalwarts, including Dylan Baker, who recently starred in *Happiness.* $45. Tues. and Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2 and 7, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 4/14 opening. *Second Stage, 307 W. 43rd St. (246-4422).*

Tongue of a Bird—Ellen McLaughlin joins *Angels in America* alum David Marshall Grant with a play of her own. Cherry Jones, radiant as a gemstone, is a search-and-rescue pilot charged with finding a little girl in the Adirondacks; Lisa Peterson directs. $40. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 2 and 7. In previews for a 4/4 opening. Through 4/18. *The Public Theater, 425 Lafayette St. (239-6200).*

Now Playing

Ashes to Ashes—David Strathairn stars in this 1996 Harold Pinter play about a marriage in crisis. $24–$48. Tues.–Sat. at 7:30; Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2:30. Through 5/9. *Gramercy Theatre, 127 E. 23rd St. (777-4900).*

Beautiful Thing—Jonathan Harvey's 1993 play (and later, acclaimed film) about two working-class teenage boys who fall in love. $45–$47.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. (239-6200).*

Betty's Summer Vacation—A new comedy by Christopher Durang about a summer sojourn gone horrendously awry. Nicholas Martin directs. $37.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Through 4/11. *Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).*

Bitter Lemon—Jamie Salom's play about a man caught on the horns of an age-old dilemma: should he stay with his wife and child? Or abandon them both for true love? The Puerto Rican Traveling Theatre performs. $20. In English: Wed., Thurs., and Fri. at 8. In Spanish: Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 2 and 6:30. *Puerto Rican Traveling Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. (354-1293).*

Blue Man Group: Tubes—Smart silliness, with toilet paper, neon-colored paint, cereal, etc. Appropriate for just about everyone—kids, adults, foreigners, haters and lovers of performance art. $39–$49. Tues., Wed., Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 4 and 7. Opened: 11/17/91. *Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. (254-4370).*

Captains Courageous, The Musical—As the title says, the musical version of the Rudyard Kipling novel about the spoiled son of a wealthy industrialist who falls into the hands of a kindly commercial fisherman. Treat Williams and Brandon Espinoza star; Frederick Freyer did the music; Patrick Cook did the book and lyrics. $50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 4. Through 4/4. *Manhattan Theatre Club, 131 W. 55th St. (581-1212).*

A Couple of Blaguards—Tired yet of the brothers McCourt? Good! We thought not. Come see Frank and Malachy's stage version of their growing-up story, performed by Mickey Kelly and Malachy himself. $40–$42.50. Mon., Tues., Thurs., and Fri. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Triad Theatre, 158 W. 72nd St. (799-4599).*

De la Guarda—A show that's part carnival, part rock concert, and almost entirely airborne. Dress in tatters; bring aspirin. $37.50–$45. Tues.–Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 7. *Daryl Roth Theatre, 20 Union Square East, at 15th St. (239-6200).*

Ennio—Known as "Origami Man" abroad, this Ital-

Opening
Ready to Rumble

The unfortunates of Boscoreale would like to know: Why is it that whenever tragedy strikes, the people of Pompeii get all the publicity? Adobe Theatre Company tries to answer this and other difficult questions in *Meanwhile, on the Other Side of Mount Vesuvius,* a comedy about religion, lava, and gross historical negligence. Opens April 1 at the Ohio Theatre; call 279-4200 for tickets ($10).

ian performance artist is a living cartoon, bringing to life such pop figures as Cher, Madonna, and Marge Simpson through his paper creations. $35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 9:30, Sun. at 3. Through 4/4. *McGinn/Cazale Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (239-6200).*

Everybody's Ruby—Phylicia Rashad plays Zora Neale Hurston in this new Thulani Davis play about Ruby McCollum, a married black woman who shot the most prominent white doctor in Live Oak, Florida. $40. Tues., Wed., and Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 2 and 7. *Public Theater, 425 Lafayette St. (239-6200).*

Fantasticks—The musical perennial that, happily, refuses to go away. $36.50–$39. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 7, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened: 5/3/60. *Sullivan St. Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St. (674-3838).*

Far East—A new play from A. R. Gurney about a young American Navy lieutenant who finds himself caught between the wife of his commanding officer and the woman he loves. Starring Michael Hayden. $50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 6/6. *Lincoln Center's Mitzi E. Newhouse Theater, 150 W. 65th St. (239-6200).*

Forbidden Broadway Cleans Up!—Gerard Alessandrini's newest update of his long-running musical spoof poking fun at the assorted absurdities of the Great White Way. $45–$47.50. Mon. and Wed.–Fri. at 8:15, Sat. at 2:30 and 8:15, Sun. at 3:30 and 7:30. Food and drink available, optional. *Stardust Theatre, Broadway at 51st St. (239-6200).*

Hedwig and the Angry Inch—A German transsexual achieves self-actualization, not to mention tabloid fame, through songwriting in this brave, bizarre rock musical by John Cameron Mitchell. Michael Cerveris stars; Stephen Trask did the music and lyrics. $20–$49.50. Mon., Wed., and Thurs. at 8, Fri. at 8 and 11, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 7. Opened 2/14/98. *Jane Street Theatre at the Hotel Riverview Ballroom, 113 Jane St. (239-6200).*

I Love You, You're Perfect, Now Change—A contemporary musical about an amusingly quaint subject: heterosexual love. $47.50–$50. Mon. and Tues. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (239-6200).*

James Naughton: Street of Dreams—It's two hours of crooning from the two-time Tony marvy James Naughton. $50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. Through 4/11. *Promenade Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (239-6200).*

Killer Joe—Tracy Letts's new (and first) play about a dysfunctional family in a Texas trailer park. $47.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 5, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30. *Soho Playhouse, 15 Vandam St. (239-6200).*

Late Nite Catechism—Maripat Donovan as a parochial-school teaching nun backed by a magisterium of unassailable moral authority and some mean wrist action with a ruler. $35. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 5. *St. Luke's Church Annex, 308 W. 46th St. (239-6200).*

Macbeth—Bill Camp sees the dagger before him; Elizabeth Marvel, a whiz at playing tough broads, tries to out that damned spot. Presented by Theatre for a New Audience. $10–$40. Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. Through 4/4. *American Place Theatre, 111 W. 46th St. (239-6200).*

The Mineola Twins—This is neither top- nor bottom-drawer Paula Vogel. It is the story of how the twins Myrna (conventional, bourgeois, reactionary) and Myra (rebellious, promiscuous, radical) fared through the Eisenhower, Nixon, and Bush eras. Vogel writes farce here, and the jokes come thick and fast. Many of the gags are recycled, but some manage to squeeze fresh laughs out of old fallacies. What helps the play enormously is the letter-perfect production. And then there's the acting. As the twins, Swoosie Kurtz lets her exemplary facial play, timing, inflection, and body language perform double miracles in antipodal roles. (Simon: 3/1/99.) $55. Tues.–Sat. at 7:30, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2:30. *Roundabout Theatre Company, 1530 Broadway, at 45th St. (719-9300).*

The Most Fabulous Story Ever Told—The newest play by Paul Rudnick, wicked author of *Addams Family Values, In & Out,* and various bits of acclaimed gay fantasia. In the author's words: "It's a comedy about God, if that's not redundant." $35–$47.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane. (420-8000).*

The Mystery of Irma Vep—The late Charles Ludlam's penny-dreadful vehicle for himself, Everett Quinton, and a glistening mound of wigs. It was a loopy sensation in 1984; Quinton returns for this repeat engagement with Stephen DeRosa. $47.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Westside Theater, 407 W. 43nd St. (239-6200).*

Over the River and Through the Woods—A new comedy from Joe DiPietro about the efforts of four Italian-American grandparents to change the life of their grandson. $45. Mon., Tues. , Fri., and Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *John Houseman Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

Paradise Hotel—The latest from Richard Foreman, this time about a group of sexual adventurers who converge in their quest for Nirvana and fine lodging. $15. Tues. and Thurs.–Sun. at 8. *Ontological Theatre at St. Mark's Church, 131 E. 10th St. (533-4650).*

Perfect Crime—Warren Manzi's long-running thriller about a wealthy psychiatrist accused of murdering her husband, and the small-town detective who tries to prove she committed the "perfect crime." $35. Mon. and Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/5/87. *Duffy Theatre, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. (695-3401).*

Red—Chay Yew's new play about a best-selling American author who returns to China to do research for her new book. $36. Tues.–Fri. at 7:30, Sat. at 3 and 7:30, Sun. at 3. *Manhattan Theatre Club, 131 W. 55th St. (581-1212).*

The Seagull—Pearl Theatre Company takes a crack at Chekhov's classic. $20–$33. Tues. and Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. *Pearl Theatre Company, 80 St. Marks Pl. (598-9802).*

Secrets Every Smart Traveler Should Know—There is a decent amount of merriment to be had from this revue. Inspired—or incited—by a homonymous travel guide, this show by a number of hands pokes fun at every aspect of travel, from the hopeless phone calls for airline reservations to the joys of sandy Uzbekistan. Even the Ca*th*tilian *lithp geth* a tuneful *th*ong tribute. (Simon: 12/15/97.) $20–$47.50; optional dinner one hour before curtain. Mon., Wed., Thurs., and Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2:30 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened 10/30/97. *Ibis Theatre, 321 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

Snakebit—This is a small, well-made play—meat and potatoes for our theater, gone much too airy-fairy nouvelle cuisine. In a Hollywood home he is forced to vacate (he has been dumped by his boyfriend), a young social worker hosts visitors from New York: an ambitious actor friend up for a fat movie role and his forlorn wife, an ex-actress who is the last woman our hero ever bedded. The actor-author, David Marshall Grant, says smart things about East Coast and West Coast, theaters and movies, homos and heteros, men and women. (Simon: 3/22/99.) $17.50–$47.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Century Center, 111 E. 15th St. (239-6200).*

Stomp—As the title implies, a loud, aggressive, and energetic show in which a troupe of performers dances, claps, and generally bangs on everything in sight. Featuring buckets, brooms, trash-can lids, and, yes, the kitchen sink. $24.50–$49.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10:30, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 2/27/94. *Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., bet. 7th and 8th Sts. (477-2477).*

This Is Our Youth—Kenneth Lonergan's play is one that young people will adore and their elders embrace. It concerns smooth Dennis, a school dropout and drug dealer; his friend the dopey and klutzy Warren Straub, who shows up with a suitcase full of his prized possessions plus fifteen grand he swiped from his remarried old man; and Jessica Goldman, a stylish and mildly promiscuous design student. A world is conjured up—a world observed and overheard with spine-tingling accuracy. Mark Ruffalo is the perfect Warren. Missy Yager is a gem of a Jessica. Mark Brokaw's direction remains exemplary. (Simon: 11/16/98.) $40. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Douglas Fairbanks Theatre, 432 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

Thwak—The latest bit of slapstick buffoonery from the Umbilical Brothers, a well-matched but unrelated pair of kinetic Australians. $25–$30. Tues.–Sat. at 8. Through 4/10. *Westbeth Theatre*

Photograph by Dixie Sheridan.

Previews

A Wing and a Prayer

As the Academy Awards so awkwardly proved, some subjects, particularly World War II, do not lend themselves to interpretative dance. But the raw material of 'A Simple Heart'—a servant girl's devotion to her work, her family, and, above all, her parrot—seems much more appropriate, and an early production of the Flaubert story was well received at the Dance Theater Workshop in 1997. Previews this time begin March 30 at the Classic Stage Company.

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Opening Freaks

Parts of *The Pitchfork Disney* are destined to make the audience wriggle in discomfort—much as the protagonist's pet snake must have done, when he simmered it in a frying pan—but that's largely the point of Philip Ridley's 1991 play, a gross-out for grown-ups about pill-popping fraternal twins whose cloistered life is suddenly disrupted by a pair of bizarre vaudevillians. The Blue Light Theater Company presents; opens April 1 at HERE.

Center, 151 Bank St. (307-4100).

Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding—A wedding at *St. Luke's Church, 308 W. 46th St.*, then a reception at *Vinnie Black's Vegas Room, Hotel Edison, 221 W. 46th St.*, with Italian buffet, champagne, and wedding cake. Wonderfully tacky—and it's lasted longer than a lot of real marriages. $65–$75. Thurs.–Sat. at 7, Sun. at 2. Opened: 2/6/88. *(239-6200).*

Turn of the Screw—Jeffrey Hatcher's adaptation of the Henry James mystery at Bly Manor. Starring Enid Graham. $30–$35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. Through 4/11. *Primary Stages, 354 W. 45th St. (333-4052).*

2.5 Minute Ride—Lisa Kron, one fifth of the Obie-winning Five Lesbian Brothers, breaks away in her one-woman show, which juxtaposes a trip to Auschwitz with her family's annual pilgrimage to an Ohio amusement park. Mark Brokaw directs. $25. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 2 and 7. *Public Theater, 425 Lafayette St. (239-6200).*

Wit—Can a play be made out of the last hours of a professor of literature dying of ovarian cancer? A play that hinges on a close reading of Donne's *Holy Sonnets*? That, without slighting its seriousness, sees the comedy in dying? No? Think again: Margaret Edson, with her firstling effort, has managed it, and more. It is a dazzling and humane play you will remember till your dying day, and especially then, thanks also to a near-flawless production. First, Kathleen Chalfant, a Vivian Bearing of power and vulnerability, commanding intelligence and compelling irony. Add a supporting cast in which all shine. For this play alone, Edson should be handed the Harvard English department. (Simon: 9/28/98.) $35–$49.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 3. *Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. (307-4100).*

Davis *continued from page 76*

nice aesthetic distinction has shaped Adams's score may one day become the subject of a Ph.D. dissertation. Until then, the naïve will enjoy this eventful journey as a purely musical experience, one that begins by tracing the adventures of an extraordinary long-lined melody, continues with a moving meditation on the death of innocence, and winds up in a typically Adamsian explosion of rhythmic energy. In a virtuoso performance, Salonen and his orchestra allowed the sentimental to savor fully the score's eloquent rhetoric, instrumental brilliance, and fastidious working-out of every absorbing detail.

THE METROPOLITAN OPERA'S REVIVAL OF Tchaikovsky's **The Queen of Spades** is an anomaly, the sort of international all-star affair that only the Met can seem to assemble these days. Once again Plácido Domingo stretches himself by adding Ghermann to his huge repertory, singing the words (with the aid of a very loud prompter) in what I am told is more than acceptable Russian. On the whole, he is firmly in control of a physically demanding role that lies mostly in his voice's still-vibrant middle register, and he at least suggests the character's brooding, self-destructive nature. Old-timers who treasured the silvery soprano and dramatic intelligence of Elisabeth Söderström as she progressed from Marguerite through Mélisande to the Marschallin will seize the chance to bask again in her incomparable art. The old Countess is a small part as title roles go, but Söderström gives a subtle portrayal of this central figure in Ghermann's road to ruin, a more ethereal wraith than the demonic creature conjured up by the late Leonie Rysanek, but no less terrifying.

The rest of the cast sings Tchaikovsky as a birthright, and few disappoint: Dmitri Hvorostovsky (Yeletsky), Olga Borodina (Pauline), Vassily Gerello (Tomsky), and Olga Trifonova (Chloë)—luxury casting down the line, with the exception of Galina Gorchakova, whose blowsy vocalization of the hapless Lisa is a trial. Directed by Elijah Moshinsky with sets and costumes by Mark Thompson, the production not only wears well but even seems improved, with many inconsistencies corrected and the opera's eerily surreal nature more sharply defined. Valery Gergiev clearly has the opera in his blood, even if the Met orchestra hardly gives him its best. *The Queen of Spades* has waited a century to be certified a masterpiece of late-Romantic opera, and the current Met revival is good enough to make one wonder why it took so long. ▬

Peter G. Davis's 1997–99 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com.**

Photograph by William S. Doboe.

art

Dave Hickey...William Henry Fox Talbot

Galleries

Solos

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Richard Ford and Jane Kent—An exhibition of aquatint etchings by Kent overlaid with text by Ford, from the new limited-edition book *Privacy,* Ford's tale of urban voyeurism; through 4/17. Hirschl & Adler Modern, 21 E. 70th St. (535-8810).

J. M. W. Turner/Josef Sudek—Paintings, watercolors, and oil sketches made by the artist during the later part of his career, including works on loan from the Tate Gallery and other institutions/A selection of the Czech photographer's works from the twenties and thirties, including images of landscapes taken along the Elbe River, figures in the parks of Prague, and interiors of St. Vitus Cathedral; 4/2–6/5. Salander-O'Reilly, 20 E. 79th St. (879-6606).

Erik van der Grijn/Nancy Steinson—Recent abstract paintings/Painted bronze sculptures. Through 4/24. Shapolsky, 152 E. 65th St. (452-1094).

57th Street Area

William Bailey/Todd Eberle and Robert Polidori—Recent paintings of fictitious scenes or settings in the artist's studio/Photographs of Brasilia by both. Through 4/24. Miller, 41 E. 57th St. (980-5454).

Sue Coe—A new series of narrative mixed-media paintings by the political artist, titled "The Pit: The Tragical Tale of the Rise and Fall of a Vivisector"; through 6/5. St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St. (245-6734).

Barbara Kassel—Paintings of imaginary rooms lit by an open window or door, and painted bottles whose narratives unfold as the bottles are turned; through 4/24. Davidson, 41 E. 57th St. (759-7555).

Robert Mangold—New paintings and mixed-media studies on paper; through 4/17. PaceWildenstein, 32 E. 57th St. (421-3292).

Michael Mazur—New paintings of abstracted landscapes; through 5/15. Ryan, 24 W. 57th St. (397-0669).

Ray Parker—Abstract works on paper from 1960; 4/1–5/15. Washburn, 20 W. 57th St. (397-6780).

Curtis Phillips/Kathy Moss—Paintings of mysterious landscapes/Paintings that depict repeated botanical images. Through 4/24. O'Hara, 41 E. 57th St. (355-3330).

Charles Seliger/Morris Graves—Recent abstract paintings by the artist who had his first exhibition at Peggy Guggenheim's gallery, Art of This Century, when he was 19/Works on paper depicting images from nature. Through 5/1. Rosenfeld, 24 W. 57th St. (247-0082).

Neil Welliver—Recent paintings of Maine landscapes; through 4/24. De Nagy, 724 Fifth Ave. (262-5050).

Jane Wilson—Recent paintings of non-site-specific landscapes in which skies are anchored by low horizontal planes of land and ocean; through 5/1. DC Moore, 724 Fifth Ave. (247-2111).

SoHo and TriBeCa

Marina Abramovic and Ana Mendieta—A two-gallery show of works by two artists known for their use of primal elements, the human body, and ritual. At Kelly, 43 Mercer St. (343-2405), through 4/24, and Lelong, 20 W. 57th St. (315-0470).

Harry Bartnick/Charles Stiven—Paintings of aerial landscape views/Charcoal and conte drawings that depict a single boat in an empty landscape. Through 4/17. Bridgewater/Lustberg, 560 Broadway (941-6355).

Barbara Bloom—*The French Diplomat's Office,* an installation of the artist's three-dimensional interpretation of a watercolor that appears to depict an interior decorator's rendering of an office; through 4/24. Blum, 99 Wooster St. (343-0441).

Bonnie Collura—"Liberty," the first installment of the artist's trilogy "Inalienable: Liberty, Life, the Pursuit of Happiness," in which drawings and sculpture depict nature as moral barometer of good and evil; through 4/24. Basilico, 26 Wooster St. (966-1831).

Carolyn Brady—New watercolors of interiors looking out onto light-filled landscapes, many of them inspired by the artist's travels to Lake Geneva; through 4/24. Hoffman, 429 W. Broadway (966-6676)

Alan Charlton—New monochromatic abstract paintings; through 4/17. Stark, 113 Crosby St. (925-4484).

Gillian Jagger—Three large installations that explore the rift between man and nature; through 4/24. Kind, 136 Greene St. (925-1200).

On Kawara—A project titled "I READ" that was begun in 1966 and concluded in 1995, consisting of a selection of newspaper clippings from the daily press filed in eighteen-ring binders that are displayed in an installation reminiscent of a reading room; through 4/17. Zwirner, 43 Greene St. (966-9074).

Luisa Kazanas—Sculptures cast in silicon, rubber, and plastic that suggest the effects of biotechnological experimentation on nature; through 4/24. Meltzer's On View . . . , 588 Broadway (343-8256).

Barry McGee—A floor-to-ceiling painting, drawing, and sculptural installation that fills the entire gallery; through 4/24. Deitch, 76 Grand St. (343-7300).

Nabil Nahas—Recent paintings whose surfaces are built up of granular forms that coalesce as images; through 4/24. Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St. (4431-3685).

James Nares—Recent gestural abstract paintings; through 4/24. Kasmin, 74 Grand St. (219-3219).

Richard Pettibone—New paintings and sculptures that are the artist's humorous appropriations of works by Brancusi, Duchamp, and Picasso; through 4/24. Marcus, 578 Broadway (226-3200).

Markus Raetz—Recent sculpture; through 4/24. Alexander, 59 Wooster St. (925-4338).

Robert Rauschenberg—New paintings; through 4/17. PaceWildenstein, 142 Greene St. (421-3292).

Jörg Sasse—Photographs of computer-altered found photographs; through 4/17. Lehmann Maupin, 39 Greene St. (965-0753).

Christine Siemens—Recent sculptures and drawings by a Las Vegas–based artist; through 4/17. Apex, 291 Church St. (431-5270).

Robin Utterback—Recent abstract paintings of overlapping linear forms; through 4/17. Donahue/Sosinski, 560 Broadway (226-1111).

Photograph courtesy of Hans P. Kraus, Jr., Inc.

Photography

Family Album

Shortly after he invented the talbotype, the earliest photograph on paper, in 1839, William Henry Fox Talbot (1800–1877) began training his camera on his friends and family at Lacock Abbey, his home in Wiltshire, England. Hard to believe, but the resulting figure studies, tableaux vivants, *and portraits are now being exhibited together for the first time. At Hans P. Kraus Jr., Inc., 25 East 77th Street (in the Mark Hotel); through April 30.*

Chelsea

Janine Antoni—An installation of new sculptures and photographs inspired by the need to hold and the need to be held; through 4/17. Luhring Augustine, 5531 W. 24th St. (206-9100).

Frank Badur—Paintings that draw on American color-field painting and international constructivism; through 4/17. Thatcher Projects, 529 W. 20th St. (675-0222).

Mary Beyt—Recent drawings that are actually layers of polyester printed with existing images of flowers, beetles, butterflies, unicorns, and objects that might be found in a nineteenth-century stock-illustration catalogue; through 4/17. Morris, 465 W. 23rd St. (727-2752).

Jean Blackburn—One large-scale sculpture composed from the parts of six bed frames; through 4/17. Golden, 529 W. 20th St. (414-8456).

Robert Bordo—New paintings whose images are derived from arrangements of landscape postcards; through 4/24. Alexander and Bonin, 132 Tenth Ave. (367-7474).

Dusty Boynton—Recent works on paper in graphite and crayon that convey the physical involvement of the artist as she confronts the paper; through 4/17. Martz, 529 W. 20th St. (206-3686).

Stig Brogger—Conceptual paintings from the Danish artist's "Plainthings" series; through 4/17. DCA, 525 W. 22nd St. (255-5511)).

Adam Cvijanovic—Panoramic landscape paintings that encompass three walls of the gallery's space; through 4/17. Anderson, 453 W. 17th St. (463-0970).

Elisa D'Arrigo/Julian Hatton—Wall sculptures made from pigment-stained muslin, patterned cloth, and translucent beeswax/Paintings of imaginary landscapes. Through 4/17. Harris, 529 W. 20th St. (463-9666).

Graham Gillmore—Recent paintings and drawings in which the artist sets up compositions of thought balloons of words and phrases; through 4/17. Kirkland, 504 W. 22nd St. (627-3930).

Mary Kelly/Tirtza Even—A continuous intaglio text on compressed lint whose individual stories are based on politically motivated atrocities/Unique digitally altered videos in which images of landscapes with people seem to evolve slowly in time. Through 4/24. Postmasters, 459 W. 19th St. (727-3323).

Julian Lethbridge—Recent abstract paintings and drawings whose motifs are drawn from random or naturally occurring patterns; through 4/24. Cooper, 534 W. 21st St. (255-1105).

Kerry James Marshall—A 50-foot-long, twelve-panel woodcut that depicts a panel-by-panel narrative of African-American men talking and mingling in a sparse living room; through 4/17. Shainman, 513 W. 20th St. (645-1701).

Daniel Pflumm—Video and sculpture that utilize corporate structures and systems; through 5/1. Greene Naftali, 526 W. 26th St. (463-7770).

Joanna Rosa/Kim Jones—An 800-pound sculpture consisting of tiny strands of wire woven together to form a large geometric shape/Nine sculptures arranged in a racecourse around the walls of the gallery, enclosing tables supporting photographs, book sculptures, and objects drawn from the artist's childhood. Through 4/17. Weber, 529 W. 20th St. (691-5711).

Lucas Samaras—Three of the artist's fabric "Reconstructions" from the late seventies, two-dimensional rectangular works consisting of brilliantly colored strips of cloth sewn together; through 4/17. Grimm, 505 W. 28th St. (564-7662), Wed.–Sat. 11–7.

Silke Schatz/Kara Walker—A monumental, multicolored pencil drawing that plots different areas of an abandoned concert hall in which the artist lived as a squatter from 1989 to 1991/Two large-scale drawings that continue the artist's explorations of race, gender, and history in operatic-like scenes. Through 4/17. Sikkema, 530 W. 22nd St. (929-2262).

Jovi Schnell—Diagrammatic paintings that incorporate paper, paint, thread, and graphite; through 4/17. Eller, 529 W. 20th St. (206-6411).

Group Shows

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Stone—113 E. 90th St. (988-6870). "Fruits & Flowers, Skies & Pies," still lifes and landscapes by Cornell, de Kooning, Gorky, and Thiebaud; through 4/17.

Wildenstein—19 E. 64th St. (879-0500). "French Master Drawings From the 16th Through the 18th Centuries," with works by Boucher, Fragonard, Greuze, Watteau, others; through 5/1.

57th Street Area

Equitable—787 Seventh Ave. (554-4818), Mon.–Fri. 11–6, Sat. 12–5. "Reflections in a Looking Glass: A Lewis Carroll Centenary Exhibition," an overview of photographs, manuscripts, and drawings by the Victorian writer and artist; through 4/24.

Municipal Art Society—457 Madison Ave. (935-3960). "Elsie de Wolfe: Suitability, Simplicity, and Proportion," an exhibition of the designer's belongings, including paintings by Walter Gay, Drian, and Oliver Messel; photographs by Cecil Beaton, Horst, and Baron de Meyer; and furniture, scrapbooks, and objects; through 4/30.

YWCA—610 Lexington Ave., at 53rd St. (735-9731). "Framed!!: The Artist-Framer," an exhibition that demonstrates the different nineteenth- and twentieth-century framing techniques of artists including Filmus, Heyer, Lukachko, Jackson, Suskind, Tanner, others; through 4/24.

SoHo and TriBeCa

Central—596 Broadway (966-8836). "The Techno-Digital Sublime," high-tech works by Coe, Franquelo, Lowe, and Nechvatal; through 4/24.

Thread Waxing Space—476 Broadway (966-9520). "Conceptual Art as Neurobiological Praxis," works by Albenda, Gillick, Gordon, Kim, Lislegaard, Ritchie, Ruff, others; through 5/1.

Weyl—375 W. Broadway (219-1446). Reliefs and wall works by Graham, Johns, Kelly, Kienholz, Lichtenstein, Oldenburg, Rauschenberg; through 4/24.

Chelsea

303—525 W. 22nd St. (255-1121). "No Place Rather Than Here," photographs by Lee and Murphy, paintings by Rayson and Garner, gouaches by Ali, and video by Gidley; through 5/1.

Art Resources Transfer, Inc.—210 Eleventh Ave. (691-5956). Paintings and sculpture by Dena Shottenkirk; through 4/18; photography and video by Dexter Buell and Meighan Gale; through 4/11; photographs by Kaucylia Brooke and works by Ellen Kozak; through 4/25.

AU Base—433 14th St. (414-0563). Contemporary portraits by European artists Grubinger, Irmer, Leopold, and Peer; through 4/17.

Gorney Bravin + Lee—526 W. 26th St. (352-8372). Works by Kenneth Goldsmith, Allen Ruppersberg, and the late Wallace Berman, artists-poets who have extensively explored the idea of language as image; through 4/17.

White Columns—320 W. 13th St. (924-4212). "Visitor," photographs by Gieseke, video stills by Alic, miniature sculpted landscapes by Ethridge, and works by Feinstein, Gould, Heindl, McKenna, and Webster; through 5/2.

Other

Hebrew Union College—1 W. 4th St. (824-2205). Oil paintings depicting Eve by Deborah Russell and a retrospective of printmaker Robert Broner's works; through 7/16. . . . "Avoda: Objects of the Spirit," ceremonial objects by Tobi Kahn; through 5/28.

Hunter College—Times Square Gallery, 450 W. 41st St. (772-4991). "Immediacies of the Hand," recent abstract paintings by New York artists Cohen, Fishman, Hutcheson, McClelland, Miller, Saccoccio, others; through 4/17.

Photography

Mario Algaze—Photographs taken in Latin America by the Cuban artist; through 5/8. Throckmorton, 153 E. 61st St. (223-1059).

Sally Apfelbaum—Photograms and photographs; through 4/17. Hirschl & Adler Modern, 21 E. 70th St. (535-8810).

Tom Bamberger—Recent landscape photographs of California and the Midwest; through 5/1. Tonkonow, 601 W. 26th St. (255-8450).

Ralph Bartholomew, Jr.—Original photographs by one of the leading American advertising photographers of the mid-twentieth century; through 5/29. De Lellis, 47 E. 68th St. (327-1482).

Hans Bellmer—Photographs and drawings from the thirties and forties by the Surrealist artist; through 5/1. Ubu, 16 E. 78th St. (794-4444).

Dan Estabrook—"Inherent Vice," recent photographs; through 4/24. Morthland, 225 Tenth Ave. (242-7767).

Robert Frank—"From the Canadian Side," recent photographs taken in Nova Scotia by the documentarian best-known for *The Americans*, alongside vintage prints from his 1953 Welsh miner series; through 4/24. PaceWildensteinMacGill, 32 E. 57th St. (759-7999).

ICP—1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. (860-1777), Tues.–Thurs. 10–5, Fri. 10–8 (voluntary contribution 5–8), Sat. and Sun. 10–6; $6, $4 students and seniors. "Newman's Gift: Sixty Years of Photography," a retrospective that spans Arnold Newman's 60-year career, including his intimate portraits of Picasso, Capote, Cartier-Bresson, others; through 6/6.

Kim Keever—Cibachrome prints of landscapes created by the artist; through 4/24. De Chiara/Stewart, 521 W. 26th St. (967-6007).

Louise Lawler—Photographs of art-auction exhibitions, museums, and corporate art collections from the photographer's *Tremaine* series; through 4/30. Skarstedt, 42 E. 76th St. (737-2060).

Roger Newton—Color photographs executed with the artist's unique self-made lens; through 4/17. Roth Horowitz, 160A E. 70th St. (717-9067).

Martin Parr—Bright color images of subjects the artist considers to exhibit "bad taste" or "common sense"; through 4/24. Borden, 560 Broadway (431-0166).

Platinum—551 W. 22nd St. (352-0070). Landscape photographs by Walter Chappell, John Paul Caponigro, and Paul Caponigro; through 4/28.

Elliot Porter—Vintage dye-transfer prints by an early experimenter in color; through 5/15. Klotz, 22 E. 72nd St. (327-2211).

Clifford Ross—Thirty new photographs that capture water surfaces; through 5/1. Houk, 745 Fifth Ave. (750-7070).

Rubin/Van Doren—730 5th Ave. (445-0444). "Another Girl, Another Planet," photographs that experiment with documentary styles, by Becker, Gage, Hoey, Kurland, Marder, Singh, Tandberg, others; through 4/20.

Peter Sekaer—Vintage images by a social-documentary photographer and former collaborator with Walker Evans; through 5/1. Greenberg, 120 Wooster St. (334-0010).

William Henry Fox Talbot—Mid-nineteenth century portraits and figure studies of friends and family by the British inventor of photography on paper; through 4/30. Kraus, 25 E. 77th St. (794-2064).

Fred Zinnemann—Vintage photographs by the Academy Award-winning director most famous for films like *High Noon, From Here to Eternity,* and *The Day of the Jackal*; through 5/19. 292, 120 Wooster St. (431-0292).

Museums

American Craft Museum—"Rörstrand: Swedish Art Nouveau Porcelain From the Schreiber Collection." A rare collection of porcelain produced by Sweden's Rörstrand factory, Europe's second-oldest operating ceramics firm; through 5/23. . . . "Art and Industry: 20th-Century Porcelain From Sèvres." Recent works in porcelain by 40 international artists, architects, and designers created at the Sèvres factory in France; through 5/2. 40 W. 53rd St. (956-3535); Tues., Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 10–6, Thurs. till 8 (pay as you wish 6–8); $5, $2.50 students and seniors.

American Museum of Natural History—"Epidemic! The World of Infectious Disease." Dioramas, three-dimensional models, videos, films, interactive computer systems, and photographs; through 9/6. Central Park West at 79th St. (769-5100); Sun.–Thurs. 10–5:45, Fri. and Sat. 10–8:45; $8 suggested contribution, $6 students and seniors, $4.50 children.

Asia Society—"Bamboo Masterworks: Japanese Baskets From the Lloyd Cotsen Collection"; through 5/30. 725 Park Ave., at 70th St. (517-ASIA), Tues.–Sat. 11–6, Sun. 12–5, Thurs. 11–8 (6–8 free admission); $4, $2 seniors and students.

Bard Graduate Center for Studies in the Decorative Arts—"Life and the Arts in the Baroque Palaces of Rome: Ambiente Barocco." Furniture and decorative works from Roman palaces, on loan from public and private collections; through 6/13. 18 W. 86th St. (501-3000), Tues.–Sun. 11–5 (Thurs. to 8); $2, $1 students and seniors.

Brooklyn Museum of Art—"Lewis Wickes Hine: The Final Years." 110 photographs of New York, only ten of which have been seen by the public, including images documenting the construction of the Empire State Building, the arrival of immigrants at Ellis Island, and workers in mills and factories; through 4/4. . . . "Domestic Transformations." Works by the Brooklyn-based artists Ann Agee, Ron Baron, Jean Blackburn, and Andy Yoder; through 6/13. . . . "The Matthew Scott Sloan

Ground Rules:

Galleries are generally open Tues. through Sat., from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.

Collection of American Furniture"; through 9/30. 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000); Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. 11–6 (till 11 P.M. on the first Saturday of every month), Sun. 11–6; $4, $2 students, $1.50 seniors.

China Institute—"A Literati Life in the Twentieth Century: Wng Fangyu—Artist, Scholar, Connoisseur"; through 6/20. 125 E. 65th St. (744-8181), Mon.–Sat. 10–5, Tues. and Thurs. 10–8, Sun. 1–5; free.

Cooper-Hewitt, National Design Museum, Smithsonian Institution—"Graphic Design in the Mechanical Age: Selections From the Merrill C. Berman Collection." More than 200 works by such pioneers of the avant-garde as Lester Beall, A. M. Cassandre, Gustav Klutsis, Alexandr Rodchenko, and Jan Tschichold, including posters, books, one-of-a-kind prototypes, collages, and other ephemera; through 5/23. 2 E. 91st St. (849-8300), Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 12–5, Tues. 10–9 (free admission 5–9); $5, $3 seniors and students.

Dahesh Museum—"A Victorian Salon: Paintings From the Russell-Cotes Art Gallery and Museum, Bournemouth, England." Thirty-five nineteenth-century paintings collected by the British hotelier Merton Russell-Cotes (1835–1921), among them works by Edwin Landseer, Edwin Long, Albert Moore, and Dante Gabriel Rossetti; through 4/17. 601 Fifth Ave., at 49th St. (759-0606), Tues.–Sat. 11–6; free.

Dia Center for the Arts—"Stan Douglas and Douglas Gordon: Double Vision." New site-specific installations by the Canadian artist Stan Douglas and the Scottish artist Douglas Gordon; through 6/13. . . . "Andy Warhol: Shadows." A work made in 1978 composed of more than 100 silk-screened and hand-painted panels; through 6/13. . . . "Thomas Schütte: Scenewright." Early installations, small-scale modeled figures, proposals for monuments, watercolors, and photographs by the German artist; through 6/13. . . . "Joseph Beuys: Drawings After the Codices Madrid of Leonardo da Vinci, and Sculpture." Works from Dia's permanent collection, including 96 drawings made in response to two sketchbooks by Leonardo da Vinci, and sculptures; through 6/13. . . . "Robert Irwin: *Excursus: Homage to the Square 3*." The second part of a site-specific installation by the California artist; through 6/13. 548 W. 22nd St. (989-5566), Wed.–Sun. 12–6; $6, $3 students and seniors.

Drawing Center—"Raymond Pettibon." More than 500 drawings from the late seventies to the present and a selection of artist's books, fanzines, and record covers by the Los Angeles–based artist; through 4/10. 35 Wooster St. (219-2166), Tues.–Fri. 10–6, Sat. 11–6; donation suggested.

Frick Collection—"French and English Drawings of the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Centuries From the National Gallery of Canada." Sixty-seven works by French and English artists, among them Bonnard, Burne-Jones, Constable, Courbet, Hogarth, and Ingres; through 4/25. . . . "Drouais' Portrait of Madame de Pompadour From the National Gallery, London." François-Hubert Drouais's celebrated full-length portrait of Madame de Pompadour; through 4/25. 1 E. 70th St. (288-0700); Tues.–Sat. 10–6, Sun. 1–6; $7, $5 students and seniors; children under 10 not admitted.

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum—"Picasso and the War Years: 1937–1945." An exhibition of paintings, drawings, sculpture, and prints that explores Picasso's artistic response to the events leading from the Spanish Civil War through the Nazi occupation of France and the eventual liberation of France by Allied troops; through 5/9. . . . "Jim Dine: Walking Memory, 1959–1969." The first survey of the artist's early paintings and constructions; through 5/16. . . . "Photography: An Expanded View—Recent Acquisitions." Works from the museum's permanent collection by modern masters and contemporary photographers Barth, Casebere, Coolidge, Demand, Eliasson, Jacobson, and others; through 5/16.1071 Fifth Ave., at 88th St. (423-3500); Sun.–Wed. 10–6, Fri. and Sat. 10–8 (Fri. 6–8, pay what you wish), closed Thurs.; $12, $7 seniors and students.

Japan Society—"Crosscurrents: Masterpieces of East Asian Art From New York Private Collections." Ceramics, calligraphy, sculpture, ceramics, bronze, and lacquer works from various private New York collections; through 7/11. 333 E. 47th St. (832-1155), daily 11–6 (except the weekends of Christmas and New Year's); $3 suggested contribution.

Jewish Museum—"Bar Mitzvah: A Collaboration by David Mamet and Donald Sultan." Drawings and text from the new book *Bar Mitzvah—Story by David Mamet, Drawings by Donald Sultan* (Bulfinch); through 6/6. . . . "Ikat: Splendid Silks of Central Asia From the Guido Goldman Collection." Rare silk wall hangings, mounted panels, and robes made by master craftsmen in the kingdoms of Bukhara and Samarkand; through 5/16. 1109 Fifth Ave., at 92nd St. (423-3200); Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 11–5:45, Tues. 11–8 (Tues. after 5 free); $8, $5.50 students and seniors.

Metropolitan Museum of Art—"The Nature of Islamic Ornament, Part III: Geometric Patterns." The third exhibition in a four-part series covering designs in Islamic ornamentation; through 7/18. . . . "The Treasury of Saint Francis of Assisi." Approximately 70 masterpieces of medieval and Renaissance panel painting, goldsmiths' works, textiles, and manuscript illuminations from Assisi as well as works from European and American collections; through 6/27. . . . "Mirror of the Medieval World." Jewelry, manuscripts, sculptures, and other works acquired by the museum since 1977; through 7/15. . . . "American Folk Art in the Metropolitan Museum of Art." Paintings, watercolors, drawings, and portrait miniatures by Rufus Hathaway, Edward Hicks, Joshua Johnson, Ammi Phillips, and others working within naïve and provincial traditions in the United States during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries; through 9/5. . . . "Picasso: Painter and Sculptor in Clay." A survey of the artist's ceramic sculptures; through 6/6. . . . "Masterpieces From the Gilman Paper Company Collection." Approximately 45 important nineteenth-century British, American, and French photographs; through 5/23. "Eighteenth-Century French Drawings in New York Collections." Works on loan from private collections and public institutions in New York City; through 4/25. . . . "Clay Into Art: Selections From the Collection of Contemporary Ceramics"; through 5/30. 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (879-5500); Tues.–Thurs. and Sun. 9:30–5:15, Fri. and Sat. 9:30–9; $8 contribution, $4 children and seniors. The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park (923-3700); Tues.–Sun. 9:30–4:45 (closes at 5:15 between April and September); $8, $4 seniors and students.

Museum of American Folk Art—"Nellie Mae Rowe:

Talent

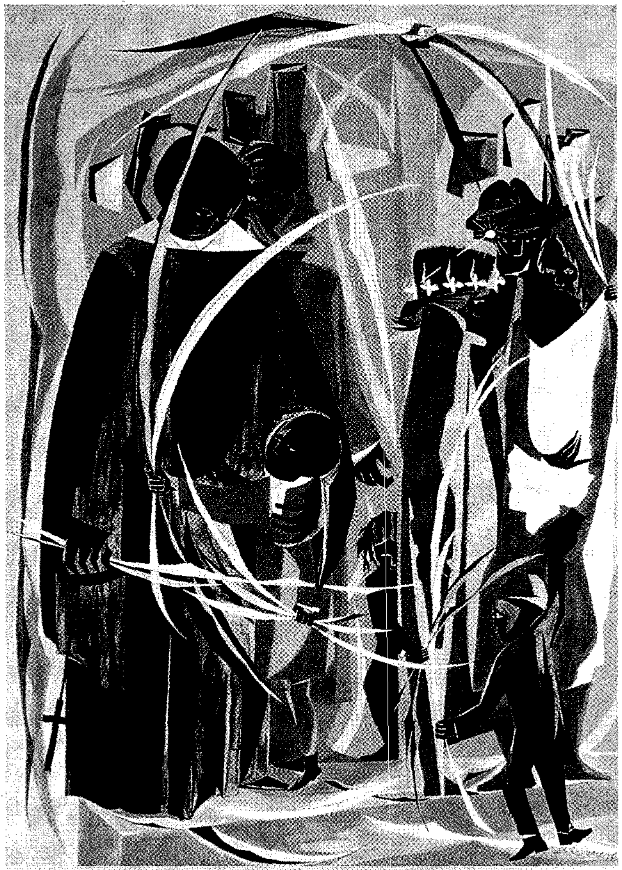
Loving Las Vegas

He's argued eloquently for the cultural merit of things that make the highbrows cringe: beauty in contemporary art, Norman Rockwell ("the last of the eighteenth-century European painters"), and the Liberace Museum. At 59, the Las Vegas–based art critic Dave Hickey has acquired all the right iconoclast credentials too: a bohemian childhood in Texas and California, followed by studies in literature and linguistics and stints as a gallery owner in Austin, a gallery director in New York, the executive editor of *Art in America*, a musician, a music critic, and a songwriter. He's currently a professor of art criticism and theory at the University of Nevada. Wherever Hickey travels, he's booked solid on the lecture circuit—just recently, during a week split between New York and Boston, the author of *The Invisible Dragon: Four Essays on Beauty* (which won the coveted Frank Jewett Mather Award for Distinction in Art Criticism in 1994) and *Air Guitar: Essays on Art & Democracy* held forth at Columbia University, the Art Director's Club, and Harvard University. Away from the podium, he masterminded the installation of a show at Apex Art C.P., a non-profit TriBeCa gallery whose founder-director Steven Rand invites writers to organize exhibitions that illuminate their aesthetic proclivities. (Previous Apex exhibitions have mostly been group shows; Hickey opted for a solo show instead, introducing the sculpture and drawings of Christine Siemens, an emerging artist and former student of his who lives in Vegas.) While in New York, he's been schmoozing with his local art-critic friends, chain-smoking, and extolling the virtues of his adopted home. *"I had a great time when I lived here, but I am addicted to palm trees against the sunset,"* Hickey drawls. Not to mention, as his wife replies when people ask her why she lives in Las Vegas, "the 24-hour drive-through dry cleaning."

EDITH NEWHALL

From left: Dave Hickey, Christine Siemens, and Steven Rand at Apex Art C.P.

Photograph by Hiroyuki Ito.



Retrospective You'll find works by Charles Demuth, Marsden Hartley, and Georgia O'Keeffe displayed among those of such African-American masters as Elizabeth Catlett, Jacob Lawrence (above, *Palm Sunday*, 1956), and Henry Ossawa Tanner in "To Conserve a Legacy: American Art From Historically Black Colleges and Universities." But apart from placing the works of black artists in a broader context, the exhibition, which draws from the collections of Clark Atlanta University, Fisk University, Howard University, and other HBCUs, offers a unique opportunity to see works that rarely leave their campuses. At the Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 West 125th Street; through July 11.

Photograph courtesy of The Studio Museum in Harlem.

Ninety-Nine-and-a-Half Won't Do." The first major retrospective of paintings by the self-taught African-American artist; through 5/2. Lincoln Square (595-9533), Tues.–Sun. 11:30–7:30; free.

Museum of Jewish Heritage—"France Divided: Impassioned Responses to the Dreyfus Scandal." A selection of posters and lithographs illustrating France's reactions to the wrongful 1894 conviction and imprisonment of Captain Alfred Dreyfus; through 6/13. 18 First Place, Battery Park City (968-1800), Sun.–Wed. 9–5, Thurs. 9–8, Fri. 9–2, eve of Jewish holidays 9–2, closed Sat. and Jewish holidays; $7, $5 students and seniors.

Museum of Modern Art—"Sigmar Polke: Works on Paper, 1963–1974." The first in-depth American examination of the German artist's early works on paper; 4/1–6/16. . . . "The Museum as Muse: Artists Reflect." Works that address the concept and function of the museum by 60 artists, among them Barbara Bloom, Christian Boltanski, Marcel Broodthaer, Joseph Cornell, Marcel Duchamp, Komar and Melamid, Claes Oldenburg, and Hiroshi Sugimoto; through 6/1. . . . "Pop Impressions Europe/USA: Prints and Multiples From the Museum of Modern Art." Approximately 100 works highlighting printmaking within the Pop aesthetic; through 5/18. . . . "70/10: Documenting the Modern." Ephemera from the museum's archives documenting its history since its founding in 1929; through 6/26. . . . "Julia Margaret Cameron's Women." Portraits of women by the nineteenth-century British photographer; through 5/4. . . . "Mary Lucier: Floodsongs." A video and audio installation presenting portraits of residents of Grand Forks, North Dakota, and their reflections on the flood that ravaged their town in the spring of 1997; through 6/20. . . . "Site Gags: Humor, Satire, and Grotesque in Modern and Contemporary Drawings." Works on paper from the museum's collection, including satirical sketches, grotesques, straight comic illustrations, and visual puns; through 5/4. 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); Sat.–Tues. 10:30–6, Thurs. 10:30–6, Fri. 10:30–8:30 (4:30–8:30 pay what you wish), closed Wed.; $9.50, $6.50 students and seniors.

Museum of the City of New York—"Washington's New York." Paintings, costumes, maps, furniture, documents, and relics relating to George Washington's experiences in New York City as a military commander and political leader; through 7/4. . . . "New York Horizontal: Cirkut Camera Views by William Hassler." Thirty rare panoramic views of WWI-era New York; through 5/2. . . . "New York Vertical by Horst Hamman." Photographs that emphasize the verticality of New York's skyscrapers; through 4/18. . . . "New York on the Rise: Architectural Renderings by Hughson Hawley"; through 4/4. . . . "Landscapes of Hope: Rebuilding New York City's Neighborhoods." Photographs by Larry Racioppo documenting the rebuilding of various New York City neighborhoods; through 6/27. 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672), Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 1–5; suggested contribution $5, $3 students and seniors.

Museum of the Fashion Institute of Technology—"China Chic: East Meets West." An exhibition tracing the evolution of Chinese dress and its influence on modern western fashion; through 4/24. . . . "Shoes: A Lexicon of Style." More than 100 pairs of women's shoes, among them twenties pumps by André Perugia, fifties stilettos by Roger Vivier, and seventies platform sandals by Charles Jourdan; through 4/17. Seventh Ave. at 27th St. (217–7642), Tues.–Fri. 12–8, Sat. 10–5; free.

National Academy of Design and School of Fine Arts—"174th Annual Exhibition." Recent works by more than 190 artists; through 4/25. 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. (369-4880), Wed., Thurs., Sat., Sun. 12–5, Fri. 10–6; $8, $5 seniors and students.

New Museum of Contemporary Art—"Fever: The Art of David Wojnarowicz." The first retrospective of the work of the East Village artist who died of AIDS in 1992; through 6/20. . . . "Anaida Hernandez: Juegos Ilegales/Illegal Games." Large-scale casinolike games created with interactive installations, paintings, and objects; through 4/11. 583 Broadway (219-1222), Wed. and Sun. 12–6, Thurs., Fri., and Sat. 12–8, (free Thurs. 6–8); $5, $3 students, artists, and seniors, free for youths 18 and under.

New York Public Library—"Order and Disorder: Architectural Transitions in Prints and Photographs." Prints depicting the life cycles of built structures, drawn from the library's Miriam and Ira D. Wallach Division of Art, Prints, and Photographs; through 4/3. Fifth Ave. and 42nd St. (869-8089); Mon. 10–6, Tues.–Wed. 11–6, Thurs.–Sat. 10–6; free.

New-York Historical Society—"The Celebrated Hatter." An exhibition of hats, advertisements, newspaper articles, and other objects and ephemera relating to the life of John N. Genin, the nineteenth-century New Yorker whose lower-Broadway store, Genin's Hat Emporium, made him a household name; through 6/13. "Secrets of a Beautiful Face: Beauty Product Advertisements From the Collection of the New-York Historical Society"; through 4/11. 2 W. 77th St. (873-3400); Tues.–Sun. 11–5; $5, $3 seniors and children.

P.S. 1 Contemporary Art Center—"Ronald Bladen: Selected Works." A survey of the minimalist's large-scale sculpture, models, and drawings; through 4/3. . . . "1999: P.S. 1 Studio Program Exhibition"; through 4/3. . . . "Primarily Structural: A Selection of Minimalist and Post-Minimalist Works on Paper." Works by Carl Andre, Jene Highstein, Patrick Ireland, Jackie Winsor, and others; through 4/3. . . . "Criss Cross: Some Young New Yorkers III"; through 4/3. . . . "The Game Room: A Tribute to Gino De Dominicis." A painting and several conceptual works together with a gambling table for the use of museum visitors; through 4/3. 22-25 Jackson Ave., at 46th Ave. (718-784-2084), Wed.–Sun. 12–6; $5 suggested donation.

Pierpont Morgan Library—"Pierpont Morgan: Banker and Collector." An exhibition on the life and times of the turn-of-the-century financier, whose collection formed the basis of the Morgan Library; 4/6–8/8. . . . "The Wormsley Library: A Personal Selection by Sir Paul Getty, K.B.E." Illuminated manuscripts, fine printed books, historic bookbindings, and other works from the Wormsley Library in England; through 5/2. . . . "Master Drawings Recently Acquired"; through 5/6. . . . "Poe: The Ardent Imagination." A selection of letters, manuscripts, and rare printed editions; through 5/9. . . . "Detectives, Private Eyes, and Spies." Early editions of works by Ambler, Childers, Poe, and others; through 5/5. 29 E. 36th St. (685-0008), Tues.–Thurs. 10:30–5, Fri. 10–8, Sat. 10:30–6; Sun. 12–6; $7; $5 students and seniors.

Studio Museum in Harlem—"To Conserve a Legacy: American Art From Historically Black Colleges and Universities." Works of art drawn from the collections of Clark Atlanta University, Fisk University, Hampton University, Howard University, North Carolina Central University, and Tuskegee University; through 7/11. 144 W. 125th St. (864-4500), Wed.– Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 1–6; $5, 3 seniors and students (free on the first Sat. of every month).

Whitney Museum of American Art—"Pale Guide to Transparent Things." A related group of photographic works by Seton Smith; through 4/4. 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (570-3676); Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 11–6, Thurs. 1–8 (6–8 pay what you wish); $9, $7 students and seniors (free Thurs. 6–8).

Whitney Museum of American Art at Philip Morris—"The Long Twilight: An Installation by Lynne Yamamoto." An installation that evokes aspects of the life of a young Japanese woman, who disappeared mysteriously in the thirties, by presenting a collection of her personal belongings; through 4/23. 120 Park Ave., at 42nd St. (878-2550), Mon.–Fri. 11–6 (Thurs. till 7:30); free.

Auctions

Sotheby's—1334 York Ave. at 72nd St. (606-7000). 3/31 at 10:15 and 2: "Furniture and Decorations." On view from 3/26.

Swann Galleries—104 E. 25th St. (254-4710). 3/15 at 10:30: "Rare Books." On view from 4/12. 4/22 at 10:30 and 2: "19th-Century Literature, Children's Books." On view from 4/19. 4/27 at 10:30 and 2: "Important 19th- and 20th-Century Photographs." On view from 4/23. 4/29 at 12: "International Auctioneers, Works of Art on Paper." On view from 4/27.

restaurants

Retro Pasta...Cibi-Cibi...Tea Creatures

Manhattan

Lower New York

Alison on Dominick—An impeccably turned-out room with blue banquettes and tender lighting. Perfectionist owner Alison Becker Hurt makes sure that all is well. *38 Dominick St., nr. Hudson St. (727-1188). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

American Park—Sophisticated seafood preparations and wonderful water views merit a special trip to the southern tip of Manhattan. In warm weather, outdoor seating is ideal for cocktails and light bites from the raw bar, but even in winter, walls of glass windows remind us that this is a coastal town, after all. Catering available. *Opposite 175 State St., Battery Park (809-5508). (M–E) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Bo Ky—This very basic Chinatown spot has been dishing up delicious noodle soups to the neighborhood since before the Mees and Tang Tangs sprouted uptown. Expect to share a table. *80 Bayard St. (406-2292). (I) ($).*

Chanterelle—Spare and elegant, virtually religious, this TriBeCa restaurant is a favorite among those who want a Big Deal. Chef David Waltuck runs a grand kitchen—seafood sausage, cold fruit soups, and anything he does with truffles in season. Wife Karen runs the front room with class and warmth. *2 Harrison St., at Hudson St. (966-6960). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Cub Room—Fighting back from the scorching bar scene his restaurant became last summer, chef-owner Henry Meer (from Lutèce)—doing penance for the butter and cream of the past—is dishing up contemporary American fare to an impossibly diverse crowd. Yes, that was Ethan Hawke. *131 Sullivan St., at Prince St. (677-4100). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Diva—Another hip spot at the nexus of a hip neighborhood, with Italian specialties like homemade gnocchi and lobster-stuffed black ravioli. Iron candelabras and scarlet walls set the perfect sexy downtown mood. *341 W. Broadway, nr. Broome St. (941-9024). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Ecco—A beacon in the wilderness that is Chambers Street. Old-world charm and an excellent seasonal antipasto offering. The very cozy narrow booths line the east wall, and tile floors take you back to the Gilded Age. *124 Chambers St., nr. Sixth Ave. (227-7074). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Hudson River Club—From this Frank Lloyd Wright–ish dining room in the World Financial Center, you can see the Statue of Liberty. But then, the Hudson River figures prominently so many ways here. The emphasis is on Hudson River Valley cuisine, with specialties like venison prosciutto, squash soup, roast pheasant, and Catskill Mountains trout. *4 World Financial Ctr. (786-1500). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Kelley and Ping—The type of funky, lofty noodle house that could only exist—and thrive—in SoHo. *127 Greene St., nr. Prince St. (228-1212). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Layla—A Middle Eastern feast, complete with gyrating belly dancer, brought to you by Drew Nieporent and his TriBeCa production team. Menu highlights include crabmeat phyllo, cinnamon-braised lamb shank with okra, and toasted couscous and almond ice milk. *211 W. Broadway, at Franklin St. (431-0700). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Montrachet—Owner Drew Nieporent now has five places in New York, including Nobu, Layla, Zeppole at the TriBakery, and Tribeca Grill, and another in San Francisco. But this is his baby—attractive, lively, and one of the first truly great restaurants in lower Manhattan. There's lunch on Fridays—try the Roquefort-and-pear salad—and dinner Monday through Saturday. *239 W. Broadway, nr. White St. (219-2777). (E) AE only.*

Opening
Feng *Scuie*

Now that Bolivar's acclaimed Argentine grill has nearly vanquished the margarita-soaked memory of Arizona 206, its proprietors, the Santo family, have turned their restless pre-millennial attention to the adjacent Yellowfingers, reborn this week as Cibi-Cibi (Italian for "small meals"). A new wood-burning oven dispenses pizzas, tuna-and-white-bean casserole, and ricotta-stuffed crêpes, while the newly located bar—now the centerpiece of the remade room—dispenses house cocktails like the citrus tonic and the 3rd and 60, perfect with scuie-scuie (Italian tapas, pronounced shway-shway) like stuffed clams, rice balls, and asparagus with pecorino (entrées, $12 to $24). (200 East 60th Street; 751-8615.)

Photograph Magdalena Caris.

Nobu—The great Nobu Matsuhisa—actually, he's young, good-looking, and incredibly hip—has arrived in TriBeCa. And New Yorkers haven't tasted Japanese cooking like this—unless, of course, they've visited Matsuhisa's restaurant in L.A. *105 Hudson St. (219-0500). (E) AE, MC, V.*

The Odeon—Downtown has fallen in love all over again with this TriBeCa institution. The bar's out of Dashiell Hammett, and the dining room gets everyone from the banker, his wife, and their 2-year-old to movie stars, artists, and assorted big-deal celebrities. *145 W. Broadway, nr. Thomas St. (233-0507). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Penang—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began in Queens and has sprouted multiple Manhattan locations. Sample such exotic offerings as roti canai, beef rendang, and sarang burung in environs that strive to evoke the tropics. *109 Spring St. (274-8883). Also, 240 Columbus Ave., at 71st St. (769-3988). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Pierino—An Italian dining room full of businesspeople and city politicians for lunch and dinner for the bankers on their way uptown offering meta-traditional dishes like lobster and steak. Yes, that was Peter Vallone. *107 Reade St. (513-0610). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Provence—Lots of people have got engaged in the charming garden at this authentic country French restaurant; even more have sampled the bourride, bouillabaisse, and bass flambé. If you can't actually make it to the Côte d'Azur, this is the next best thing. *38 MacDougal St. (475-7500). (M–E) AE.*

Raoul's—The dull roar in this cavelike bistro—aging gracefully amid the high-strung Thoroughbreds of SoHo's restaurant racetrack—is a heartwarming sound. *180 Prince St., nr. Thompson St. (966-3518). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Tennessee Mountain—This 1807 landmark farmhouse serves up huge portions of smoked chicken and grilled ribs, plus regional appetizers and desserts. Bring those breath mints and Handi-Wipes for a $17.95 all-you-can-eat on Monday night. *143 Spring St. (431-3993). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Tribeca Grill—Though this spacious, brick-walled restaurant sometimes serves as canteen for the film execs (and movie stars) in offices upstairs, the creative American cuisine and lively bar scene make it a popular downtown destination. Known for its roasted meats and fish specials. *375 Greenwich St., at Franklin St. (941-3900). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Windows on the World—Chef Michael Lomonaco, formerly of the '21' Club, has landed at this landmark restaurant known for what may be the most spectacular view of Manhattan Island. His new menu focuses on sophisticated renditions of American food, including skillet-roasted bluepoint oysters with sweet shallot-caviar cream; open raviolo of forest mushrooms, pumpkin, and sage; and Maine lobster with truffles, root vegetables, and buttermilk biscuits. Be sure to take advantage of the restaurant's superlative wine cellar. *1 World Trade Center, 107th floor (524-7000). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

South Street Seaport

Harbor Lights—Comfort food in elegant French-ish environs with a breathtaking view of three bridges. *Pier 17, third floor (227-2800). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

North Star Pub—Stocked like a London pub, frequented by Wall Streeters and homesick tourists. Fish and chips and bangers and mash just about as close as you'll get to the real thing. *93 South St. (509-6757). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Below 14th Street, East

Gotham Bar & Grill—Alfred Portale's kitchen, with its architectural ingenuity and whimsical creativity, serves as a finishing school for the city's all-star chefs before they launch their own careers. This awesome dining temple has long been a staple. *12 E. 12th St. (620-4020). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Haveli—Haveli distinguishes itself from the Sixth Street strip, for its food as much as its upscale decor. Possibly the only East Village restaurant with an *intentionally* shattered windowpane. *100 Second Ave., nr. 6th St. (982-0533). (I–M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Knickerbocker Bar and Grill—A subdued steakhouse with vintage items on the walls—Hirschfelds, copies of the *Saturday Evening Post*, and nineteenth-century curios. A sophisticated combination of gastronomics and history. *33 University Pl., at E. 9th St. (228-8490). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Miracle Grill—One of the earliest pioneers on the East Village dining scene, this comfortable Mexican cantina is especially welcoming in warm weather, when the garden is a serene urban oasis. The grilled-vegetable plate surpasses most. *112 First Ave., nr. 7th St. (254-2353). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Osso Buco—Popular Italian restaurant on a much-traveled Village corridor serving family-style portions of the eponymous house specialty, Caesar salad, fried calamari, and T-bone steak. *88 University Pl., nr. 11th St. (645-4525). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Three of Cups—Proving that the East Village has room enough for another wood-burning oven pizza parlor besides Two Boots. The "mickey," a charred spud dripping with butter, shouldn't be missed. *83 First Ave., at 5th St. (388-0059). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Below 14th Street, West

Andalousia—This relatively undiscovered Village Moroccan rightly prides itself on its roster of tagines and couscous specials. B'stilla is a standout. *28 Cornelia St. (929-3693). (I) MC, V.*

Bar Cichetti—Modeled after a typical bar in Venice, where patrons gather for a glass of wine—choose here among 50—and small snacks called *cichetti* (think Italian tapas). Sample among appetizer-size portions of rice balls, fried meatballs, frittatas, and crostini, or, should these snacks merely whet the appetite, have a full meal of pasta, chicken, fish, or beef. Perfect for pre- or post–Film Forum noshing. Live opera performances on Sunday nights. *220 W. Houston St. (229-0314). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Bar Pitti—This Tuscan trattoria, with tables spilling out onto the sidewalk, has simpler, cheaper food than Da Silvano next door, but it's just as good a spot to sip an espresso and watch the Village foot traffic. Great fettunta. *268 Sixth Ave., nr. Bleecker St. (982-3300). (I–M) ($).*

Bombay City—This Indian newcomer offers the regular roster of subcontinental specialties, plus more offbeat tandoori preparations of steak and rabbit. The spacious premises are available for private parties; there's even room for a dance floor. *29 Seventh Ave. S., nr. Bedford St. (414-0931). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Da Silvano—Trattoria with tables out front converts this thoroughfare into a people promenade. Great food and views of the local color. Yes, that was Anna Wintour. *260 Sixth Ave., nr. Bleecker St. (982-2343). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Greenwich Cafe—This Village café, with its plush antique wing chairs and rococo mirrors, has a loungy feel and is open around the clock with a menu that crosses every border. Representative items include crab cakes with lobster sauce and fennel tempura, grilled salmon with jasmine rice, and a veggie burger with minted couscous. No cover for the jazz brunch. *75 Greenwich Ave. (255-5489). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Gus' Place—This welcoming Greek taverna in the West Village offers authentic Mediterranean meze and entrées; French doors open out onto warm evenings. The orzo with Gulf shrimp and the lamb-shank stifado are house specialties. *149 Waverly Pl. (645-8511). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Le Zoo—A West Village hot spot, with lots of Left Bank ambience. The menu sticks to standards like poulet grand mère, saumon en croute, and cassoulet. *314 W. 11th St. (620-0393). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Neva—This Russian newcomer is part art gallery, part dance club, and part restaurant, serving such Slavic staples as borscht and caviar. *28 Seventh Ave. S., nr. Morton St. (243-3166). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

One if by Land, Two if by Sea—Elegant Village restaurant situated within an eighteenth-century carriage house previously owned by Aaron Burr. Four fireplaces and nightly piano music enhance a fine menu of American specialties like beef Wellington. *17 Barrow St. (228-0822). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Tio Pepe—A reliably festive spot for classic Mexican and Spanish fare, from tapas to paella Valenciana, with an enclosed sidewalk café and skylit garden room. *168 W. 4th St. (242-9338). (I–M) AE, DC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, East Side

Alva—Bare lightbulbs evoke Thomas Edison, the namesake of this sleek spot invented by Charles Palmer and designer Fernando Saralegui, but the food is all very twentieth-century: crispy shrimp cocktail, cod-and-salmon cakes, veal stew, an exciting cheese course. *36 E. 22nd St. (228-4399). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

An American Place—This venerable midtown spot is to New York as Chez Panisse is to Berkeley. With his eclectic American menu, Larry Forgione made the national cuisine interesting again. *2 Park Ave., at 32nd St. (684-2122). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Bolo—There's nothing discreet about Bobby Flay's neo-Spanish cooking. In a room that reminds you of Gaudí by way of Peewee Herman, Flay turns out fiery, bold dishes like oven-roasted mushrooms with goat cheese and chili oil as well as paella with curried shellfish and chicken. We *love* the white-peach sangría. *23 E. 22nd St. (228-2200). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Campagna—The *Letterman* crowd is at one table, Time Warner honchos are at another, and isn't that . . . ? Despite the frenzy of having become Media Central, this smart little trattoria serves some of the most satisfying Italian food in Manhattan. Chef Mark Straussman is to thank for dishes like rabbit in polenta, gnocchi with wild mushrooms and truffle oil, and grilled tuna with beets. *24 E. 21st St. (460-0900). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

El Parador Cafe—Very possibly the oldest Mexican restaurant in New York City, this comfortable, dependable establishment is known for its enormous selection of premium tequilas and traditional dishes like mole poblano, carnitas, and duck with cuipotle glaze. *325 E. 34th St. (679-6812). (M) MC, V.*

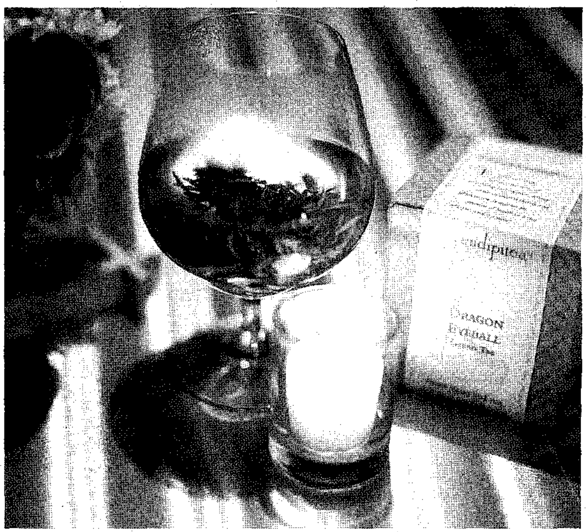
Gramercy Tavern—As a second act to Danny Meyer's much-loved Union Square Cafe, this Flatiron American standout doesn't disappoint. The main dining room manages to be both impressive and cozy, the service superlative, and Tom Colicchio's food inspired. For lesser appetites and lower budgets, the bar menu in the Tavern Room is equally delicious. Orchestrate your own cheese course and sample the varied selection of wines by the glass. *42 E. 20th St. (477-0777). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

i Trulli—A Southern Italian restaurant that aims to prove that tomato sauce is not crucial for survival, i Trulli succeeds with tasty focaccia, homemade sausage, tripe, and venison. In warm weather, the garden is a perfect midtown escape. *122 E. 27th St. (481-7372). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Les Halles—Even though it hasn't been around forever, this utterly perfect re-creation of a Left Bank bistro seems like it has. This is the place to come for onion soup, steak-frites, celeri rémoulade, crème caramel—that sort of thing. *411 Park Ave. So., bet. 28th and 29th Sts. (679-4111). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Medusa—A lot of thought went into the décor at this new restaurant: The floors and bar are red travertine marble, and decorative ironwork details the sconces and door frames. The au courant Mediterranean menu includes such specialties as

Tasting **As the medicinal mystique of tea gains momentum, new and exotic gourmet varieties are finding their way to the market. Serendipitea's latest addition, Chinese Dragon Eyeball, made from the buds of the tea plant, is making its debut at Union Pacific (below). The Green Sea Anemone tea ($36.99 for 40-cup box), among others, can be found at Eli's Manhattan. Both these teas are "exhibition" varieties, where part of the ritual is to observe the "eyeball" or the "anemone" transform to its eponymous state when near-boiling water is added. For this reason they should be made in a glass so the hydration process can be enjoyed, offering visual as well as physical stimulus to the brain. They will totally change your perception of tea, particularly if your usual cup is English breakfast made from tea bags. These varieties, part of a very wide range, can also be ordered directly from Serendipitea at (888-TEA-LIFE). Astonishingly, all tea comes from the same plant, genus *Camellia*. Any and all differences are entirely due to geography and processing.** **GILLIAN DUFFY**



Photograph by Amy Freeth.

poppy-seed-encrusted tuna with lime sauce and rack of lamb with Chianti and grilled golden apples. *239 Park Avenue South, nr. 19th St. (477-1500). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Mesa Grill—Chef Bobby Flay believes in big flavors and big portions. He developed his own signature style, plundering the ingredients of the American Southwest for such mouthwatering creations as roasted-garlic shrimp tamales and ancho-honey-glazed salmon. Loud, stylish, and loads of fun, especially for those partaking of the house drink, a cactus-pear margarita. *102 Fifth Ave., nr. 16th St. (807-7400). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Novitá—A beautiful Flatiron restaurant with upscale, nouvelle Italian. Try, especially, the handmade pastas, which seem to have only beneficial effects on all the fashion types and Elite models who've made this room their home away from home. *102 E. 22nd St. (677-2222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Osteria Laguna—A stone's throw from Grand Central, this rustic Italian restaurant features mostly Venetian fare. Risotto and pizza are particularly popular. *209 E. 42nd St. (557-0001). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Oyster Bar—When a fire temporarily shuttered this Manhattan landmark, its long-faithful clientele were bereft, unsure of what to do with themselves at lunchtime. The doors have reopened, the vaulted ceilings have been (for the most part) repaired, and the regulars are taking their places at the counter. Famous for its 25 varieties of oysters, extensive wine selection, and comprehensive seafood preparations, the restaurant is a magnet for commuters and tourists alike. *Grand Central Terminal, 42nd St. and Vanderbilt Ave. (490-6650). (M) AE, CB, DS, MC, V.*

Park Bistro—Provençal offerings prepared and served with notable agility in an intimate—sometimes crowded—setting. *414 Park Ave. at 28th St. (689-1360). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Patria—Zesty Latin American fare brought to you in a festive high-energy atmosphere. The three-story dining room suits the changing mood of diners: bright and airy by day and warm and earthy by night. Chef Doug Rodriguez comes from Miami via a childhood in New York. Really. Try the Mojito, Patria's signature drink made from sugarcane. *250 Park Ave. So., nr. 20th St. (777-6211). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Rossini's—This elegant split-level restaurant offers Northern Italian cuisine and live music nightly. Chef Gilberto specializes in seafood, and private parties are easily accommodated. *108 E. 38th St. (683-0135). (E) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Union Square Cafe—The careful service, human-scale dining rooms, and peerless California café cuisine make this one of the best restaurants in the city. *21 E. 16th St. (243-4020). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Verbena—Diane Forley's seasonal American cuisine is at once delicate and deliciously satisfying; the room, similarly, pulls off the neat trick of feeling luxurious and minimalist at the same time. The menu is whimsically divided into two categories—fruits and vegetables, and fish, birds, and meats—with such appealing entries as butternut squash ravioli with roasted orange sauce, and rack of lamb with Yorkshire pudding. In summer, demand a garden table. *54 Irving Pl. (260-5454). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

The Water Club—This romantic spot overlooking the East River is a favorite for formal affairs, but even your average demanding New York diner would be happy with the American menu and the airy, yacht club–like setting. As to be expected in this nautical environment, there's a heavy emphasis on seafood like lobster and soft-shell crabs, and a massive spread for Sunday brunch. Jackets suggested in the main dining room. *F.D.R. Drive via 23rd St. (683-3333). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, West Side

Bright Food Shop—A Chelsea luncheonette with an innovative, healthy Mexican menu with Asian influences. Excellent desserts and a great selection of Mexican fruit sodas. *216 Eighth Ave., at 21st St. (243-4433). (I–M) ($).*

Bryant Park Grill—This long-awaited restaurant on the edge of the city's prettiest pocket park has been mobbed from day one. Go at an off-hour for Caesar salad, New York steak, soft-shell crabs, and scallion pancakes. *40th St., between Fifth and Sixth Aves. (840-6500). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Ground Rules:

Here lie a few hundred of the city's more noteworthy restaurants, some *New York* advertisers among them. The price guide, admittedly imperfect, is as follows: (E) = expensive, $35 and over per place; (M) = moderate, $15–$30 per place; (I) = inexpensive, $15 and under per place.

Following each listing there is also a code indicating acceptable methods of payment: ($) = cash only, AE = American Express, CB = Carte Blanche, DC = Diners Club, DS = Discover, M = MasterCard, TM = Transmedia, V = Visa. "AE only" indicates that American Express is the only accepted charge/credit card.

Caffe Bondí Ristorante—Popular with the photographers who work in the Flatiron district and foodies from all over who fill the garden in warm weather. Specializes in Sicilian dishes like coniglio alla stimparata, pasta con sarde, and cassata Siciliana. Open seven days a week, including weekend brunch. *7 W. 20th St. (691-8136). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Chelsea Bistro & Bar—This friendly bistro became a neighborhood hangout virtually the day it opened. Try the delicious hangar steak and lamb shank, and experiment among the 200-odd wines on the well-chosen list. *358 W. 23rd St. (727-2026). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Da Umberto—Low-key Chelsea façade belies the extraordinary Italian offerings inside. Getting a table is no small task, especially in the evening. This is a Euro–New York crossroads. A mad cacophony of laughter and chatter in Brooklynese and Roman. Don't dress down. *107 W. 17th St. (989-0303). (E) AE only.*

Le Madri—This Chelsea mainstay has long enjoyed a reputation for informality and flavorful Italian fare. The garden is a wonderful warm-weather spot for a light lunch of salad and pasta or a more substantial repast like osso buco with gremolata or risotto with lemon and zucchini. *168 W. 18th St. (727-8022). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, East Side

Bice—It's always buzzing at this midtown Italian hot spot, where the fashionable crowd takes a hiatus from air-kissing to partake of dishes like crispy crab cakes, smoked-mozzarella risotto, and veal chop Milanese. *7 E. 54th St. (688-1999). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Moscow Restaurant & Cabaret—This Russian theme restaurant melds art, food, and entertainment in a three-story celebration of the homeland. Downstairs, folk singers perform in the rustic Cabaret, decorated with the owner's enormous horseshoe collection. Upstairs, massive sculptures and paintings dominate the Gallery Bar and the Russian Room, where diners can partake of house specialties like Siberian pelmeni, chicken Kiev, and blini with Beluga caviar. *137 E. 55th St. (813-1313). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

The Park Restaurant—The plush surroundings in this new hotel-lobby restaurant are much fussier, but no more elegant, than the modern American fare concocted by ex–Aja chef Gary Robins. Sample dishes include roasted-beet carpaccio with tangerines and goat cheese, seared foie gras with black Thai rice, and roasted rack of lamb with cardamom-poached apricots. Piano music performed nightly. *109 E. 56th St. (750-5656). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Peacock Alley—Under talented chef Laurent Gras, the Waldorf's posh dining room has become reinvigorated. Known for his long association with French national hero Alain Ducasse, Gras has a special touch with foie gras and handles seasonal American ingredients with a classical Gallic touch. This is one of midtown's secret pleasures. Jackets required; harpist performs nightly. *301 Park Ave., in the Waldorf-Astoria (872-4895). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

[Thai or steakhouse?]

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NEW YORK MAGAZINE

Pig 'n' Whistle on 3rd—There's plenty of convivial Irish-pub-style cheer in this East Side spinoff of a popular midtown haunt. The basic American menu offers staples like shepherd's pie, blackened rib eye, chicken potpie, barbecued ribs, and onion loaf. *922 Third Ave., nr. 55th St. (688-4646). (I–M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Scarabée—Some of the city's best French-Mediterranean food is being served on a nondescript residential block in Turtle Bay, courtesy of chef Joseph Fortunato (formerly of Layla). Owner Karim El Sherif (formerly of Restaurant Daniel) compiled the well-chosen, helpfully categorized wine list, with selections that pair well with dishes like truffle-marinated squab, pomegranate-glazed salmon, and, at lunch, a killer braised-lamb sandwich. No matter how full you are, don't skip dessert. *230 E. 51st St. (758-6633). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Shinbashi—After nearly a quarter of a century, this elegant Japanese restaurant is still an oasis in the frenzy of midtown. Owner Fumiko Hosoda offers a traditional menu of tempura, sukiyaki, teriyaki, and sushi, plus an array of chef's specialties. *280 Park Ave., at 48th St. (661-3915). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Simply Caviar—One of the newest caviar bars in midtown offers a lavish selection of caviar sampler and luxurious entrées like truffle tortellini, filet mignon in a tarragon demi-glace, and a foie gras platter. An adjacent retail counter sells caviar and other indulgences to go. Jacket required. *350 Park Ave., at 51st St. (838-3900). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Tatou—Gilded-plaster satyrs, cherubs, jazz onstage, and New American cuisine. Executive chef Neil Becker serves up such sophisticated fare as crispy sea scallops with rock shrimp, lobster, and shellfish cream; rack of lamb with Parmesan bread pudding; and a white-and-dark-chocolate-mousse parfait. *151 E. 50th St. (753-1144). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Turtle Bay Grill & Lounge—The kind of place where you kick back, light a stogie, and watch the game. Should hunger develop, there's sesame-seared tuna, Dijon-grilled salmon, shrimp pizza, and the like. *987 Second Ave., nr. 52nd St. (223-4224). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, West Side

Adrienne—After extensive renovations, the elegant American restaurant in this posh midtown hotel reopens with a new look and a new, sophisticated menu. A few of the more notable entrées include a grilled turbot "chop" with cèpe jus, organic chicken en cocotte with morels and fava beans, and coriander-and-black-pepper-crusted rack of lamb from Jameson Farms. *700 Fifth Ave., at 55th St., in the Peninsula (903-3918). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Barbetta—This elegant theater-district landmark is still owned, incredibly, by its founding family. The elaborate interior provides a peaceful background for regional specialties like fonduta, rabbit alla Piedmontese, and a variety of wild-game dishes. The pretheater prix fixe menu runs $43, and the garden is a summertime oasis. *321 W. 46th St. (246-9171). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Ben Benson's Steak House—This rollicking steakhouse has long fed hordes of hungry, beef-eating businessmen and the people who love them. The festive air gets pretty thick by the bar, where cigars prevail, but the dining room is entirely devoted to the consumption of standards like lobsters, crab cakes, veal, and four cuts of steak. Free validated parking available. *123 W. 52nd St. (581-8888). (E) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Broadway Joe's Steakhouse—Located in a townhouse on Restaurant Row, this steakhouse serves a fourteen-ounce prime rib but also delivers fresh seafood and pasta for the omnivore. Hirschfeld caricatures cover the walls, so come find your NINAs while you dine. Discount dinner parking. Private parties. *315 W. 46th St. (246-6513). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Christer's—Famous for its spectacular selection of salmon, this Scandinavian-inspired restaurant, designed by David Rockwell to resemble a colorful, cozy mountain lodge, is a great choice for contemporary renditions of seafood. Open Sundays. *145 W. 55th St. (974-7224). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Cité—An extravagant French steakhouse, marble and pewter with blazing chandeliers, and a more affordable grill next door. *120 W. 51st St. (956-7100). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Commonwealth Grill & Brewery—This Boston brewery import in Rockefeller Center attracts a riotous after-work crowd for its craft beers. The lunch and dinner menus feature American fare like grilled swordfish over lemon pasta, braised lamb shank, duck breast, and tuna, not to mention the obligatory burger. *35 W. 48th St. (977-2269). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Estiatorio Milos—The New York outpost of a Montreal favorite, this stylishly spare Greek restaurant specializes in perfectly fresh seafood, arranged market-style on ice and grilled simply with organic herbs and imported olive oil. The fish selection runs from the familiar—red snapper, pompano—to the more exotic, like loup de mer, Moroccan pageot, and Greek dente. Finish with super-creamy goat's milk yogurt with honey. *125 W. 55th St. (245-7400). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

"44"—Still the first stop for the officers of the Condé Nast empire. Deeply plush, windowless décor feels like the center of the Earth. Given the theatricality, surprisingly terrific food. *44 W. 44th St., in the Royalton (944-8844). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

La Veranda—Northern Italian food. A popular spot in the theater district offering generous portions of fish, seafood, veal chops, and pasta. Italian brunch available Saturday and Sunday, $15.95 prix fixe. Free parking (with dinner) from 5 to 11 P.M. *163 W. 47th St. (391-0905). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Langan's—American cuisine in a clublike setting. Food ranges from Black Angus steaks to crab cakes and seafood. A trendy, well-heeled crowd at the much-frequented bar mixes with theatergoers in the dining room. *150 W. 47th St. (869-5482). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Le Bernardin—French-born Eric Ripert carries forth the quest of his predecessor, the late Gilbert Le Coze, for the world's most spectacular seafood. His ambitious signature dishes—scallops and foie gras with truffles, Spanish-style mackerel in Jerez vinegar, saddle of monkfish—have already won a very loyal following. *155 W. 51st St. (489-1515). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Palio—Stylish midtown duplex restaurant, with a famous muraled bar and elegant preparations of Italian dishes like spinach-and-ricotta gnocchi with a vegetable ragout, and artichoke-and-marjoram ravioli in fresh tomato sauce. *151 W. 51st St. (245-4850). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Pig and Whistle—This is midtown's notion of an Irish bar. A business clientele and a coming-and-going-to-the-theater crowd can find Irish specialties—both solid and liquid—here. *165 W. 47th St. (302-0112). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Ruth's Chris Steakhouse—A steak cooked in butter is the centerpiece of this successful upscale chain's take-no-prisoners march east across the country. Steak—and, for iconoclasts, the inevitable chops, chicken, and lobster—served in a series of connected, muted, and wood-paneled dining rooms. Serious wines, too. *148 W. 51st St. (245-9600). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

ASK GAEL

Whatever happened to chicken tetrazzini?

Savvy friends raved about the sirloin and the old-world feel of Pietro's. I remembered that raffish joint's first-rate steaks with a spaghetti side from the innocent sixties. So why not? We cooled our jets at the bar a while, but not all that long. My gang demanded meat—T-bone, the sirloin, lamb chops. I browsed through the pastas, whisked back a thousand years by the surprising apparition of a forgotten childhood favorite—chicken tetrazzini. I won't send you to Pietro's for the steak; it's not remarkable. But this gooey old faithful is worth a detour—lethally rich, oozing luscious butterfat from every pore, enough for three or four or just one greedy gourmand. (232 East 43rd Street; 682-9760.)

Photograph by Kenneth Chen.

Opening

Stacking the Deck

The carbohydrate void left by the demise of the Royal Canadian Pancake chain has been filled by ShortyLong's, a new Upper East Side diner with a southwestern motif and a menu that cannily combines crowd-pleasing pancakes with assorted soups and stews. Crêpes, French toast, waffles, and silver-dollar and oven-baked pancakes are listed alongside chilis and chowders, like the seafood version pictured above. (1431 First Avenue, at 74th Street; 517-2580.)

Tapika—Chef David Walzog's spicy cooking has transformed a formerly subdued space into a lively canteen with his version of haute Southwestern. Try the black-bean purée with chorizo and garlic flatbread or the grilled rabbit loin with cilantro oil and habanero sauce. The bar has its own snack menu and a super selection of microbrews and tequilas. *950 Eighth Ave., at 56th St. (397-3737). (M–E) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Tennessee Mountain Restaurant & Saloon—The midtown offshoot of a SoHo rib joint, this much larger duplex restaurant serves an extensive southern barbecue menu, which is also available for on-and-off-premises catering. Cigar smokers even have their own designated space in which to unmolestedly exhale. The barbecued and hickory-smoked ribs have already made a major impression on Manhattan meat-lovers. *121 W. 45th St. (869-4545). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Trattoria Dopo Teatro—Chef Andrea Pace is famous for his open ravioli of lobster and lamb, which appear on his Northern Italian menu alongside dishes like sautéed venison chops with spinach gnocchi, risotto with baby shrimps, and artichoke hearts stuffed with sun-dried tomatoes and black-olive purée. The dining room is decorated with stills from the Italian cinema, and it leads into an enclosed "secret garden," a warren of private rooms, each designated for a different leisurely activity (wine room, grappa room, cigar lounge). *125 W. 44th St. (869-2849). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Via Brasil—This casual, lively Brazilian restaurant serves generous portions of feijoada, the national ode to meat, plus other assorted poultry and seafood specialties like vatapa, a fish dish with coconut-milk sauce. Live music Wednesday through Saturday keeps things hopping. *34 W. 46th St. (997-1158). (M) AE, CB, MC, V.*

Photograph by Boyd Hagen.

57th–60th Streets

Dawat—You can't miss with tandoori—cooked before your eyes in the big ovens in the back—or with any of the more unusual regional specials. Actress and cookbook author Madhur Jaffrey supervises the very popular and wide-ranging menu. *210 E. 58th St. (355-7555). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Fifty Seven Fifty Seven—The country's entertainment-industry glitterati make themselves right at home in I. M. Pei's monumental dining room. Susan Weaver is one of the only working chefs to combine contemporary presentation and technique with classic Provençal on one plate. The weekend bar scene puts the concept-hotel bar scene to shame. *57 E. 57th St. (758-5700). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Les Célébrités—Plush and elegant, this Art Deco dining room in the Essex House on Central Park South also happens to have a very fine kitchen, turning out dishes like pyramid of tuna tartar and grilled tuna, and roasted lobster with vanilla bean and lemon pasta. And the artwork on the walls is by some very high-profile, and surprising, non-professionals. Dinner only; jacket required. *155 W. 58th St. (484-5113). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Manhattan Ocean Club—Savor your seafood in an elegant dining room decorated with Picasso ceramics and Brazilian-red-cherry floors. *57 W. 58th St. (371-7777). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Rosa Mexicano—Did someone say "fresh-pomegranate margarita"? Yes, someone did. What's more, this spot prepares your guacamole tableside (a south-of-the-border hibachi?). Some of the tastier gourmet Mexican in the city. *1063 First Ave., at 58th St. (753-7407). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

San Domenico—Toques off to owner Tony May, who may have done more for the cause of serious Italian cooking in New York than any other single restaurateur. His dining room is formal, and the food is wonderful. *240 Central Park So. (265-5959). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, East Side

Campagnola—This comfortable Italian spot has been a neighborhood favorite for over a dozen years, thanks in part to host Salvatore's warm welcome. Of course, the flavorful country-style food—Italian bouillabaisse with lobster, double-cut veal chops with wild mushrooms, antipasto—is equally endearing. *1382 First Ave., at 74th St. (861-1102). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Club Macanudo—This plush, elegant shrine to cigar-smoking also offers, besides an astonishing selection of smokes, a sophisticated variety of edibles. The American menu, listing such offbeat items as warm lobster enchiladas and pork loin with coffee-barbecue sauce, takes inspiration from Latin and Caribbean cuisines. Jackets required. *26 E. 63rd St. (752-8200). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

El Pollo—This Peruvian chicken joint has stuck with its simple, minimal menu, to the benefit of this otherwise barren neighborhood. Potatoes come four ways, but you can't miss with the incredible curly fries. *1746 First Ave., nr. 90th St. (996-7810). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

540 Park @ The Regency Hotel—Named for its address, this American grill at the Regency Hotel has a clubby, comfortable atmosphere. The regional, eclectic menu ranges from seared-tuna spring roll and chicken-fried lobster to barbecued duck and black-bean quesadilla. If the term "power breakfast" didn't originate here, it should have. *540 Park Ave., at 61st St. (339-4050). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

JoJo—The grilled chicken with chickpea frites is a great dish. But then, Jean-Georges Vongerichten doesn't make many mistakes in this elegant, jewel-like dining room situated on two floors of an East Sixties townhouse. Lunch upstairs, overlooking

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the street, is especially lovely. *160 E. 64th St. (223-5656). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Nino's—Elegant Italian with a romantic mural garden and nightly live entertainment. Try the grilled dishes—tuna on a bed of balsamic onions, double-cut veal chop—or the lobster fra diavolo. *1354 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (988-0002). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Park Avenue Cafe—A polished, countrified American café for business lunches and off-duty get-to-know-yous in the evening. Chef David Burke makes the tired catchall "American fare" sing, and keeps the haute neighbors rapt with signature dishes like rack of lamb and his swordfish chop. *100 E. 63rd St. (644-1900). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Park View at the Boathouse—This Central Park landmark has been renovated and updated with an Asian-influenced menu from chef John Villa. Technical improvements have made it possible to keep the restaurant on the lake open all year round, though those who miss visiting it during the summer months do so at their own peril. Choose among new menu items like Gulf shrimp in rice paper roll, and Indian-spiced salmon tartare with mango and cucumber. *Central Park, nr. 72nd St. and Fifth Ave. (517-2233). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Penang—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began in Queens and has sprouted multiple Manhattan locations. Sample such exotic offerings as roti canai, beef rendang, and sarang burung in environs that strive to evoke the tropics. *1596 Second Ave., nr. 83rd St. (585-3838). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Post House—Clubby and comfortable, this handsome dining room specializes in good quality and big portions. The peppery Cajun-style steak is a favorite, especially with a side order of French fries or onion rings. There are dishes with decidedly less cholesterol—poached salmon, say, or lemon chicken—but this isn't a place to watch your waistline. Seriously. *28 E. 63rd St., in the Lowell Hotel (935-2888). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Primavera—This elegant uptown restaurant serves sophisticated renditions of Northern Italian food, like baby eels with oil and garlic, and roasted baby goat. The comfortable wood-paneled room, lit with antique fixtures and filled with fresh flowers, brings a touch of luxury to the neighborhood. *1578 First Ave., nr. 82nd St. (861-8608). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Regional Thai Sa-Woy—The well-spiced, artfully presented food at this two-story Thai restaurant costs a bit more than it would at your run-of-the-mill pad thai parlor, but the peaceful ambience and elegant, antique-strewn décor may very well put you in the mood to splurge. *1479 First Ave., at 77th St. (744-6374). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Vermicelli—The décor of this restaurant is meant to evoke a much milder version of the Vietnamese jungle, with birdcage fixtures and a bamboo bar. Try the crispy shrimp rolls, cracked lobster with a ginger-scallion-and-honey sauce, or the grilled pork chop. *1492 Second Ave., nr. 77th St. (288-8868). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, West Side

Cafe des Artistes—A smartly run, wonderfully romantic bistro with frolicking nudes on the walls. Open and serving all the time. Stop in before or after a jaunt to Lincoln Center. *1 W. 67th St. (877-3500). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Gabriela's—Real Mexican food. Don't come here for bulging burritos, but for fragrant chicken soup, steamed tamales that taste like corn, and tender pork marinated in Seville orange juice and spices. Try the *licuados*, fruit shakes, and the *aguas frescas*, fresh-fruit drinks, to cool off. *685 Amsterdam Ave., at 93rd St. (961-0574). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

La Caridad—Chino-Latino soul food in a neighborhood notoriously devoid of restaurant personality. Mammoth portions, enormous lines. *2199 Broadway, at 78th St. (874-2780). (I) ($).*

La Vela—A comfortable, unpretentious spot for Northern Italian food. Worth sampling are the zuppa di pesce, the risotto, and the wild-mushroom, black-olive, and goat-cheese pasta. *373 Amsterdam Ave., nr. 77th St. (877-7818). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Londel's—Food cooked soulfully on a blooming strip off Strivers Row. Live music most nights and velvet rope at the front door create an ambience not often associated with home cooking. Try the smothered pork chops, but be forewarned: Everything's cooked to order—*slow*-cooked to order. *2620 Frederick Douglass Blvd., at 140th St. (234-6114). (I–M) CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

M&G Diner—Dropping-off-the-bone short-rib sandwiches at the counter and low-key comfort. Jukebox is worth scanning. *383 W. 125th St. (864-7326). (I) ($).*

Penang—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began in Queens and has sprouted multiple Manhattan locations. Sample such exotic offerings as roti canai, beef rendang, and sarang burung in environs that strive to evoke the tropics. *240 Columbus Ave., at 71st St. (769-3988). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Picholine—Chef Terrance Brennan's French-Mediterranean cuisine is as beautiful to look at as it is delicious to eat. Try the risotto, smoky with tender duck and wild mushrooms, and velvety foie gras with peach coulis, and save room for a glass of port to accompany the amazingly rich and well-chosen cheese course. *35 W. 64th St. (724-8585). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Restaurant 222—Cozy and romantic, with the feel of a townhouse, Frank Valenza's top-rated New American West Sider is a luxurious surprise in a neighborhood nearly bereft of them. The menu is full of high-ticket items like Beluga caviar, Kobe steak, truffles, and foie gras, which makes the $29.95 pretheater dinner, available from 5 to 6:30, a great deal. And now, lunch is served Tuesday through Friday. *222 W. 79th St. (799-0400). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Sarabeth's—This New York institution is a homey place for upscale down-home food like chicken potpie and pancakes. It also offers a children's menu and a mouthwatering bakery counter, with homemade, award-winning jams and preserves. *423 Amsterdam Ave., nr. 80th St. (496-6280). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Sylvia's—A staple of the neighborhood, with a tradition and ambience strong enough to draw loyal customers from uptown and downtown. Live entertainment that truly aids digestion. *328 Lenox Ave., bet. 126th and 127th Sts. (996-0660). (I) ($).*

Tavern on the Green—A must for your country cousin. This mazelike collection of dining rooms, each with a view of the park better than the previous one's, is worth cutting the hansom-cab ride short for. *Central Park at 67th St. (873-3200). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Wells—A talked-about chicken-and-waffle combination. One way or another, this restaurant has been a neighborhood mainstay for nearly 60 years. *2247 Adam Clayton Powell Jr. Blvd., at 132nd St. (234-0700). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Brooklyn

Cucina—A labor of love. Northern Italian in an elegant and very well appointed room. Sensational antipasti. *256 Fifth Ave., nr. Garfield Pl. (718-230-0711). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Lundy Bros.—This restored landmark restaurant serves a wide-ranging menu of fish, pasta, chicken, and steak but specializes in lobster and other varieties of seafood. Don't miss the oyster bar or the reconstructed shore dinner. Sunday brunch buffet available. *1901 Emmons Ave. (718-743-0022). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Peter Luger's—Steak for one, steak for two, steak for four, and creamed spinach. Apply for your own house credit card, or bring cash. *178 Broadway, at Bedford Ave. (718-387-7400). (E) ($).*

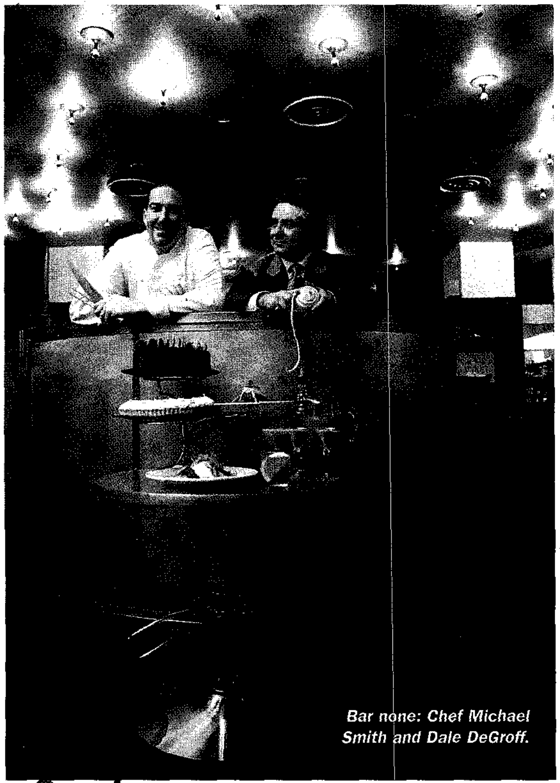
Two Tom's—Firehouse-kitchen ambience and a waiter who tells you what you want to eat. The double-rib pork chops are peerless, and the escarole is great, too, but refuse the mercilessly overcooked pasta when it's offered. Eat early during the week and call ahead on weekends. Regular private parties make getting a table frustrating, but it's always worth the trouble. *255 Third Ave., nr. Union St. (718-875-8689). (I) ($).*

Queens

Elias Corner—Mix with the locals in Astoria as they queue up for a table at this Greek fish tavern. Don't wait for a menu; it won't come. Instead, eyeball the counter as you enter. If the offerings look like today's catch, they are. The owner fetches the fish each morning. Opt for the deep-fried, pinky-size bait fish over the squid. *24–01 31st St., at Astoria Blvd. (718-932-1510). (M) ($).*

Staten Island

Aesop's Tables—Arrive by ferry or bridge to this charming bistro and garden that serves inventive, bold Mediterranean fare with an emphasis on handpicked fresh seafood. *1233 Bay St., Rosebank (718-720-2005). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*



Bar none: Chef Michael Smith and Dale DeGroff.

Opening

He's Over the Rainbow

When New York's premier bartender, Dale DeGroff, left his perch at the Rainbow Room's late, lamented Promenade Bar, cocktail connoisseurs everywhere despaired. But he's reappeared two blocks east at the new Blackbird, a bar and restaurant that celebrates classic American food (crab cakes, sirloin), desserts (coconut-cream pie, cherry cheesecake) and mixed drinks—a stupefying 70 of them. Open for lunch; dinner service starts next week. (60 East 49th Street; 692-9292.)

Photograph by Kenneth Chen.

in concert

33 Fainting Spells at Dance Theater Workshop

Classical Music

Tuesday, March 30

Lark Quartet—Performs works by Webern, Ravel, Gershwin, and Shostakovich. *Caspary Auditorium, Rockefeller University, 1230 York Ave., at 66th St. (327-7007), at 8; $25.*

Stephan Loges, Baritone, and Alexander Schmalcz, Piano—Perform works by Schumann, Honegger, Finzi, and Schubert. *92nd St. Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (307-6655), at 8; $15–$20.*

Prometheus Chamber Orchestra—Performs Stravinsky's Concerto in D, R. Strauss's Horn Concerto No. 2 in E-flat major, and Beethoven's Symphony No. 6 in F major ("Pastorale"). With horn player Patrick Pridemore. *Merkin Hall, 129 W. 67th St. (501-3330), at 8; $25.*

Wednesday, March 31

Richard Cassell, Bass-Baritone—Performs Schubert's *Die Winterreise*, with accompanist Eric Trudel. *Weill Recital Hall, 154 W. 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $25.*

Orchestra of St. Luke's—Performs Haydn's *Stabat Mater* and *Missa Brevis* in F major, with the Choir of St. Ignatius Loyola. Kent Tritle, conductor. *Church of St. Ignatius Loyola, 980 Park Ave., at 84th St. (288-2520), at 8; $35.*

St. Bartholomew's Choir—Performs Mozart's *Requiem*, *Grabmusik-Passionskantate*, and *Ave verum corpus*, with the Orchestra of the Old Fairfield Academy. William Trafka, conductor. *St. Bartholomew's Church, Park Ave. and 51st St. (378-0248), at 7:30; $20–$40.*

Thursday, April 1

Bargemusic—Performances of works by Beethoven and Mozart. *Fulton Ferry Landing, under the Brooklyn Bridge, Brooklyn (718-624-4061), at 7:30; $23.*

Friday, April 2

Cantor Rebecca Garfein, Mezzo-Soprano—Performs excerpts from Mendelssohn's *Elijah* Oratorio, with organist Arnold Ostlund Jr., baritone Duncan Hartman, tenor David Klopp, and others. *Riverdale Temple, 4545 Independence Ave., Bronx (718-548-3800), at 8; free.*

New York Philharmonic Musicians—Violinists Yoko Takebe and Jennifer Gilbert, violists Michael and Alan Gilbert, and others perform Dvořák's String Quintet in E-flat major, Mozart's Horn Quintet in E-flat major, and Schönberg's *Verklärte Nacht*. *Weill Recital Hall, 154 W. 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $32.*

Saturday, April 3

Little Orchestra Society—Performs a benefit concert of sacred music by John Tavener. *Greek Orthodox Archdiocesan Cathedral of the Holy Trinity, 319 E. 74th St. (971-9500), at 7; $30–$150.*

New England Symphonic Ensemble—Performs Mozart's Mass No. 16 in C major ("Coronation"), with guest choruses. Mark Taylor, conductor. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $16–$68.*

Ground Rules:

This section emphasizes classical concerts, recitals, and public outdoor performances (but only the premeditated ones), and includes the occasional jazz concert if it is held, say, in a public space. For rock concerts and club information, see "Nightlife."

Rosalyn Tureck, Piano—Performs Bach's Adagio in G, Chromatic Fantasy and Fugue, English Suite in G minor, and other works. *92nd St. Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (996-1100), at 8; $25.*

Sunday, April 4

Bargemusic—See 4/1, at 4.

New England Symphonic Ensemble—Performs choral works by Mozart, Rutter, and Convery. John Rutter, Jonathan Griffith, and Lee Egbert, conductors. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 2; $16–$68.*

American Chamber Ensemble—Performs works by Beach, Copland, Carter, and others. *Weill Recital Hall, 154 W. 57th St. (247-7800), at 2; $32.*

Monday, April 5

Modern Works! Ensemble—Performs a program of modern works by Ada Gentile, Christina Landuzzi, Stefano Gervasoni, and Ludovico Einaudi. *Sylvia and Danny Kaye Playhouse, 695 Park Ave., at 68th St. (772-4448), at 7; $20.*

Patricia Racette, Soprano, and Russell Braun, Baritone—Perform a duo recital of songs by Schumann, Wolf, Beach, and others, with pianist Carolyn Maule. *Walter Reade Theater, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 7:30; $20.*

Opera

Metropolitan Opera—Performs Verdi's *Rigoletto*, 3/30 at 7:30, and 4/2 and 4/5 at 8; Floyd's *Susannah*, 3/31 at 8 and 4/3 at 1:30; Verdi's *Aida*, 4/1 at 8; and Tchaikovsky's *The Queen of Spades*, 4/3 at 8. *Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center (362-6000); $25–$210.*

New York City Opera—Performs Mozart's *Don Giovanni*, 3/30 at 7:30 and 4/2 at 8; Puccini's *La Bohème*, 4/1 at 7:30 and 4/4 at 1:30; and a double bill of Ravel's *L'Heure espagnole* and *L'Enfant et les sortilèges*, 4/3 at 1:30. *New York State Theater, Lincoln Center (870-5570); $20–$90.*

Operaworks—Performs Donizetti's *Roberto Devereux*, 3/30 and 4/2 at 8. *West Park Auditorium, 165 W. 8th St. (873-9531); $18.*

Dance

American Ballet Theatre Studio Company—Performs two programs of original works by Robert Hill, Natalie Weir, and Graham Lustig, 3/30 at 7:30 and 3/31 at 8. *Sylvia and Danny Kaye Playhouse, 695 Park Ave., at 68th St. (772-4448); $25.*

Margaret Jenkins Dance Company—Performs Jenkins's *Breathe Normally*, based on an event in the life of Olympia Dukakis, 3/30–4/3 at 8, and 4/4 at 2. *Joyce Theater, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. (242-0800); $30.*

MorganScott Ballet—Performs *Remembering Matthew Shepard: A Vigil in Dance*, 3/30 at 8. *St. Mark's Church, 131 E. 10th St. (674-8194); $25.*

Russian National Ballet—Makes its New York premiere, performing Tchaikovsky's *Swan Lake*, with choreography by Marius Petipa and Lev Ivanov, 4/4 at 2. *Brooklyn Center for the Performing Arts at Brooklyn College (718-951-4500); $25–$30.*

Mallika Sarabhai—Performs *Devi: The Mother Goddess*, an original dance-theater work combining mime, storytelling, and traditional Indian dance, 3/30 at 7. *National Museum of the American Indian, One Bowling Green (463-8019); $15–$50.*

Andrea Smith—Presents *The Salon Project: Creation in Motion*, an evening of dance and performance works by Smith, Leah Nelson, Robert Tracey, and others, 4/1–4/4 at 8:30. *P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. (477-5288); $15.*

Erica Stuart—Performs *A Girl Joan*, a solo dance-theater work based on the life of Joan of Arc, 3/31–4/3 at 8. Through 4/10. *Present Company Theatorium, 198 Stanton St. (420-8877); $12.*

33 Fainting Spells—Performs *Maria the Storm Cloud*, an original work by Dayna Hanson and Gaelen Hanson, 4/1–4/3 at 8, and 4/4 at 3. *Bessie Schönberg Theater, 219 W. 19th St. (924-0077); $15.*

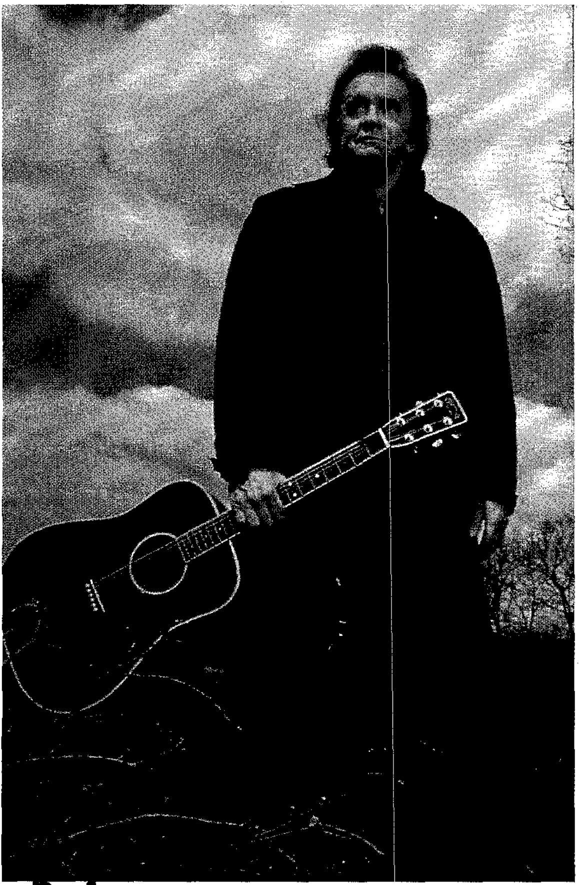
Previews
Fallen Woman

This Wednesday, Carlisle Floyd's *Susannah* appears on the Met stage for the first time ever. Soprano Renée Fleming (pictured) plays the title role in the tale of sexual McCarthyism in the Tennessee countryside.

Photograph by John Swannell/Decca.

nightlife

Residents . . . Sagoo . . . Manson



Performance

Old Boys' Club

A dozen high-wattage friends and admirers—including Willie Nelson, Kris Kristofferson, Emmylou Harris, Rosanne Cash, and Fugee Wyclef Jean—perform at "An All-Star Tribute to Johnny Cash" (Hammerstein Ballroom, April 6; to be broadcast on TNT, April 18). The Man in Black himself (pictured), long stricken with a debilitating neurological illness, may or may not take the stage. (See "Concerts.")

Concerts

"An All-Star Tribute to Johnny Cash"—Along with TNT's last big fête (in honor of Burt Bacharach), this is one of the rare "all-star" rosters that lives up to its billing. The Man in Black himself, in uncertain health, is planning to make the gig but hasn't announced whether he'll actually play. Whether or not he does, the bill makes it worth sticking around to find out. Fellow Highwaymen Kris Kristofferson and Willie Nelson will, of course, be making the show (though, sadly, Waylon Jennings won't). Pleasant surprises include rare performances by Rosanne Cash and Lyle Lovett, plus a *who knew?* appearance by Wyclef Jean, of Fugees fame. With Sheryl Crow, Emmylou Harris, Chris Isaak, Mary Stuart, June Carter Cash, Trisha Yearwood, Brooks & Dunn, Dave Matthews, and the Mavericks. (To be broadcast on the cable station, April 18.) 4/6 at 8. *Hammerstein Ballroom at the Manhattan Center, 311 W. 34th St. (307-7171). $70–$85.*

13th Annual MAC Awards—Big names abound as the Manhattan Association of Cabarets & Clubs does its annual Oscar-type number. Scheduled performers include Betty Buckley, Barbara Cook and Wally Harper, Kathie Lee Gifford, Liza Minelli and Billy Stritch, John Pizzarelli, and the Barry Levitt Trio. 4/5 at 7:30. *Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. (307-4100). $20–$100.*

Lauryn Hill—New York pride is easy to come by. New Jersey pride, on the other hand—now *that's* impressive. Ms. Hill's been an outspoken champion of her home state from the get-go, so this show makes plenty of sense. It should also be the most electric of her multiple area appearances, billed as a "homecoming" gig as it is and all. 4/2 at 7:30. *New Jersey Performing Arts Center, 1 Center St., Newark, New Jersey (888-GO-NJ-PAC). $35–55.*

"Jazz Insights"—Informal panel discussions and lectures. 3/30: Tony Reedus. 4/6: Bill Mobley. *The New School, 66 W. 12th St. (229-5488). $25.*

Marilyn Manson—After some of the greatest rock-and-roll acrimony in memory, co-headliners Hole quit this off-season mini-pallooza after just a few dates. (Courtney accused Manson, from the stage, of being a drug addict; Manson, in turn, got the crowd to indicate that they had come to see *him*, not the widow Cobain.) Considering reports of Hole's lackluster performance, the departure should be no loss to fans, especially given the addition of the Garden State's Monster Magnet, who should fill the vacant slot with pill-addled panache. 4/6 at 8. *Continental Airlines Arena, East Rutherford, N.J. (212-307-7171). $35.* 4/7 at 8. *Nassau Coliseum, Uniondale (212-307-7171). $35.*

Slayer—Tom Araya and his gore-obsessed cohorts have been carrying the death-metal standard for over a decade and a half. The band's twin tastes for machine-precise riffing and bloody imagery must signify *something* about the ironies implicit in modern existence. But we're not sure what. With disciples Meshuggah, who offer many of the same pleasures as Slayer—plus a lot of ridiculous time signatures. 3/31 at 7:30. *Roseland, 239 W. 52nd St. (307-7171). $22.50.*

Andy Statman Klezmer Orchestra—The longtime klezmer torchbearer hasn't hit on the kind of attention-grabbing shtick some of his colleagues have, but he's one of the best in the business regardless. 4/5 at 8. *Merkin Concert Hall at Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. (501-3330). $15–$72.*

"Tango Magic: The Music of Astor Piazzolla"—Argentina's late national composer gets his first major 57th Street retrospective. Featuring Gidon Kremer, Orpheus Orchestra, Pablo Ziegler, Maria Grana, and dancers from *Forever Tango*. 4/6 at 8. *Carnegie Hall, 154 W. 57th St. (247-7800). $25–$60.*

Clubland

Bottom Line—A top-notch venue—with great sound, good sight lines, and pretty decent fries—given to rock, jazz, and folk artists of all stripes. 3/31: Kazumi Watanabe with Mike Mainieri, Mino Cinelu, John Pattitucci, Al DiMeola, and Akiko Yano. 4/2: Chris Smither. 4/3: David Wilcox. *15 W. 4th St. (228-7880).*

Bowery Ballroom—The Mercury Lounge's roomy new Lower East Side outpost, where up-and-comers can hone their big-room chops. 3/29–3/30: Collective Soul. 4/1: From time to time, Sonic Youth get compared to the Grateful Dead. There's the group improvisation, of course; the (sidelong) influence of psychedelia; the era-defining epic quality of the music. But generally absent from the parallel is the hootenanny factor. Well, miss it no more, classic rock/indie rock crossover enthusiasts: For this gig, the various members of the quartet team up with some of their faves—including Jim O'Rourke, William Winant, D.J. Olive, and Ikue Mori—for brief collaborative bits. Then, in true Rock and Roll Hall of Fame induction-banquet grandeur, all eight participants take the stage together and kick out the proverbial jam. (Think they'll play "Knockin' on Heaven's Door"?) 4/2: Grateful Dead cover band the Zen Tricksters. 4/3: The Olivia Tremor Control channel not just the sound but the exploratory spirit of the Beach Boys' late-sixties psychedelic pop in their bizarrely beautiful confections. Given the recent hype surrounding the outfit, you'd think they were the second coming of Brian Wilson himself. They're not, but they're still fairly interesting. With Welsh megarockers Super Furry Animals. *6 Delancey St. (533-2111).*

Chicago B.L.U.E.S.—A downtown blueserie, comfortably down-home, with living-room couches behind the stage. Dedicated to bringing us the best and brightest from the midwestern blues capital. 3/29: Jimi Natale. 3/30: Seth Okrend. 3/31: S'Killit. 4/1: Mason Casey. 4/2–4/3: Carey Bell. 4/5: Peter Spinelli. *73 Eighth Ave., bet. 13th and 14th Sts. (924-9755). $.*

Connolly's—Saturdays, Black 47 get the joint jiggin' and jumpin'. *14 East 47th St. (867-3767).*

Fez—Mingus fever and lush *faux*-Moroccan ambience make this the neo-boho place to be on

Ground Rules:

In clubland, promptness is *not* next to godliness; expect shows to start much later than promised.

$ = cash only.

Photograph by Tamara Reynolds/House of Cash.

Thursdays, when the mighty Mingus Big Band rocks the house, playing the works of the great, brawling bassist with a freshness and authority rarely seen in jazz today. Sundays: Jackie Beat's "Uptown Lady, Downtown Girl." 4/6: Rebecca Martin; Larry John McNally; Jane Kelly Williams; Timothy Williams; Dorothy Scott; Frank Tedesso. *Time Cafe, 380 Lafayette St. (533-2680).*

Irving Plaza—4/5–4/7: For sowing confusion, the only strategy more effective than self-mythology is to let others do the mythologizing for you. San Francisco's Residents have learned this lesson better than anyone else in rock. From its early-seventies inception, the group decided to keep the identities of its individual members a secret, record prolifically, tour little, and comment even less—in general, to behave as a mystery shrouded in an enigma even though they were four nobodies, notable mainly as pioneers in home recording and (apparently) the ingestion of psychedelic drugs. The resulting mythmaking apparatus has brought forth such apocrypha as the origin of the band's name (supposedly the addressee on a demo tape returned by Warner Bros. in 1972) and its geographic roots (Shreveport? Riverside?). The results of these tactics are simultaneously maddening, hilarious, and out-and-out bizarre. The Residents have never been afraid to go after big game (their first album was titled *Third Reich 'n' Roll*, and in 1986 they released the twin albums *Heaven?* and *Hell!*) and put on live shows that are utterly unforgettable feats of surrealist ambition. Toward the end of their last New York show, ten years ago, one member doffed the traditional uniform (a torso-enveloping bloodshot eyeball) in favor of a strap-on fluorescent beer belly, the better to impersonate an aging, disoriented Elvis Presley. If the King of Rock and Roll gets that kind of treatment, just imagine what the foursome will do to Christ and His biblical buddies in this three-night production of their new *Wormwood: Curious Stories From the Bible.* 3/29–3/30: Stabbing Westward; Placebo; Flick. 3/31–4/1: Love and Rockets; Orgy. 4/2–4/3: Galactic. *17 Irving Pl. (777-6800).*

Knitting Factory—The ever-expanding Disneyland of downtown music, with three floors, four stages, four microbrew-bearing bars, and some of the biggest names in now music. 3/30: Dying Ground; Eyvand Kang; Calvin Weston; Kato Hidecki. 3/31: Terraplane; Peter Apfelbaum Sextet; John Blum Trio. 4/2: Punk-Funk Harmolodic (Marc Ribot, Jamaaladeen Tacuma, John Zorn, and Calvin Weston). 4/3: Jazz Mandolin Project; Gregory Boyd; VOS. 4/4: Oliver Lake; Jon Hicks; Billy Hart; Freddie Washington Jr. 4/5: Jim Puglese's Soultronix; Roger Miller's Binary System; Folk Fiction. *74 Leonard St., bet. Broadway and Church St. (219-3055). $*

Manny's Car Wash—A little Chicago on the Upper East Side. Mondays, beware salivating yuppie swells here for ladies' night. Every Sunday, it's Manny's World Famous Blues. Mondays: Craig Dreter & Friends. 3/30: Shade Tree Mechanics. 3/31: Debbie Davies. 4/1: Michael Hill's Blues Mob. 4/2: Water Street Band. 4/3: Little Buster and Soul Brothers. 4/6: Joe Taino. *1558 Third Ave., bet. 87th and 88th Sts. (369-BLUES).*

Maxwell's—After a couple years' dormancy, New Jersey's (and perhaps the tristate area's) finest rock club is back with a vengeance. 4/1: Super Furry Animals. 4/2: D Generation. 4/4: Olivia Tremor Control (see Bowery Ballroom listing, above). *1039 Washington St., Hoboken, New Jersey. (201-653-1703).*

Mercury Lounge—Once a headstone parlor, now one of the city's hippest and most congenial music spots, hosting rock and country artists groomed for the more au courant time slots of MTV. 3/30: Lotion. 3/31: Push Kings. 4/1: Dreamkillers; Holmes. 4/2: Sean Altman; Birdy; Julia Greenberg. 4/4: The Moths. 4/5: Mike Sport Murphy; the Sharp Things; John Kimbrough. *217 E. Houston St. (260-4700).*

S.O.B.'s—The city's premier world-music, reggae, and soul-jazz venue, presenting acts that could fill stadia back home and local talent that might one day do the same here. Most nights, sets at 10 and midnight. 3/29: Raul Paz. 3/30: Meditations. 3/31: DJ Signify. 4/1: "Basement Bhangra," with Bally Sagoo (see box, this page). 4/2: Jungle Funk, featuring Living Colour alumni Doug Wimbush and Will Calhoun. 4/3: "Booya Brazil," with Katende. 4/5: Gran Combo. *204 Varick St. (243-4940).*

The Supper Club—A large, grand ballroom with a starry ceiling and challenging acoustics. Fridays and Saturdays at 8, the Supper Club's house big band gets the lindyhoppers jumping, jiving, and wailing. *240 W. 47th St. (921-1940).*

Tramps—3/30: Four hip-hop generations share the stage as last year's young gun du jour, Canibus, flips rhymes with some of his noteworthy forebears: Early-eighties pioneer Grandmaster Flash, Public Enemy mastermind Chuck D (who's recently re-upped his relevance by turning himself into MP3's unofficial spokesman-advocate), and early-nineties phenom Jeru the Damaja. 4/3: Buckwheat Zydeco; Mem Shannon. *51 W. 21st St. (727-7788).*

Wetlands—A groovy club-kid activist hang with neo-hippie atmosphere and far-flung musical guests. N.B.: Tuesday night is the High Times Cannabis Cup Reggae Band. 3/30: Native; Fire Ants; Quiver. 3/31: Puppy Ranks; Rocker T; Dolla Man; I.R.T. Band. 4/1–4/2: Jorma Kaukkonen; Mike Falzarano; Pete Sears. 4/4: Leeway; Indecision; Shutdown; E-Town Concrete. 4/5: The Roots' "Black Lilly Jam Session." *161 Hudson St. (966-5244) $.*

Performance

Bhangra to the Future

Two years ago, the tablatronic pioneer Talvin Singh and his critically heralded "Asian underground" were still in the sub-basement. But on the inaugural night of "Basement Bhangra," Bally Sagoo, the genre-busting "Godfather of Bhangra," sold out S.O.B.'s with his exuberant, glammy take on trad-Punjabi festival music. When the British-Indian Sagoo (pictured) returns to the SoHo club for Basement's second-anniversary bash on April 1, the monthly dance party's founders, D.J.'s Rekha and Joy, expect no less frenzy. "He brags that every household in India has a Bally Sagoo record," Rekha says. "It sounds crazy, but he might be right. Everybody *I* know has one." Despite his formidable discography—eight albums plus prodigious remix and soundtrack work during his ten-year recording career—Sagoo doesn't claim paternity for the infectious sound he's popularized. "Bhangra's not new," he demurs. "It's been happening for a long time, but what we do is much more. It's Indian house, Indian hip-hop, Indian dub." "You couldn't find Bally Sagoo records in Tower two years ago," notes Rekha. "They didn't fall under that easy rubric of 'world music.' " Neither do Rekha's soirees. "We flip it New York–style," she adds. "With a hip-hop sensibility to keep it hot." The mix has succeeded. The monthly party—where you're as likely to hear Lauryn Hill as Nusrat Fateh Ali Khan—has sold out almost every show in its two-year history and spun off Mutiny, Rekha's more experimental, electronica-inflected night at the Knitting Factory. Of course, the cultural Cuisinart spins both ways, as Beck, Madonna, and others discover bhangra beats, bindis, sitars, and saris. Sagoo loves it all. "What Madonna's doing is fantastic," he gushes half-seriously. "She looks great with a bindi on her forehead. It's free publicity for Indians, man." **LOGAN HILL**

Photograph by Joshua Kessler/Retna.

Jazz

Birdland—Proof that jazz is alive and well in midtown, this classy boîte serves up some fine southern cuisine along with its first-rate lineup. Every Sunday night, Chico O'Farrill's smoking Afro-Cuban Jazz Orchestra. Every Monday night, the Toshiko Akiyoshi Jazz Orchestra. Every Tuesday, the Mingus Orchestra. Every Friday, the Lew Anderson Big Band swings from 5:30 to 7:30. $15–$20 cover; $10 minimum. Sets at 9 and 11:30. 3/31: Carla White. 4/1–4/3: John Hicks Sextet, featuring Bobby Weston. *315 W. 44th St. (581-3080).*

Blue Note—With a first-rate sound system and a decent view from every seat in the house, the "jazz capital of the world" often presents two top-flight artists in one evening. Sets at 9 and 11:30. 3/30–4/4: "Congamania"; Ray Barretto; Poncho Sanchez Latin Jazz Band. 4/6–4/11: Abbey Lincoln Quartet. *131 W. 3rd St. (475-8592).*

Detour—With no cover and top-notch young players, this cozy, tiled East Village joint packs 'em in every night of the week. Sundays: Mike Magillian. 3/29: Marya Lawrence; Metamorphosis. 3/30: Dave Pietro Quartet. 3/31: Eric Pakula Quartet. 4/2: Brian Camelio Quartet. 4/3: Jacques Schwartz-Bart Quartet. *349 E. 13th St. (533-6212).*

Iridium—In the cozy basement across from Lincoln center, you'll find some of the finest chow in jazzland, plus formidable jazz comers and the occasional legend. Thoughtful table placement minimizes a couple of structural columns' potentially disastrous effects on sight lines. Monday nights, the Les Paul Trio holds office hours. 3/30–4/4: Terrance Blanchard Sextet & Donald Harrison. Sets at 8:30 and 10:30, Sun.–Thurs., with extra midnight sets Fri. and Sat. *44 W. 63rd St., across from Lincoln Center (582-2121).*

Jazz at Noon—East midtown's long-running, Friday-afternoon jam session—where Dizzy Gillespie, Clark Terry, and Elvin Jones have all been visiting scholars—returns for its thirty-third season, with the usual high-caliber house band. Noon–2:30 P.M. $5 cover. 4/2: Jay Leonhart. *San Martin Restaurant, 143 E. 49th St. (832-0888).*

Performance

It's the End of the World As We Know It

Somewhere in the shadowy territory between Klaatu and the Bavarian Illuminati lie San Francisco's storied Residents. During nearly 30 years of utterly surreal music making, the members of this mysterious foursome have kept their identities secret—through a combination of oversized eyeball costumes and the winking complicity of their colleagues. The last time the Residents played New York, they spent half the show performing twisted versions of Elvis classics culled from their album *The King and Eye*. Now, after a nail-biting, decade-long absence, they return for three nights of even more ambitious iconoclasm, as they offer a stage version of their latest opus, *Wormwood: Curious Stories From the Bible*—on which the Song of Songs is retitled "I Hate Heaven" and Judas Iscariot is posited as the New Testament's real savior. The brimstone and blasphemy run April 5 through 7 at Irving Plaza. (See "Clubland.")

The Jazz Standard—A sprawling room with terrific sound and the best club menu in the city, the Jazz Standard offers a fresh mix of estimable hard-boppers, living legends, and hungry young comers. Mon., Tues., and Fri. at 5:30 and Sat. at 7, guitarist David O'Rourke swings in the upstairs 27 Standard bar. Sets Wed.–Thurs. at 8 and 10, Fri. and Sat. at 8, 10:30, and midnight, Sun. at 7 and 9. $15–$25 cover; $10 minimum. 3/31–4/4: Ray Bryant Trio. *116 E. 27th St. (576-2232).*

Red Blazer—Reopened in a new spot, the famed Theater District jazzerie continues to offer up fine sounds. Alternate Thursdays in February, Blues Eyes afficionado Cary Hoffman and the Stan Rubin Orchestra present "Sinatra: The Best of the Fifties." Mondays: Lenore and the Dukes. Tuesdays: Sol Yaged's Swing Band. Fridays: New Yorker Big Band. Saturdays: Bob Cantwell Jazz Sextet. Sunday Jazz Brunch: Sam Ulano's Bourbon Street Swingers. $10 cover; two-drink minimum. *32 W. 37th St. (262-3112).*

Showman's Café—Reopened right on 125th Street (though not, unfortunately, in its original location adjacent to the Apollo), the legendary jazz watering hole offers slow-cooked soul-jazz and funkified hard bop every night. No cover; two-drink minimum. *375 E. 125th St. (864-8941). $.*

Small's—Extremely cozy and open all night, offering after-hours jazz until 8 A.M. It's a candlelit basement where nightly jams start round about 2 A.M.—the perfect time for a post–Village Vanguard visit (it's right around the corner)—and often involve free beverages and food. Shows start at 10. *183 W. 10th St. (929-7565). $.*

Sweet Basil—An intimate downtown restaurant with good food and high-profile jazz acts. Every Saturday, jazz brunch with Ilhan Ersahin. Sundays, Chuck Folds hosts "the original jazz brunch." Every Monday, it's the Spirit of Life Ensemble. Sets at 9 and 11, with extra sets Fri. and Sat. at 12:30 A.M. *88 Seventh Ave. So., at Bleecker St. (242-1785).*

Tonic—Yet another impeccably hip Lower East Side avant-jazzerie, this hole-in-the-wall shares space with a beauty parlor and has its sights set on the Knitting Factory crowd. Sunday: Klezmer Sundays. Ensemble. 3/31: John Zorn Improv; Los Parasitos. *107 Norfolk St. (358-7503). $.*

Village Vanguard—Perhaps the world's greatest jazz club, and certainly the most steeped in history, this dark, smoky institution is revered by fans around the world. Study the photos of jazz icons, dig the curtains Miles Davis once played to, and sneak a glance inside the kitchen, an Algonquin Round Table for the bop age. Mondays, the Vanguard Jazz Orchestra swings on. 3/30–4/11: Chucho Valdes Quartet. Sets at 9:30 and 11:30, with a late 1 A.M. set Fri. and Sat. *178 Seventh Ave. So., at W. 11th St. (255-4037). $.*

Comedy

Carolines Comedy Club—In Times Square just down the street from the *Letterman* show, Carolines hosts big names and talented up-and-comers in its wide, elegant, TV-studio-like basement. Mondays, "New Talent Night," hosted by Eddie Brill. 3/29: Mario Cantone. 3/31: Mike Robles. *1626 Broadway, bet. 49th and 50th Sts. (757-4100). $12.50–$24.50, two-drink minimum.*

Comedy Cellar—A physical throwback to sixties Village coffeehouses, this is the late-night subterranean haunt of many of the city's top comics. Shows Fri. at 9 and 11; Sat. at 8:30, 10:15, and midnight; and Sun.–Thurs. at 9. 3/29–4/4: Carie Karavas; Jerry Diner; Jim Norton; Nancy Redman; Willie Asbury; Quentin Heggs. *117 MacDougal St. (254-3480).*

Dangerfield's—Founded by the respect-deprived comedian two decades ago, this Vegas-style lounge is one of the city's oldest comedy establishments. Shows Fri. at 9 and 11:15; Sat. at 8, 10:30, and 12:30 A.M.; Sun.–Thurs., continuous from 8:45. Cover is $15 Fri. and Sat.; $12.50 on weeknights; no minimum. *1118 First Ave., bet. 61st and 62nd Sts. (593-1650).*

Gotham—An elegant, trendy, and palatial comedy spot in the Flatiron district. Sun.–Thurs. at 8:30; Fri. and Sat. at 8:30 and 10:30. Cover is $12 Fri. and Sat., $8 on weeknights. Two-drink minimum. 4/2–4/3: Tom Shillue; Greg Giraldo; Greg Carey. *34 W. 22nd St. (367-9000).*

Stand-up New York—Robin Williams is known to drop by here unannounced to warm up for his *Letterman* appearances. Cover is $7–$12. Shows: Sun.–Thurs. at 7 and 9; Fri. at 7, 9, and 11:30. Sat. at 8, 10, and 12:15. 4/2–4/3: Gregg Fitzsimmons; Rich Vos; Greg Carey. *236 W. 78th St. (595-0850).*

Upright Citizens Brigade Theater—New York's favorite sketch-comedy troupe, currently in production on their TV show's second season, now has a live theater to call home, too. Not shabby. UCB members perform four nights a week, with other comics taking up the little bit of slack left. All shows $5 or less; call for show times. *161 W. 22nd St. (366-9176). $.*

Cabaret

Algonquin Hotel—Fresh from a major overhaul, the Oak Room hosts some formidable names in its cozy environs. (early shows Tues-Sat., late shows Fri. & Sat.). Through 4/10: Lainie Kazan. *59 W. 44th St. (840-6800).*

Asti—Singing-waiter frolics, with an emphasis on opera and operetta, are the keynote of this Village landmark. Late dining. *13 E. 12th St. (741-9105).*

Bemelmans Bar—Tuesday–Saturday at 9:30: Peter Mintun. $10 music charge; no minimum. *Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600).*

Cafe Carlyle—3/30–5/1, Tues.–Sat.: Barbara Cook. Every Monday, Woody Allen swings through the early set with Eddy Davis & His New Orleans Jazz Band. Sets at 8:45 and 10:45. $50 ($25 for Davis's late, Woody-free set); no minimum. *Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600).*

Eighty-Eight's—A West Village venue whose unassuming façade conceals a top-notch little theater within. $15, with a two-drink minimum. Every Thursday: Natalie Gamsu. Fridays: James Beaman's "Black Market Marlene: A Dietrich Cabaret. 3/31: "Aaron Lee Battle Sings Ellington." *228 W. 10th St. (924-0088).*

FireBird Café—The theater district's newest post-show snuggery, right next door to an overwrought Russian restaurant—steer clear of the Cossack-dagger-toting doormen and you'll be fine. Tues.–Thurs., sets at 9. Fri. and Sat., sets at 9 and 11. $30 cover; two-drink minimum. Through 4/3: Steve Ross. *363 W. 46th St. (586-0244).*

Judy's—Newly relocated to Chelsea, this cozy and friendly piano bar features two performance spaces, a fine menu, and a weekly gig by Judy herself. *169 Eighth Ave., bet. 18th and 19th Sts. (929-5410).*

Sardi's—Fridays, John Malino's combo plays jazz standards and a little "down-home blues." No cover; $12 minimum. *234 W. 44th St. (221-8444).*

Tatou—A swank midtown supper club, with dancing, dining, and a dress code. $20 cover; no minimum. 4/1: Delegates. *151 E. 50th St. (753-1144).*

Bars

Blue & Gold Tavern—A bottomless supply of underage drinkers and aggro neighborhood drunks can't diminish the appeal of this dive's dirt-cheap booze and even cheaper juke box (fifty songs to the dollar, on a good night). *79 E. 7th St. (473-8918). $.*

McHale's—This Theater District stalwart draws an oddly appealing mix of thespians, tourists, Hell's Kitchen miscellaneous types, and hipsters. Serves one of the biggest burgers in the city, too. *750 Eighth Ave., at 46th St. (997-8885).*

Photograph by Ken Friedman.

the mix

Arthur Golden...Free Tour of the Park

John Leonard's TV Notes

The Tic Tac Code (4/2; 8 to 9:30 P.M.; Starz!) combines jazz and Tourette's syndrome in the persons of a 12-year-old prodigy (Christopher George Marquette) who can only control himself at a piano, his loving but emotionally battered mother (Polly Draper, who also wrote the script), the saxophonist (Gregory Hines) who brings them into a community of late-night club musicians, and the agreeable company of Carol Kane, Tony Shalhoub, Camryn Manheim, Fisher Stevens, and Buster Poindexter (David Johansen). Starz! is available on Channel 92 to cable subscribers and by satellite dish on DirecTV.

Floating (4/2; 9 to 10:30 P.M.; Sundance) is William Roth's gloomy meditation on what happens to Norman Reedus when his mother leaves the family; his abusive father takes to drink; those buddies who haven't gone off to college without him take to burglary, drugs, and punk rock; and his best friend (Chad Lowe) turns out to be gay and suicidal. Bret Easton Ellis without the laughs.

Happy Hour (Saturdays, starting 4/3; 9 to 10 P.M.; USA), with Dweezil and Ahmet Zappa co-hosting a sort of Smothers Brothers *Gong Show,* is more than enough to embarrass their dead father, Frank, out of his grave and back to Prague to get child-rearing advice from Vaclav Havel. The likes of Garrett Morris and Georgette Mosbacher are press-ganged into party games, sing-alongs, and sex jokes. So noisy-awful that you may want to cancel, if not your subscription to cable, then possibly your membership in the human species.

Horatio Hornblower: The Duel (4/4; 8 to 10 P.M.; A&E), the first of four new movies based on the C. S. Forester British Navy series, actually improves on Gregory Peck with Ioan Gruffudd as the midshipman who, before he becomes a hero flogging the French in 1793, is both seasick and afraid of heights, as well as suicidal. But then he meets not only Captain Sir Edward Pellew (Robert Lindsay) but also his duty and his destiny. Wonderfully wet, with funny hats—not to mention oars, sails, honor, loot, servitude, and sadism.

The Secret Path (4/4; 9 to 11 P.M.; CBS) is a rather nice installment in the continuing television saga of black folks saving white folks from themselves. Were it not for Ossie Davis and Della Reese in the boondocks of the pre-civil-rights South, JoAnn Foley would have grown up abused by her white-trash grandfather (Ron White) and become a prostitute like her mother (Crystal Bernard). But by grace of a garden, an apron, and the usual wonderful music at the usual black church, she's saved instead—to write the book from which they make this movie.

Radio Highlights

City Folk—3/30, 6 A.M. till 9 P.M.: The end of the third month of the year is celebrated with music by trios, including R.E.M., Johnny Cash 3, Crosby, Stills, and Nash, the Washington Squares, and others. WFUV, 90.7 FM.

Under the Covers—3/31 at 7 A.M.: The music of British guitar giant Richard Thompson as interpreted by others. WFUV, 90.7 FM.

Sarah Vaughan Day—4/3 at 8 P.M.: Vocalists Carmen Bradford and Kevin Mahoney with the Vanguard Jazz Orchestra, celebrating the 75th anniversary of Vaughan's birth. WBGO, 88.3 FM.

Jill Krementz—4/4 at 8 P.M.: Lewes Burke Frumkes talks with New York's preeminent photographer of writers, whose latest book is *The Jewish Writer.* WPAT, 930 AM.

The Written Word

Joshua Berrett—3/30 at 4:30 P.M.: Discussing his book *The Louis Armstrong Companion: Eight Decades of Commentary.* The Louis Armstrong Archives, Benjamin S. Rosenthal Library, Room 332, CUNY's Queens College, Flushing, (718-997-5000); free.

Melvin Bukiet and Susan Choi—3/30 at 7 P.M.: Reading from *Signs and Wonders* and *The Foreign Student,* respectively. Shakespeare's Sister, 270 Court Street, Brooklyn (718-875-4944); free.

Joann G. Layne—4/1 at 7 P.M.: Reading from *The Champagne Slipper.* A Different Light, 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850); free.

Ossie Davis and Ruby Dee—4/1 at 6 P.M.: Reading from their joint memoir *With Ossie and Ruby.* The New York Public Library's Harlem Branch, 9 W. 124th St. (348-5620); free.

"A Consideration of Sigmund Freud"—4/5 at 7:30 P.M.: Readings by and about the king of shrinks with Mark Strand, Janet Malcolm, Jonathan Lear, and Richard Howard. Manhattan Theatre Club, City Center, 131 W. 55th St. (399-3030); $12.

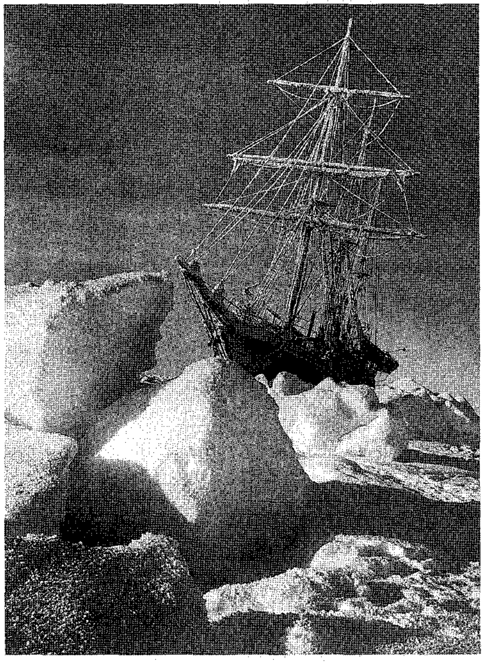
Arthur Golden—4/5 at 7:30 P.M.: The author of *Memoirs of a Geisha* speaks about the writing process as part of Marymount Manhattan College's "Best Selling Authors" series. 221 E. 71st. St. (517-0564); $50.

In Print

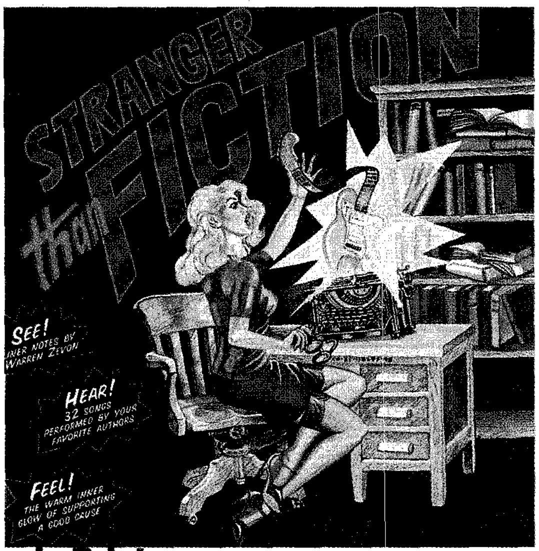
The Camera's Cold Eye

In August 1914, Ernest Shackleton and 27 explorers set off for Antarctica, planning to make the first crossing of the continent on foot. They didn't return to England for twenty months, and the trip home made *The Odyssey* look like a package tour. Before they even reached the Antarctic, their ship, the *Endurance,* became trapped in ice and was crushed to splinters. The men spent months in a makeshift cabin built from the ship's cannibalized remains, living on stewed penguin and, eventually, their own sled dogs. A first attempt to escape by open boat failed, but the group tried again and finally reached help. Incredibly, not one member of the expedition died. Even more incredibly, the crew's Australian photographer, Frank Hurley, managed to document the entire ordeal. Working with the difficult, primitive photo technology of the day—many of his pictures were made on glass-plate negatives, far more unwieldy than film—he produced hundreds of images of the ship, the Antarctic light, the men, the ice. He even managed to shoot a few color photos, in an early process called Paget photography. And somehow, he got dozens of his delicate glass negatives back to civilization whole. Small wonder, then, that the American Museum of Natural History has put together a respectful, quietly awesome exhibit. "The *Endurance:* Shackleton's Legendary Antarctic Expedition" includes more than 140 of Hurley's photographs, his diary, and artifacts of the trip, as does the accompanying book of the same title by Caroline Alexander (Knopf, $29.95). The show memorializes a piece of photojournalism of a supreme order: Ansel Adams beauty and technical quality, Robert Capa immediacy and power. Today's technology-equipped conquerors of nature—Everest-climbing socialites, extreme-sports maniacs, all those balloonists—never had it so good.

CHRISTOPHER BONANOS



Photograph by Frank Hurley, courtesy of the American Museum of Natural History.


STRANGER than FICTION
SEE! LINER NOTES BY WARREN ZEVON
HEAR! 32 SONGS PERFORMED BY YOUR FAVORITE AUTHORS
FEEL! THE WARM INNER GLOW OF SUPPORTING A GOOD CAUSE

In Print
The Executioner's Song

From the model-actress school of career development comes this new twist: the writer-musician. Believe it or not, Norman Mailer, Carl Hiassen, Stephen King, and Amy Tan can be found singing their guts out on 'Stranger Than Fiction,' a new double CD from "Don't Quit Your Day Job" Records that real-life rocker Warren Zevon (who has never written a book) bills as "some of the most distinguished men and women of American letters, obstreperously practicing a common avocation to which they bring skill levels that range from the amusingly inept to the downright catastrophic." If only Allen Ginsberg had lived to see it.

Lectures and Panels

"Confucius Lives Next Door: Essential Truths About the Asian Way of Life"—3/30 at 6:30 P.M.: The Washington *Post's* Tokyo-bureau chief and author of *Confucius Lives Next Door: What Living in the East Teaches Us About Living in the West* discusses his understanding of the East Asian worldview. Japan Society, 333 E. 47th St. (752-3015); $10.

"How to Make It in Music"—3/30 at 7 P.M.: Grammy-winning producer Nile Rodgers gives you the inside scoop. If you bring your demo tape, he'll give you an on-site critique. The Learning Annex in Midtown, 16 E. 53rd St. (371-0280); $29-$49.

"The Blanton-Webster Band: A Point of View"—4/5 at 7 P.M.: Join John Lewis, pianist, composer, and co-founder of the Modern Jazz Quartet, for an analysis of the 1940-42 Blanton-Webster era of the Duke Ellington Orchestra. The Juilliard School's Morse Hall, 155 W. 65th St. (875-5599); free.

Benefits

Mark Morris Dance Group—3/30: Mikhail Baryshnikov and cellist Yo-Yo Ma join the troupe for a performance featuring the premieres of *The Argument* and *Falling Down Stairs,* and an after-party. BAM Opera House, 30 Lafayette Ave. (219-3660); $350-$2,500.

The Harvard AIDS Institute—4/5: The leadership of Marguerite Littman, founder of the AIDS Crisis Trust; activist Judy Peabody; and Harvard AIDS Institute leader Deeda Blair will be honored at this evening with a speech by U.N. Secretary-General Kofi Annan. Plaza Hotel, 155 E. 50th St. (685-1095); $500-$50,000.

Events

25th Anniversary Macy's Flower Show—3/27-4/3: 30,000 varieties of flowers, plants, and trees from around the globe. Tour the South American Garden with its subtropical flowers; the Alpine Garden with its pines, mosses, and edelweiss; the orchid-filled Southeast Asian Garden; and more. Macy's Herald Square, Broadway and 34th St. (494-4495); free.

Japanese Cultural Festival—3/30 & 4/1 at 2 P.M.: More than 800 Japanese artists are coming for the sixth annual celebration of Japanese music, dance, and poetry. Carnegie Hall, 57th St. and Seventh Ave. (247-7800); $5.

Tall Ships—4/3: A full day of historic tall ships warring it out at sea, including a two-hour reenactment of a battle between a full-scale nineteenth-century British warship and a pirate vessel, complete with cannon fire. Dockside tours of ships lead by guides in costume. Watch out for sea-chantey overload. South Street Seaport, South and Fulton Sts. at the East River (843-8055); free.

1999 New York International Automobile Show—4/3-4/11: For the past decade, more than a million people have shown up to look at the 1,000 vehicles on display. Jacob K. Javits Convention Center, Eleventh Ave. between 34th and 39th Sts. (800-282-3336); $9.

Scottish Heritage Parade—4/3 at 9 A.M.: In celebration of Scottish Independence Day. Kicks off at the British Consulate, 51st St. and 3rd Ave. (725-4500, ext. 337); free.

1999 Poetry Publication Showcase—Through 4/30: A thousand new poetry books showcased by Poets House, along with readings, discussions, and workshops. 72 Spring St. (431-7920); free.

Tours

"A Road Once Traveled: The History of Central Park's Northern End"—4/3 at 11 A.M.: Learn how a north-south road on Manhattan affected the history of the northern hills of Central Park. Travel the ghost of this road with the Central Park Conservancy and stop at the pass where George Washington guided his Revolutionary Army to safety. Meet at the Charles A. Dana Discovery Center, Central Park at 110th St. near Fifth Ave. (860-1370); free.

"Millionaire's Mile: The Fifth Avenue Gold Coast"—4/3 at 1 P.M.: Check out the landmarks and history of one of America's most elegant districts, and learn about its famous past residents—like J. P. Morgan, Henry Clay Frick, Doris Duke, Joseph Pulitzer, and Cornelius Vanderbilt—and their palatial homes. Meet at the General Sherman Statue, 59th St. and Fifth Ave. (732-270-5277); $10.

"Civil War New York"—4/3 at 1 P.M.: Visit the sites of the Civil War draft riots, Mathew Brady's studio, a Confederate prisoner camp, and a stop on the Underground Railroad in honor of the anniversary of the war's end at Appomattox (April 9). For reservations and meeting place, call 465-3331; $12.

"The Annual Easter Sunday Jewish Ellis Island Tour"—4/3 at noon: Tour the Ellis Island museum and grounds and explore the history of the largest Jewish migration ever while the goyim look for Easter eggs. Meet at the flagpole at the center of Castle Clinton National Monument, Battery Park (439-1090); $16.

"Who's Minding the Store? The History of the City's Great Emporiums and the Merchant Princes Who Built Them"—4/4 at 1 P.M.: Urban historian Jane Marx provides a peek into nineteenth-century retailing history, from the ingenuity to the hoaxes, and the immigrant vendors who started as peddlers and ended up the masters of shopping empires like B. Altman's, Bloomingdale's, Saks Fifth Avenue, and Bergdorf Goodman. Call 996-1100 for information and reservations; $20.

Greenwich Village—4/3 at 2 P.M.: Investigate the history and architecture of the neighborhood home to artists, writers, and radicals, such as Aaron Burr, Edith Wharton, e.e. cummings, and others. Meet at the Washington Square Arch (969-8262); $10.

"Harlem Gospel Walking Tour"—Sundays at 10 A.M.: Learn about the area and visit a gospel church service. Call 718-204-5133 for meeting place and reservations; $15.

The Mystical World of Hasidim—Sundays at 9:30 A.M.: A round-trip bus and walking tour during which you'll experience a Hasidic synagogue, the writing of a Torah scroll, a library, and a kosher-deli lunch. Meet at the New York Public Library, 42nd St. and Fifth Ave. (800-838-TOUR); $36.

Foods of New York—A tour of the restaurants and specialty food shops of Greenwich Village and SoHo. Call 732-636-4650 for dates and additional information; $20.

Afternoon Tea and Home Furnishings—Saturdays at 11 A.M.: Sample teas and scones and sandwiches from around the tea-drinking world and then tour the antique home furnishings of the city. For reservations and meeting location, call 732-636-4650.

Metropolitan Opera Backstage—Weekdays at 3:45 P.M. and Saturdays at 10 A.M.: A unique, behind-the-scenes view of the creation of the opera. Includes costume and set design, the performers' rehearsal facilities and dressing rooms, and the opulent auditorium. At Lincoln Center; call 769-7020 for reservations and times; $8.

Exhibitions

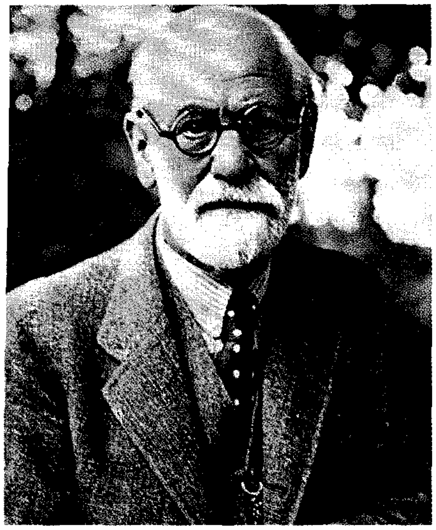
"Secrets of a Beautiful Face"—Through 4/11: An exhibition exploring developments in grooming products and conceptions of beauty for men and women during the nineteenth and twentieth centuries through advertisements and packaging, mirrors and dressing tables. The New-York His-

GAME WEEK

HOME ▨ AWAY ▨

	MON	TUE	WED	THUR	FRI	SAT	SUN
KNICKS		IND MSG 8PM		CLE MSG 7:30PM			IND NBC 3:30PM
NETS		ORL FSNY 7:30PM		ATL FSNY 7:30PM		MIA FSNY 1PM	BOS FSNY 12:30PM
RANGERS	NYI TBA 7:30PM				ANA TBA 7:30PM		NJD TBA 3PM
ISLANDERS	NYR TBA 7:30PM		FLA TBA 7:30PM			ANA TBA 7PM	
DEVILS			ANA TBA 7:30PM			PIT TBA 1:30PM	NYR TBA 3PM
	3/29	3/30	3/31	4/1	4/2	4/3	4/4

NHL broadcast information was not available at time of publication.



Happening **Ever wonder if your shrink hates you—unconsciously, of course? Get to the root of the problem with Richard Howard, Jonathan Lear, Janet Malcolm, and Mark Strand at "A Consideration of Sigmund Freud," an evening of readings from works by and about the man who brought you repression, projection, and all the rest of those things we worried about before Prozac. See "The Written Word" for details.**

torical Society, 2 W. 77th St. (873-3400); $3–$5.

"Treasures From the Libraries of the National Trust"—Through 4/17: Seven centuries of extraordinary books, manuscripts, incunabula, fine bindings, and beautifully illustrated books. The Grolier Club, 47 E. 60th St. (838-6690); free.

"No 'Pryor' Restraint: Richard Pryor's Comedy on Television"—Through 4/29: A screening of his appearances on *The Lily Tomlin Show, Saturday Night Live, The Mike Douglas Show, The Kraft Summer Music Hall,* and Pryor's 1977 *The Richard Pryor Special?,* at the Museum of Television & Radio, 25 W. 52nd St. (621-6800); $3–$6.

"This Is Sinatra!"—Through 5/30: Never released in the United States, this British program captures Sinatra performing 29 songs in 90 minutes during a midnight performance at London's Royal Festival Hall. At the Museum of Television & Radio, 25 W. 52nd St. (621-6800); $3–$6.

"*Bar Mitzvah:* David Mamet and Donald Sultan"—Through 6/6: Twenty drawings by Sultan accompanied by Mamet's text, from their new book. The Jewish Museum, 1109 Fifth Ave., at 92nd St. (423-3271); $8.

"Seinfeld's Diner"—Through 8/1: The set of the famous diner frequented by Jerry, Kramer, Elaine, and George is on display along with props and costumes. American Museum of the Moving Image, 35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria (718-784-0077); $4.50–$8.50.

Online

***New York* Magazine on the Web**—Click from "Stephanie's Surf Report" (in the "Today" section of www.newyorkmag.com) to a new Website each weekday. This week: Get tech education from a more distinguished online community; fly through the three-dimensional design of Zoecom; put the Guess-work back in your shopping experience; just say no at Freevibe; and decorate your home interactively with Herman Miller and a little Shockwave. But before you surf away from us at www.nymag.com, check out all our other great features, like selected articles from the current issue, extensive archives, and an expanded "Cue" section, plus Web exclusives like daily event picks, "First Words" for bibliophiles, our helpful Subscriber Service Center, and much, much more.

Photograph from Archive Photos.

Surowiecki

continued from page 21

how many glossy magazines can that not be said of?). But that may have more to do with how young *The Source*'s writers are than with their stance toward the people they're covering. As Hinds points out, titles like *The Source* and *XXL* and *Blaze* have created opportunities for young writers—especially young black and Latino writers—that simply did not exist before.

"There's no way you can say that it's not different for us, because the chitlin circuit is kind of small," says Jackson, of *XXL*. "Because mainstream journalism still tends to look down on this kind of journalism, it's not going to be easy for people—black people—to leave here and move into other parts of the industry. Jonathan Van Meter and Alan Light [former editors of *Vibe*, both white] can leave *Vibe* and go to *Time* or other big magazines, but if Sheena Lester or Reginald Dennis do that, they're going to be pigeonholed."

Similar tensions pervade the relationship between these magazines and the broader hip-hop community. Although hip-hop has been a vibrant music genre for almost two decades, serious journalistic criticism remains a somewhat revolutionary concept, which is why *The Source* has been routinely lambasted from the stages of hip-hop clubs for the past decade. It also seems to be why Jesse Washington was involved in two well-publicized clashes with rappers in the past year. In the first, he and Wyclef Jean of the Fugees argued over a bad review of an album Jean produced. Washington claims that the producer pulled a gun to express his anger, but Jean denies it, and charges were never filed. In the second, Washington says Bad Boy producer Deric "D-Dot" Angelettie and three associates beat him badly over an article exposing Angelettie as a character named the Madd Rapper. Angelettie has been charged with assault.

The Washington incidents have lent themselves to a portrayal of hip-hop magazines in thrall to rappers who want every profile to be a puff piece. But while all of these magazines face pressures in terms of access to the industry they cover, the same is true of *Vanity Fair* or *Esquire*. You could see what happened to Washington as being on a continuum with companies' pulling advertising or P.R. agencies' cutting off access to their clients in reaction to what they perceive as unfair coverage—just as it makes sense, as hip-hop starts to look more and more like mainstream American culture, to put *Vibe* and *The Source* on a continuum with more traditional culture bibles like *Vanity Fair* and *Rolling Stone.* ■

E-mail: JamesSuro@aol.com

Wolff

continued from page 19

all about her divorce, her kids, her custody battle, and an executive she hates who jerks off in his office with the door open.")

I HAVE BEEN THINKING ABOUT WHAT JUDY'S success says about success. And what her success says about the media business. And I have been thinking about Judy in terms of Monica. They are both media savants. They have the natural ability to project their character as the character of the country. To be able to make that leap distinguishes you: *What I feel others feel. What I do others do or want to do.* No doubts, no shame here.

Or you might define both Judy and Monica in more old-fashioned terms: They are troublemakers. Of course, conflict is the essence of modern media.

Another aspect of Judy—and of Monica, too, I'd bet—is a very narrow focus. A lack of objectivity. When you speak to Judy, one of the disconcerting things is her inability to take in other points of view—any other point of view. It is never an inquiry; it is always a prosecution. (Unless she's flirting, her eyes wander when someone else talks.) A conversation with her is about only her goals, her agendas, her beliefs. It is about what's stuck in her craw. To have to listen to this can be very frustrating, and boring, but for the person with the thing stuck in her craw very powerful. Others have to give way. Let her have what she wants. It's too arduous to object, too painful to keep listening.

Ironically, not entertaining other points of view, living with blinders on, is a set of virtues that serves you well in the book business. The book-business model is one of competing products within the same company. Judy's dead-set determination that she is right and everyone else is wrong yields results under that model (this is one reason why many famous wackos have succeeded in the book business). The obsessiveness she brings to anything she does is economically reinforced in the book business. If you obsess, it will sell.

She believes she has succeeded by sheer force of will. Everything, she will tell you, is against her. She represents a different kind of culture, which the existing culture would have chosen to suppress if it could. But the existing culture (its libido-corrupted men, its namby-pamby women) is weak. She is strong.

Monica may have lost out by not having Judith publish her book.

When young people call me up to ask about getting started in the media business, I say Judith Regan is the person you want to speak to. Call her. Use my name. ■

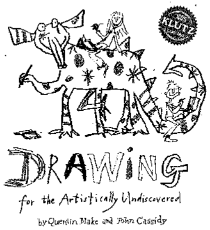
E-mail: michael@burnrate.com

kids

Sawdust...Llama...Washboard

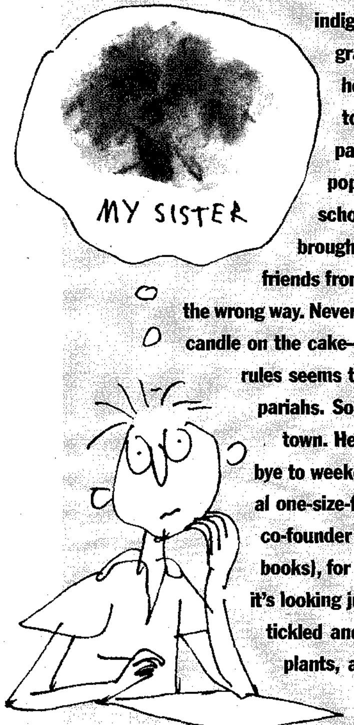
In Print

Origins Still Sketchy


KLUTZ
DRAWING
for the Artistically Undiscovered
by Quentin Blake and John Cassidy

Tempting as it is to look to a profit-crazed conspiracy among local magicians, gyms, clowns, caterers, and toy stores, it's more likely that some well-meaning teacher set the whole avalanche in motion. To be utterly certain that the children in his or her class would never suffer the same wounding indignity of missing Bobby G's be-all-and-end-all birthday party in first grade, the teacher issued an edict. Via backpack-mail, word came home that if you invited school chums to your party, you would have to invite everyone—or at least all the kids of the same gender. With no parent or principal prepared to take a stand in favor of excluding unpopular kids, the custom—elevated to a written rule in several schools—has spread like chicken pox. A newly minted 7-year-old being brought up with manners needs to invite the entire class, along with any friends from outside school, lest they hear they were not on the list and take it the wrong way. Never mind that child-rearing gurus mostly recommend one child for every candle on the cake—or that your apartment is nowhere near big enough. Ignoring the rules seems to carry with it the risk that parents themselves will become social pariahs. So it's hello to chaperoning children to wedding-scale galas all over town. Hello to weekly trips to purchase presents at the toy store. And goodbye to weekends. Consider, in a small act of self defense, stocking up on several one-size-fits-all presents. *Drawing for the Artistically Undiscovered* (by Klutz co-founder John Cassidy and Quentin Blake, illustrator of all of Roald Dahl's books), for example, manages, like the Mona Lisa, to make every recipient think it's looking just at him or her. Any kid old enough to read will be simultaneously tickled and challenged by advice on how to render dripping candles, potted plants, and eyeglasses or coax a relative's portrait from a smudge on the page. Perhaps it's not too much to hope that with his or her creativity stirred up, someone will find a way to get us all off this whole merry-go-round of increasingly meaningless parties. (The $19.95 book, published by Klutz, comes with some drawing materials.)

BARBARA ENSOR



Children's Events

Ring-Around—The visual climax of Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey Circus this year is the elaborately choreographed "World's Only Living Carousel," incorporating 200 two- and four-legged mammals in a lavish moving tableau. Arrive an hour early for a chance to fool around in the sawdust with the clowns. Through 4/11, **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN** (307-7171 or www.ringling.com). Tickets are $10.50 to $42.50. ●

Scrambled Eggs—Last year, 50,000 people showed up for the "Easter Eggstravaganza" in **CENTRAL PARK**. At this 53rd annual, commune with chicks, ducks, and a llama and give the pot-bellied pig a scratch behind the ears at Rumsey Park's impromptu petting zoo (mid-park from 70th to 71st Sts., just east of the band shell). Kids will need to wait in line for the chance to run out in groups and hunt for jelly-bean-filled eggs and candies packaged to look like carrots at Bethesda Terrace (mid-park at 72nd St.), which has been gussied up to look like a vegetable field. Thirteen thousand might sound like a lot of hidden goodies, but children only get to keep one—and don't count on supplies' holding out. At the band shell (just across the drive), introduced at noon by the mayor, cast members from several current Broadway hits—including *Annie Get Your Gun*, *The Lion King*, and *Beauty and the Beast*—belt out show tunes; at Rumsey Playfield, get a sneak preview of a lavish production of *The Wizard of Oz* (soon to be at Madison Square Garden) beginning at 11, followed by several participatory song, dance, and theatrical events, including appearances by the Nai-Ni Chen Dance Company and Faustwork Mask Theater. Dye eggs, get your face painted, and make baskets as you stroll along Literary Walk (slightly to the east of mid-park, from 64th to 73rd Sts.) Free loans of in-line skates and instruction in the finer points of the sport (like how to stop) are always big draws. (Offered at Dead Road , mid-park just west of the band shell, from 67th to 70th Sts.). Enter the park at 72nd St. on the east or west side. 4/3 from 11 to 3 (800-201-PARK; www.nycparks.org). ●●

Spring Busting Out—The **CAROUSEL** in Central Park starts going around 4/1, (mid-park at 64th St.; 50 cents a ride). The gate has swung open for the season at the Children's Zoo within the **BRONX ZOO.** (Admission is $2 for adults and $1.50 for children over 2, in addition to regular zoo admission, which goes up 4/1 to $7.75; $4 for children and seniors; free on Wednesdays.) Find out whether the Brooklyn Botanic Garden is awash in cherry blossoms yet on its Website at www.bbg.org/cherrywatch99/. Attend the first in a free four-part series about fish and fishing (for anyone aged 9 or older) at the **DANA DISCOVERY CENTER**, 4/3 from 1 to 3, to get ready for fishing season (which begins at the Harlem Meer 4/15). Borrow a well-stocked bird-watching backpack (for which you'll need to leave two pieces of I.D.) and set off from **BELVEDERE CASTLE** into the Ramble—with binoculars, a guidebook, maps, and sketching materials (mid-park at 79th St.; call 772-0210 for further information).

Aerobic Togetherness—A free fitness workshop for families (with kids aged 6 and up) gives everyone a computer assessment of their performance (so you can't cheat), and offers practical information about nutrition. **NORTH MEADOW RECREATION CENTER**, 4/3 (repeated 5/1) at 11 and 1 (mid-park at 97th Street; call 348-4867 to register).

Blood and Guts (and Puppets)—Pick a scab, compare heartbeats, and squirt digestive juices at the food, all at "Body Odyssey," an informative new exhibit that affords visitors a chance to romp through their innards. The **CHILDREN'S MUSEUM OF MANHATTAN** begins its first-ever Puppet Festival this week. Performances include Liz Joyce's traditional European puppets in *Little Red Meets Other Friends*, 4/3 at 1:30 and 3; cleaning utensils take on a life of their own in Preston Foerder's *Fairy Tales of the Brothers Grimy*, 4/3 at 1:30 and 3. 212 W. 83rd St. (721-1234). Admission is $5; $2.50 for seniors.

Ain't Nothing but the Blues—Crossroads Theatre Company chronicles how the blues moved from humble origins to worldwide influence by taking audiences on a journey leading from folk songs—with washboard accompaniment—on to slick renditions of megahits like "You Put a Spell on Me." Through 4/11. **NEW VICTORY THEATER**, 209 W. 42nd St. (239-6200); $10. ●

Spontaneous Combustion—"Theatresports" gives audiences—over about 5—a chance to see plays made up before their eyes by the quick-witted **FREESTYLE REP**. Through 4/4 (after which the same group continues improvising, but with a slightly different format). 341 W. 44th St. (642-8202); $15.●

Royalty—A sly and sophisticated musical puppet production of Oscar Wilde's story of greed and redemption *The Happy Prince*. Through 4/4 at **W. SCOTT MCLUCAS THEATER**, 132 W. 22nd St. (727-2737); $18 for adults, $12 for children under 12.●

cue

Barbara Ensor
Kids

Patricia Falvo
Movies

Sam Grobart
Sports

Nick Meyer
In Concert

Ariel Levy
Books
Events
Radio

John Leonard
Television

Edith Newhall
Art

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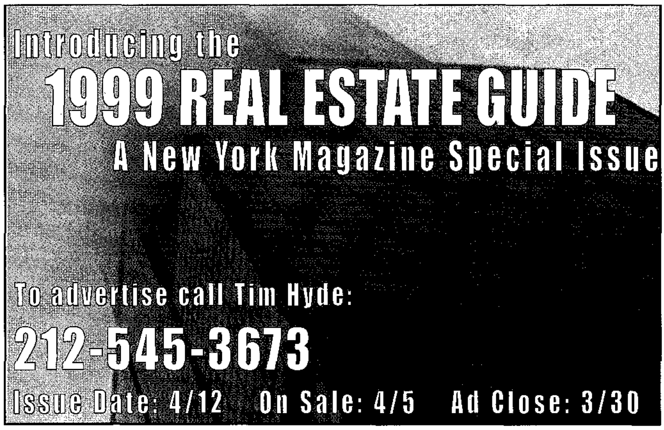

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Continued on next page.

Travel

Continued from previous page.

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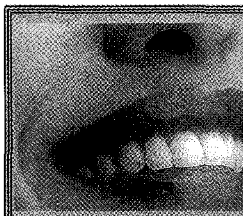

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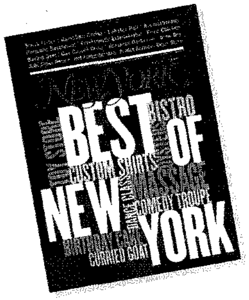

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Psst!—Here I am! Female, 44, petite, cute, bright, independent, honest, semi-fit and a smoker (nobody's perfect). I am witty, love to laugh, talk, dance, cuddle and other stuff. I seek a single, honest man with intelligence, sense of humor, back bone and other stuff. Interested? Letter/ recent photo. 7763 ✉

Fun-Loving—Attractive, athletic, Wall St. Communications Engineer, 40, 6'1". Seeks intelligent, attractive woman for fun in the sun. This is no time to hesitate for life is short and love is great. Photo please. 7756 ✉

Very Successful Physician—Handsome, masculine, articulate, ballroom dancer, 45, would like to meet lovely woman, also interested in Judaism, for friendship leading to marriage. 7791 ✉ ☎

Gifted, Award Winning—Male sculpter/ designer, background architecture, with upscale accessory business, frequently in the media. Youthful, healthy, fit, 50s, centered, open, affectionate, easy, playful, ironic sense of humor. Seeking bright, intuitive, fit, shapely, 40s-50s, female equal with keen aesthetic eye, willing to share a creative life. 7785 ✉

Seeking Smart Lady—Curvy, sound, pretty, 40-52. Am playful, savvy, good-looking, secure. Like art, music (Bach to Pink Floyd), travel. Note/photo. 7589 ✉ ☎

Soft Heart, Hard Body—Sexy, wealthy, witty, giving Jewish male, 33, seeks smart, fit, loving lady to spoil. Photo. 7788 ✉ ☎

Sharp White Female—35, seeks great man. Photo/bio important. 7790 ✉ ☎

Let's Be A Couple...Forever—41-year-old Catholic, physician, hoping to meet a sincere and honest female 35-45, for dating, and marriage. 7786 ✉ ☎

Handsome, Tall, Bright, Full Of Life—In my 40s, professional guy loves to have fun, enjoys life, wine and women. If the right one is out there and you are 25-35, I'm waiting. Photo and phone. 7782 ✉ ☎

Vivacious, Worldly, Attractive—South-American Jewish woman, MD, with good sense of humor, early 40s, who loves NY. Looking for male match, 40-55, ready to consider a serious relationship. 7641 ✉ ☎

42-Year-Old Physician/Entrepreneur—Seeks single white female who would like to start a family - with the following qualities: trustworthy, loyal, helpful, friendly, courteous, kind, cheerful, thrifty, brave, clean, reverent, hard-working, affectionate, enjoys romance. I am lean, muscular and people have described me as a handsome man. I have a character like the roles Harrison Ford plays. 7737 ✉ ☎

Attractive, Sensuous, Accomplished—Multi-faceted professional, 48, seeks conscious, open, feeling/thinking man who is into the arts, outdoors and evolving friendship/intimacy. 7734 ✉ ☎

Life Begins With That First Step—Jewish man, 41, 6'3", nonsmoker, seeks Jewish woman, 32-40, nonsmoker for relationship. Photo/note, appreciated. 7784 ✉ ☎

International Businessman—51, divorced, looking for attractive, trim, sophisticated, financially independent lady for friendship and romance. I'm pragmatic, caring, romantic, fun-loving and ready to slow down a notch and smell the flowers. Enjoy the arts, history, literature, Manhattan, travel, nature, sports. Note/photo, appreciated. 7816 ✉

Adventurous, Green-Eyed Redhead—Very pretty, down-to-earth, athletic Jewish female attorney, 25, seeking carefree Jewish professional male, 25-32, to share love of all professional sports (yes, even hockey), world travel, good music (Clapton a plus), skiing, golfing and theater. I'm a fun-loving, laid back but sophisticated woman, who loves to laugh. If you want to share a round of golf and more, send note/photo. 7804 ✉ ☎

Gay Country Boy—Smart, sincere, funny, healthy, truly cute 43. Innkeeper (i.e. busy weekends) loves travel, classical music, yoga, theater, film, horse racing and dogs. Seeks similar to share sane, contented lives. Note/photo to 7747 ✉ ☎

Quality Guy—Accomplished professional, kind, easygoing, wise, reliable, good listener, 5'9", fit, easy on the eyes; not perfect - but getting better all the time; enjoys travel, quiet times at home, arts, sports, nature, fine food, and romance. Seeking youngish 35-45, classy woman with enchanting smile, good heart, affectiuonate, upbeat, unpretentious (that enjoys being spoiled), very attractive, slim, with looks that captivate and a depth of character that is magnetic. Photo/personal note. 7590 ✉ ☎

Let's Try—Kind, warmhearted professional, single Jewish female, 35, attractive, slim, 5'4", brunette, enjoys various activities. Seeks a caring, sincere, handsome, professional single Jewish male, nonsmoker, 33-43, for love and future. Note/photo, please. 7746 ✉

Foxy Elegant Lady—Curvaceous and cultured seeks a 66 plus gentleman, charming, attractive and financially secure, to become her one and only. 7807 ✉ ☎

Someone Special—Is seeking a warm, sincere, caring, gracious, honest, intelligent, accomplished, elegant but yet casual man, 49-58. I'm a Jewish professional female, 49, 5'4", 125 lbs, of similar qualities. 212/914/203. 7700 ✉ ☎

Mature, Warm And Cuddly—Single man, 71, 6'2", 210 lbs. Enjoys NYC, theater, reading, outdoor activities. Seeks mature woman, 60 plus, nonsmoker, with great sense of humor, for long term relationship. 7668 ✉ ☎

A Woman, A Girl, A Goddess—Lovely, smart, cultured woman 28, girlish spirit with face/body of goddess. You are intelligent, successful, handsome, worldly, creative, marriage-minded, age 28-36. Note/photo, please. 7671 ✉ ☎

Warm, Opinionated, Kind Male—51, 5'10", attractive, performing arts leader, comfortable with his neuroses, seeks pretty warm, independent, Jewish mate, 37-45, for culture, travel, good food and fun. Tolerance of sports a plus. Single mom okay, future kids maybe? Photo/note please. 7793 ✉

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39-Year-Old, Handsome Male—Physician, good listener, good friend seeks special female for exciting relationship. Age unimportant. Note/photo. 7797 ✉

Juliet Seeks Romeo—Attractive, 5'5", blond, 40ish, seeks tall, attractive, romantic male, 44-55, for a fun relationship. Photo. 7683 ✉ ☎

Handsome Southern Gentleman—51, unpretentious, financially secure, healthy, nonsmoker, maintains three residences in the southeast. Enjoys city and country living, fine dining, big band music, dancing and many other things. Seeks tall, 5'8" plus, intelligent, attractive lady, 38-50, overweight okay, can change from jeans to gown with ease. Nonsmoker. Upper East Side a plus. Flexible to travel after getting aquainted would be nice. Photo/phone, please. 7730 ✉

Can You keep Up With Me?—Bright, funny, established woman seeking same in gentleman, 60-72. Let's see the world. Note/photo, please. 7781 ✉ ☎

Gay Man Seeks Masculine Buddy—Me? 6'1", 200, 63, Sean Connery-type. Fit/healthy, show biz writer/humorist, rare, big-hearted vegetarian mensch. You are 30s-40s, gym fit, good looks, very masculine, tall, nonsmoker, emotionally available. Successful at whatever, independent, assertive, literate and creative. Genius mind and twisted humor a plus. Photo/note. 7696 ✉ ☎

Handsome, Affluent, Bright—Jewish professional guy seeks bright career woman in medicine, law, PhD, etc., under 40. Terrific stock market investor, joke teller, airplane flyer, athlete, artist, tenured university professor and researcher. E-mail SHARPGUY4U@aol.com. 7687 ✉ ☎

60ish, Fit, Athletic—Nonsmoking, humorous, active, loving, sincere MD is very much in need of a female best friend who will share in a multitude of interests and the pursuit of good times. Age doesn't matter as long as you're young, beautiful fleixble and willing to negotiate. Note photo. 7758 ✉

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She is a great looking, 38 year-old sensualist who enjoys fine food and wine, the feel of cashmere and a life of fun and adventure. A complex mix of confidence and vulnerability, she is a practicing psychologist who is passionate about her work, the arts, her tennis game and long drives in her sports car (with the top down, of course!). Her match would be a handsome, bright, creative man with a sense of style and humor and a wish for a beautiful home and family. This is an invitation only for those drivers willing to go the extra mile to enjoy life to its fullest.

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Bright, Attractive, Warmhearted—Single white male, youthful 42, 5'8", loves movies, music, books and dining out. Seeks pretty, down-to-earth female, 28-39, to share fun, life and love. Note/photo, please. 7602 ✉ ☎

Beautiful Asian MD—30s, 5'5", slim, successful, very attractive, passionate and unpretentious. Seeks extraordinary upscale man, 30-45, tall, fit, loving, affectionate, extremely intelligent and accomplished with a passion for life. 7739 ✉.

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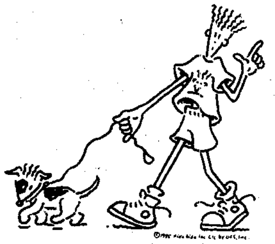

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Editor Seeks To Craft—Page-turning romance. Down-to-earth, upbeat guy, 34, looking for a bright woman, 28-40, with a sense of humor and a taste for Pad Thai. Favorite times: bicycling in the Rockies, cooking dinner with friends, meandering through museums. Prefer bookstores over bars. Photo appreciated. 7715 ✉

Pretty Redhead—With brains, style, substance. Slim, classy, Jewish attorney, dancer, traveler, skier; values quality and integrity. Seeking intelligent, handsome, successful, selective man, 42-55, for lasting relationship. 7658 ✉ ☎

Compassionate Warmhearted—Cute male, 32, seeks sexy female. 7738 ✉ ☎

Sexy Lingere And Doc Martins...—Wanted: genuine Jewish guy, 48-55 with lots of time for us. Note/photo. 7748✉☎

Alluring, Very Attractive—Heartfelt, stylish, professional woman, 46. Curvy, nice figure, 5'7". Offbeat playful humor, pretty amber eyes. Warm, adventurous, artistic, creative, NYC resident, Jewish/Italian lineage, European sensibility. Drawn to the Mediterranean, American Southwest, CA. Passionate about art, photography, beautiful things, dreams, the unconscious mind, travel. Seeks smart, nonsmoking, financially comfortable man, 35-55, 5'9"+, who appreciates the soulful/aesthetic things in life. 7666 ✉ ☎

Wannabe Dad—Stable, financially secure, trim, healthy, nonreligious Jewish man - loves kids, never married. Seeks to co-parent with emotionally mature woman who wants to be a single mom. 7706 ✉☎

Heart Of Gold—Pretty, smart, sincere - seeks same in attractive, professional, romantic Jewish man, 49-59.. 7810 ✉ ☎

Seasonal Affective Disorder?—Or spring fever? Pretty, vibrant 50ish widow, loves to laugh, ski, snorkel, entertain. Embraces life fully without Prozac. Ready for a spring fling or all-season relationship? You're a sane, fit, attractive gentleman over 5'9" (50-68), with great depth, humor. You enjoy classical music, good writing and lack of pretense and you seek the company of a classy, professional and fun lady. Note/photo. 7664 ✉ ☎

Seeking Lady Of Substance—And Jewish tradition, intelligent, articulate, positive, compassionate, stylish, great sense of humor, lover of music, cats and tennis - by tall, 45, good-lookin' professional. Note/photo. 7672 ✉ ☎

Full Bouquet, Hint Of Sage—Sparkling white, very fine finish. Classic reserve, spicy, dry. Single white female seeks deep, elegant single white Burgundy, 31-42, strong character, long stemmed (5'10" plus), to savor the best years. 7712 ✉ ☎

Vivacious, Upbeat, Warm—Slender, 5'6", 48, professional, nonreligious Jewish, nonsmoker, with a passion for travel, books, politics, long walks, good conversation, seeks male counterpart for wherever it may lead. 7608 ✉ ☎

Witty, Good-Looking Man—32, 6'2", Jewish, Ivy educated, partner at prestigious consulting firm, seeks a pretty and kind professional female, 26-33. Note/phone/photo, preferred. 7493 ✉ ☎

Let's Run Around—The park! Pretty, petite, runner, writer, Jewish female, 38, seeks professional, handsome, funny guy, 34-42, for laughs, plus. Photo. 7783 ✉ ☎

Pretty, Shapely, Professional Female—Loves to laugh, share, explore city/country, romantic dinners, dancing, travel, film, music, museums, beaches, billiards, baseball and life, seeks happy, passionate, active, evolved soul mate (38-55), for fun/committed/loving relationship. 7811 ✉ ☎

Affectionate, Sensual, Musical—Woman with a soul, seeks loving man, 55-70. 7633 ✉ ☎

Handsome, Fit, Kind—Mature businessman seeking an attractive, fun-loving woman to share some of life's pleasures and then some. Phone/photo. 7719 ✉ ☎

Hope And Desire—Pretty blond psychologist, intellectual and fun-loving, seeks male partner, 52-65, for an amazing afternoon of our lives. 7656 ✉ ☎

I Have Everything But You—An attractive Jewish male, 59-69, who is comfortable with his life and himself. I am an attractive, divorced Jewish professional female, who likes to travel, theater, fine dining and intelligent conversation. Photo, please. 7808 ✉ ☎

Mensch—My daughter says I need a perfect gentleman. 51 year young, Manhattanite looking for Jewish male to share life's 3 T's (tennis, travel and theater). 7636 ✉ ☎

One Great Guy Wanted—By active, pretty single mom; slim 5'8", Jewish; design-oriented entrepreneur; outgoing, upbeat, humorous and intelligent; eclectic interest. Seek romantic, warm, highly principled 50something gentleman with style, good listener; teens and pets welcome. Photo and note, will exchange. 7740 ✉

If You Love Your Work—And if you're accomplished, funny, fit and at midlife (that's 50 or so - and over the crisis), perhaps we should meet. Looking for a guy with a major sense of humor, a minor self-ivolvement, and a desire to be with a woman of real substance. I'm a very attractive, successful, athletic, intrepid and progressive woman with a job I love, and family and friends I cherish. Drawn to public service, serious conversation, good books, music, the diversity of the city and the solitude of the country. 7801 ✉

Very Cute—Well-educated, 35 years old Jewish, Russian born female; big heart good friend, sincere, seeks professional, marriage-minded Jewish male, 38-45. Note/photo. 7779 ✉

World Traveler (39)—Seeks adventurous woman to see the world. Note/photo/phone. 7670 ✉ ☎

Good-Looking, Hearted And Humorous—31, 6', secure, athletic and creatively funny male seeks nonreligious, petite Asian female with warm heart and sexy appearance, who wants to laugh and enjoy life. Note/photo/phone. 7796 ✉ ☎

Slim, Attractive White Female—35, 5'6", 120 lbs, account executive seeks tall, fit, caring, professional male, 35-42. Give this a shot. 7699 ✉ ☎

LI North Shore Professional—6', light hair, light eyes, 40s, athletic, enjoys travel, dining out, fireplace evenings, and love life. Looking for happy, professional, sincere woman, at least 5'3", slender, who wants to enjoy life. Note/photo. 7713 ✉ ☎

Limited Edition—Handsome Jewish MD, tall, fit, 40, seeks Jewish female, 28-36, beautiful in/out. Photo a must. 7654 ✉ ☎

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A WRITTEN RESPONSE

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STRICTLY PERSONALS
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Young-Hearted, Soulful Man—Reflective, intuitive, seeks similar, fit beauty to share life. Attractive, athletic, professional, 6'2", runner, 47 - looks 37, looking for strong, understanding woman, mid 30s, for possible long-term relationship. Note/photo/phone. 7745 ✉ ☎

Tall, Dark And Handsome—Divorced Jewish professional male, 45, fit, olympic humored, incredibly handsome, uncommonly intelligent, absolutely perfect in every way. I'd like to meet a woman who'll humor me when I get like this. 7593 ✉ ☎

You Can Find Me If...—You take the time. Looking for selective, successful man, 46-54, who has the time for skiing, sailing, laughter and intimacy with one very special, pretty woman of substance. Note/photo/phone. 7650 ✉ ☎

Tall, Slender, Sexy—Vital, verbal, active and attractive female seeks white male, 60-65. 7766 ✉

Dorothy Parker's Brain—In Barbie's body. Seeks Moliere's mind with Nick Nolte's presence. Phone/photo. 7725 ✉

PhD Psychologist, Rabbi—55, 6', modern, affluent, seeks tall, learned, Kosher woman, to 55. Photo. 7659 ✉ ☎

Ya Wanna Boyfriend?—Frank Langella look-alike (huh?), New Man (cooks and not afraid to cry). Seeks female - lean and mean (figure of speech), 30-50 (talking 'bout my generation), sports-minded (oxymoron?). Incorrigible okay, existential a plus. Note/photo. 7754 ✉

Single White Female—50, NJ, attractive gal looking to meet a great guy. Varied interests. Sense of humor a plus. 7718 ✉ ☎

Handsome, Affluent, Gentle Man—Mideast born, US bred, 57, seeks honest, petite, sharing soul mate. Moslem/Christian preferred. Note/photo. 7732 ✉

Lithe And Lovely—Vibrant and slender, mid 40s, sculptor, yoga, seeks willowy man, 45-50s, who's playful and off-beat, for heartfelt adventures. 7809 ✉ ☎

Pretty, Slim, Warm, Insightful—Jewish professional, 31. Passionate, artistic, easygoing, playful, loves coffee shops, roots-rock, the Angelika, NPR, Coney Island, car trips, animals, dreaming, planning novels I'll never write. Seeks friendly, funny, introspective, smart, cute fella, 30s-40s, with similar interests, temperament. Should like traveling. 7655 ✉ ☎

Soulful Hippie PhD—42, seeks slim sexy tattooed type womanchild. 7798 ✉ ☎

Equestrian—34, natural, fun, intelligent, together, pretty, petite athlete/consultant, seeks insightful, genuinely funny, sharp, connected attractive man, 33-45. 7498 ✉ ☎

Handsome, Tall, Intelligent, Creative—Warm, honest, good sense of humor, spiritual, 53-year-old man seeking slim woman, 25-40 years old, with similar qualities, beautiful inside and out, for relationship. Photo a must. 7685 ✉ ☎

Coup De Foudre—Desired by very pretty, green-eyed, slim, shapely, warm, sweet, giving, easygoing, classy woman seeking kind, loving, generous, honest, discerning, sui generis, tall, dark, handsome Jewish man (38-50) who is as selective as I am. Note/photo a must. 7523 ✉ ☎

A Sensual Me—Sexy, bright, sincere, pretty, slim, shapely, successful, 40s, formerly married - culturally sophisticated, loves the outdoors, seeks adventurous, warm, sexy, communicative, unique guy to wow me and woo me. Note/photo. 7744 ✉

Dentist/Model—I'm 32, 6' male, blue eyes, easygoing, spontaneous, love skiing, sushi, theater, the beach, and my baby blue Doberman. Seeking warm, compassionate, sincere, fit and very attractive, fun woman, 22-34, for great times and possible long term relationship. Photo. 7613 ✉ ☎

Great Catch—Beautiful, blond woman of substance seeking man of substance for "happily ever after". Sincere, slender and sexy lady, accomplished professional, MBA/CPA, young 40ish, independent yet traditional, with home in northern NJ. Searching for best friend to share life, travel, keeping fit and family. Seeking an emotionally and financially secure man, kind, attractive, successful, MBA/MD/JD, Catholic/Wasp, under 45. Special fondness for men who like to dance and those with a sense of humor. No smoking/drugs/games. Note/photo a must. Will reciprocate. 7806 ✉ ☎

Seeking Professional Male—Caucasian, late 30s; secure, sensitive, disease/drug free for professional, Jamaican female. Photo. Serious replies only. 7792 ✉ ☎

Soulful Male—37, 6'1", seeks attractive, slim, emotionally deep, intellectually stimulating female with easy laugh. 7640 ✉ ☎

Cerebral Guy—Successful, high achiever, good-looking. Seeks classy female equal, late 30s (or nearby), with brains and beauty. You hold rational, secular, individualist values. 7681 ✉ ☎

Lovely Psychotherapist—Seeks 55-65 male, tall, for life's delights. 7586 ✉ ☎

Marry Me, Fly Free—Beautiful blond flight attendant, slim, 42, seeks love with financially secure, sweet man. 7686 ✉ ☎

Gorgeous, No Doubt About It—Svelte, nice figure, Sophia Loren cheekbones, big dark eyes, long legs. Blond, 43. Sensual contemporary style. NYC born and bred. Successful, down-to-earth. Smart, very visual, very physical, dynamic with fun warm heart, adventurous streak. Passionate about living. More interested in people/culture than museums. Enjoys live theater, movies, British humor, double entendres, travel. Plays squash, getting better. Seeks bright, confident, financially secure, genuinely attractive man, 5'9" plus, 38-52. 7680 ✉ ☎

Lucky '99—"Are you ready, on your mark, get set and then go for it". Handsome Italian in his 40s, who is a professional and an extreme gentleman is seeking a lady of class and beauty to run "the ultimate race". The race of fun, happiness and romance. To quality please be slim, attractive, athletic, fun, and willing to travel. May the best lady win. Photos must be sent before race can begin. 7769 ✉ ☎

Cute, Dynamic Brunette—With captivating smile, Jewish, athletic (figure skating and tennis), very successful - seeks tall, trim, educated, monogamous, optimistic male, 30s-40s, to explore friendship and romance. Recent photo required. 7614 ✉ ☎

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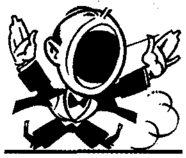

It's About Time—I'm a classy, very pretty, 40-year-old, Jewish blond female professional, 5'3", who enjoys laughing, loving, tennis, skiing, dining, working out, family, friends and all life has to offer - great personality and good-natured, excellent education. I'm looking to meet a man, 35-50, affectionate, with similar background, and who will care for and appreciate me as I do him. Photo a must. 7733 ✉

Too Extraordinary For My Own Good
Phi Beta Kappa, PhD, stunner, 5'7", leggy AEPi Sweetheart, pianist, heart of gold, seeks counterpart, 47-57. Photo. 7647 ✉ ☎

Part-time Social Butterfly—Parttime introvert, avid reader, sensitive, spunky, 37, female, seeks self-aware, clever male, with a zest for life, up to challenge of building a long term relationship. 7594 ✉ ☎

This Time It's Personal—Jewish, 35, attorney, who loves reading, music, sports, the outdoors and working with animals. I'm seeking an intelligent, down-to-earth female, nonsmoker, 29-34, who can appreciate my weird sense of humor. Dog lover a plus. Note/photo/phone. 7604 ✉ ☎

Handsome MD—36, Jewish, slim, fit, fun, travel, beach, the arts, Swiss-based, NYC bound, seeks that one special, sweet, attractive woman for romance and commitment. 7714 ✉

Veronica Seeks Reggie—Witty woman, 50s, seeks smart, kind, Jewish man. 7759 ✉

High Cheekbones—A soft voice and a fiery temperament! A handsome, successful cosmopolitan gentleman seeks petite, 30 something exotic lady. For adventure, romance and forever... Note/photo. 7721 ✉

Arts/Wilderness—Attractive, fit, 5'11", self-aware guy, seeks 35-40, Jewish female to share life's journey. 7768 ✉ ☎

Hunky, Athletic, Intelligent—Successful marketing exec with a spiritual nature, enjoys gym, beach, sailing, bicycling, soccer movies, reading, performing arts, looking for nonsmoker, 30-50 years, for intimate relationship. Letter/photo. 7693 ✉ ☎

Have Hugs, Will Travel—Inspired, offbeat, romantic Jewish male seeks passionate adventuress for magic, mirth and moderate madness. 7622 ✉ ☎

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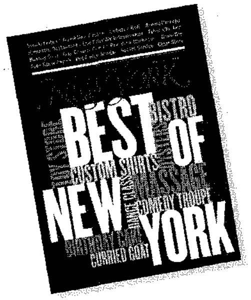

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Stop! Look No Further—If you seek a sexy, slim, sophisticated, smart siren, you've found me. This 5'6" blond, blue-eyed beauty is athletic with a joie de vivre. You should be a Jewish professional, 38-49, athletic, (com)passionate man who loves life and loves to laugh. Photo. 7805 ✉ ☎

Professional Male—45, financially independent, Christian, believes in understated elegance and strength of character. Seeks an equally independent female (prefer 30s) who's easy to please yet complex, with no children, for friendship, marriage and possibly children. Letter preferred. 7717 ✉ ☎

Active, Accomplished, Athletic—Widower, early 60s, tall, trim and funny, seeks bright, upbeat, slim and attractive non-smoking Jewish lady, under 60, who is ready for a long term relationship. Please send note and photo. 7789 ✉ ☎

Attention Male Snowbirds—Sassy, sexy, slim, south FL woman, loves art, tennis, photography...more. Seeks creative, fit, attractive man, 48-55, for passionate romance. Recent photo please. 7597 ✉ ☎

Idealistic But Eminently Earthbound—Man, 48, 5'10", trim, attractive, clean-cut, sagacious, optimistic, refined but unpretentious, liberal political commitments, more traditional social leanings, lethal wit, seeks woman for mutual inspiration/marriage/family. Substantial note appreciated. 7727 ✉ ☎

Gay Latina Female, 41—Good-looking, stable, educated professional, with a great sense of humor, enjoys golf, tennis, movies, dining out/in, seeks mature, gay female with similar interests for fun and more... 7585 ✉ ☎

Beauty And Brains—Slim, sexy, down-to-earth, single Jewish female physician, 35, seeking intelligent, accomplished, sincere, marriage-minded, single Jewish man for love and laughter. Note/photo 7615✉☎

You'll Never Be Bored—47-year-old, divorced, successful businessowner, loves life and the pursuit of happiness. Accomplished, with great sense of humor. Seeks active, attractive individual for a loving relationship. Share travel, great dining and lots of fun. Photo/note 7813✉☎

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March Madness
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Standout, Winsome, Lovely—Attorney: science and arts groupie, enjoys gardens, orchids, whimsey, seeks synergism with cerebral, gregarious, witty, young, Renaissance, 50s and under man. Note/photo. 7711 ✉ ☎

Live, Love, Laugh—Jewish Prince Charming seeks his Cinderella to share all that life and NYC has to offer. 7709 ✉ ☎

Handsome, Slim, Caring, Successful—Fit male, 5'8", divorced with diverse athletic and intellectual interests, seeks pretty, slender, loving, available woman, early 40s. Tell me about yourself and please include a photo. 7812 ✉ ☎

Hate To Eat Alone?—So do I. Smart, nice guy, 42, looking for smart nice woman to enjoy the best that NYC has to offer a discerning diner. Me: 6', 210. You: compatible. Note/phone will get at least dinner at a fancy restaurant of your choice. 7688 ✉

Me: Mae West Body— Dark curly hair, bright brown, soulful eyes, Jewish, petite, 34, cuddly and sweet. You: sane, kind, 35 to 55. For: happily ever after. 7773 ✉ ☎

Let's Roll The Dice—Down-to-earth, secure, responsible, successful, kind-hearted, Italian-American, 44, 5'7", who enjoys movies, dining, nature, quiet evenings at home and oldies. Seeking a monogamous relationship with an attractive, sensual, honest and sincere, good humored, nonsmoker, special lady, 28-36, who is also beautiful inside and out to share great times and romance. Note/photo and phone a must. 7742 ✉

Undiscovered Treasure—Beautiful MBA, 37, seeks traditional male, Jewish, high quality, to share quiet times, crazy times and a lifetime. Note/photo. 7772 ✉ ☎

Real Self—38, male, Jewish, highly intelligent, big heart, artist soul, creative, insightful, stylish, really funny, romantic, model looks, muscular dancer's body, 5'9", MD, very successful, writer. Seeks female artist or artistically inclined, war, intelligent, naturally very pretty and fit, playful, caring, evolved, who is real and open psychologically and emotionally and ready to truly experience love. 7760 ✉

Italian-Irish Professional—47, athletic, with intensity, integrity, warmth, seeks a slim lady of grace, 30s-40s, to share love, life and family. Photo/note. 7752 ✉

If You Don't Take A Chance...—You don't stand a chance. Brainy, sincere, elegant, very attractive (40, 5'7"), very athletic (avid skier, tennis player, runner), well-traveled, cultured Jewish professional seeks very intelligent, optimistic, tactful, cosmopolitan, successful gentleman. Honesty, sincerity, kindness and sense of humor are important. 7775 ✉ ☎

Bollabustah—Accomplished, independent divorcee, 57, seeks guy with traditional values. 7634 ✉ ☎

Spectacular Green Eyes—Arrestingly pretty, slim, smart, honey blond, divorced Jewish female, considered perfect combination: warm and cool, sophisticated and down-to-earth. Good figure. Successful professional. Hard working exterior, soft center. Lives balanced life. Enjoys movies, reading, exercising, a great burger and fries or new fusion restaurant, tennis, Paris, New Orleans. Beginning golf. Seeks smart, attractive, 39-57, 5'8" plus man with humor, good mind. 7552 ✉ ☎

Cute, Petite Female—31, Jewish, investment executive, lives in Bergen County, loves the city, likes to go out or stay home, play tennis or read - seeks love of my life. Call and be pleasantly surprised. Note/photo/phone. 7753 ✉ ☎

Sybaritic, Petite, Creative, Spiritual—Woman, 42, loves dancing and life. Seeks confidant partner, 45ish, for life's adventures. 7757 ✉ ☎

Calling For You—Sexy, vivacious, warm, fun-loving female, successful too, seeks warm, fuzzy, funny, good-hearted soul mate (55-65). 7723 ✉ ☎

Tall Blond Texan—5'10", outgoing, cultured, fun, seeking professional secure man, 5'10" and up, nonsmoking, 35-50, for spring romance and beyond. 7612 ✉ ☎

Short, Attractive Attorney—55, whose major interests are good books, good movies, good plays and keeping fit, seeks attractive Manhattan woman, with similar interests, for long term relationship. Photo preferred. 7677 ✉ ☎

Smart, Svelte, Slim—Passionate, beautiful, divorced Jewish woman, 38. Appealing, whimsical smile, lovely, dark, honest eyes, good legs... European heart and soul, American to the core. Gentle, warm, sexy, independent. Culturally adept, successful professional. Favorite pastimes: learning, sailing, singing, skiing, speaking French, eating lobster, studying other cultures. Seeks kind, very smart, 5'8"-plus, 35-52, man with solid career. 7665 ✉ ☎

Irish Born—50, artist, own business, 6', brown/hazel, slim, dog owner, seeks lady, 35-50, for relationship. 7624 ✉ ☎

Rush To Meet—This beautiful 33 year old seeking athletic, romantic Jewish professional, over 6', who desires love, marriage and family. Photo/note. 7735 ✉

Stunning, Sensual, Shapely—Killer legs and lips, long thick auburn hair - and I'm Jewish, educated and successful. You are a successful, positive thinking, relationship-oriented nice guy, fit and funny, 43-50 years old. Note/photo necessary. 7726 ✉

Very Pretty Brunette—34, 5'4", slim, Irish/Italian, earthy, sense of humor, independent. Seeking kind, smart, athletic, successful man. Enjoy the outdoors and the arts. Only photo gets reply. 7767 ✉

Stunning, Slender, Tall—Graceful, professional in academic life. Elegant with presence, warmth, and realness. Swimmer's body with curves. Philosophical bent. Passionate about music. Enthusiasm for life - good, aesthetic, sensual things. Loves travel. Enjoy physical activities: snorkeling, hiking. Seeks professional, attractive man: 5'9"+, 49-67. 7676 ✉☎

Dynamic Woman—Looks fantastic at 49: lush hair, long legs, dark eyes; a creative clinician. Loves rock to opera, spinning, dancing, walks, books, kids. Seeks loving, genuine and fit man for committed relationship. 7625 ✉ ☎

Dana Delany Look-Alike—Who'll lovingly accept you for who you are as a man. Upbeat, bright Jewish woman, 38, with a passion for life, looking to share romantic dinners (dining out or dining in - I'll cook), traveling, the arts, fitness and basketball (but I'm still mourning Jordan's retirement), seeks supportive, kind Jewish man, over 35, for love... and more? Note/photo. 7639 ✉ ☎

Real Mensch—43, physician, 5'10", onest, sensitive, witty, athletic, financially nd emotionally very secure, with the time and energy to commit to an intelligent, attractive woman who shares my desire for marriage, children and a lifetime of sharing. My interests include skiing, tennis, travel and flying. Perhaps we will enjoy these together; maybe you will introduce me to some new things. Phone and photo preferred. 7728 ✉ ☎

Beautiful Brunette—Young-looking early 40s, Jewish Manhattanite, cultured, sophisticated, down-to-earth, shapely. Seeks good-looking, marriage-minded professional gentleman, 40-55, for serious romance. Note/photo/phone. 7599 ✉ ☎

Beautiful Female MD—35, Italian, 5'5", 15 lbs,, seeks male MD, 32-39 (never married but marriage-minded) for a lifetime of love, happiness. Photo. 7795 ✉

For Rent With Option To Buy—Sincere, fun-loving male, 47, 5'9", good-looking, seeks intelligent, down-to-earth woman to share the finer things in life. Note/photo/phone. 7770 ✉

NY Treasure—31, 6'2", surgeon, head-turning gorgeous, great family, who loves life. Seeks intelligent, beautiful, politically liberal, socially conscious woman. 7803✉☎

Catherine Deneuve—Early 50s, still looks great and so do I! Green eyes, auburn hair, 5'5", shapely, elegant, warm-hearted with a great smile. Looking for an admirable and professional Manhattan man who enjoys museums, foreign films and Central Park. Note/photo. 7716 ✉ ☎

43, Attractive, Jewish, Conservadox—Dentist, herpes, seeking 40-60, Jewish MD/DDS/JD, finanically secure with same problem for only marriage. 7794 ✉

Cute Jewish Guy—39, 6', slim, MBA, never-married, seeks educated, attractive Jewish gal, 27-38, for happily ever after. Photo, please. NY/NJ. 7601 ✉ ☎

Nature Lover—Slim, strong, attractive professional seeks hardy man, 55-65, to share the simple things, like a walk in the woods, movies, laughter, feeling. 7702 ✉ ☎

Ukrainian, Intelligent And Beautiful—37, 5'8", blond/green, slim, warm, caring, great listener with diverse interests, seeks kind, high quality, successful man, 40s, for lasting relationship. Phone/photo. 7701✉☎

Refreshing, Charming, Vibrant—This trim, green-eyed professional woman with style and depth seeks sensitive, energetic, physically and emotionally fit male, 38-50, to share my passion for the arts, travel, NYC, a Gershwin lyric, great food and nature. NJ. Note/phone/photo. 7722 ✉

Savvy, Sensual, Exuberant,—And beautiful television executive/creative woman with abundant hair, joie de vivre, seeks Jewish mensch, 35-50, who is confident, down-to-earth, intelligent, passionate and a mite unconventional - for good times in Manhattan, Bridgehampton and Tuscany. Photo optional, nice letter a must. 7724 ✉ ☎

Witty, Warm, Accomplished Gentleman Handsomely 53, seeks sweet, kind, passionate, cultured lady, 37-45. 7750 ✉ ☎

Green-Eyed Lady—Tall, slender, well traveled, lived abroad, widowed - enjoys city and country activities. Seeks considerate, worldly gentleman, 40-50. Note/photo, please. 7720 ✉

Stephanie Powers Type—Auburn hair, violet eyes, Jewish, 40ish, curvaceous, 5'6", seeks kind, sophisticated, handsome male, 42 plus, 5'10 plus. Photo. 7691 ✉ ☎

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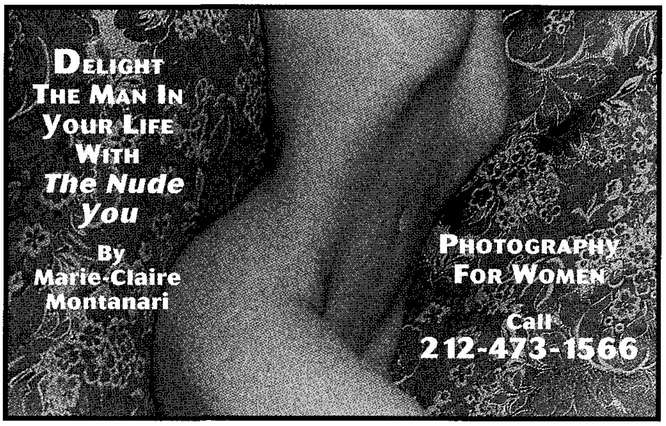
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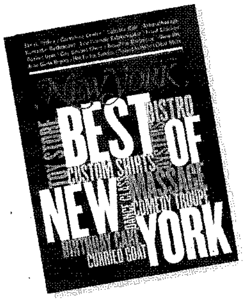

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MARY ANN MADDEN #938

NEW YORK MAGAZINE COMPETITION

An enormous alligator turns up in the sewers of New York City. It is believed to be one of the tiny pets formerly sold at souvenir stores and later flushed away.

A man in a wetsuit is discovered in the ashes of a forest fire. Investigation proves that he died of a fall. He had been scuba diving and was accidentally scooped up and dropped by the water net of a helicopter.

Above, urban or non-urban legends. Competitors are invited to *invent* one such myth steeped in plausibility, rooted in fiction. Fewer than 50 words, please.

Results of Competition 935, in which you were asked to devise the lyrics for the theme to *Jeopardy!*

Report: Amazing. We anticipated some dicey scansion here—there's an extra little foot-note at the end-of-second-beginning-of-third line—but you surprised us. So many of your lyrics sat prettily on the music. Large entry, too. (Merv will be so pleased.) We hadn't room for all the "similarly" or "special mention" entries in a finite field, so we were ruthless as to exact meter. Poor Alex: You think he knows the answer/questions only because they're in the cards, eh? Not true. After all, the man is Canadian, eh? Thanks for these, great fun.

First Prizes of two-year subscriptions to *New York* to:

What a fool! I wagered all,
Though I led by $20,000.
As I take my final fall,
Wish I'd stuck with Monty Hall.
David Rozenson, Newton, Mass.

Categories titled cute
Things like "Something Old and Something
Newt"
And "Women"—that's okay, but then
Let's see one called merely "Men."
Anna Lambiase, Brooklyn

"Pompous" is the word I see,
When I watch the host of *Jeopardy!*
(And) had I studied potpourri,
Would he still know more than ~~me~~ I?
Ira Wind, N.Y.C.

Runner-up Prizes of one-year subscriptions to *New York* to:

I auditioned, I was great,
They told me a call was imminent,
(But) six years later, I still wait.
"Sour Grapes," $200, please.
Larry Laiken, N.Y.C.

I'm a proud and brilliant guy,
Mensa member with a Ph.D.
Forgot to ask "What?" "Where?" or "Why?"
Now I'm losing. Shame on me.
Joyce Kaplan, Los Angeles, Calif.

Da da da da da da da.
Da da da da da da da da da.
Da da da da da da da.
What's the Russian word for "yes"?
Karen Bracey, Burke, Va.
similarly: David I. Warren, Chagrin Falls, Ohio

And Honorable Mention to:

I flunked out of many schools
Too much pot and mentholated Kools
(Now) sweet revenge, I'm on TV
Just won Double Jeopardy.
Paul Hertzan, Livingston, N.J.

I like "Rhyme Time," "Common Bonds,"
"Starts With Q," and "Potent Potables."
And I like Alex. He's all right.
Still, I'd rather Vanna White.
Jonathan E. Silbert, Guilford, Conn.

Time is ticking, don't despair,
Picture Alex in his underwear.
(Then) write your answer, question-style,
If it's wrong, please fake a smile.
Jan Streilein, Aiken, S.C.

All my life I've longed to be
Standing here on Final Jeopardy.
My nerves are shot, my mind is spent—
Who was Taft's vice-president?
Judy Race, Los Angeles, Calif.

Grab your buzzer and begin
Always use an interrogatory.
What? Where? Why? When? How? Or who?
Merv makes money when you do.
Neil Kleinbort, Skokie, Ill.

Stop this music, Let me go.
This is all a big misunderstanding;
What's the question, I don't know—
I came here to watch this show.
Joseph R. Clonick, N.Y.C.

Next week is the ratings squeeze,
So we're dumbing down our categories.
Yes, it's time for *Jeopardy!*'s
"Battle of Celebrities."
Cindy Marty, Jackson Heights, N.Y.
similarly: Douglas Braverman, W. Bloomfield, Mich.

"Eighteenth U.S. president."
Hold on, give me room (to think about it)
Category: "Monuments"—
"Who is buried in Grant's Tomb?"
John Burlinson, Austin, Tex.

What's a covey? Who is Sartre?
Thurston's Lovey: Who is Mrs. How'll?
Why's the horse before Descartes?
I would rather buy a vow'l.
Mark Paladini, Sherman Oaks, Calif.
similarly: Mike Olton, Long Beach, Calif.;
Alan Holtz, Livingston, N.J.

Where is Montmartre? Who's Camus?
Gotta ask those esoteric questions—
Alex, give me one more clue,
Back at home I swear I knew.
Diane DeCillis, W. Bloomfield, Mich.

Who's the father? Who's the son?
John Q. Adams or the other one?
(Still) I'm happy as can be.
Alex, he said, good for me.
Edmund Conti, Summit, N.J.

Onion soup and goose pâté,
Charles De Gaulle *et aussi* Chevrolet.
(The) category: French Parlay—
All I know is Jean Naté.
T. Nash, Winston-Salem, N.C.

These three people know what's what.
Watch them state their answer as a question.
Calculating just how much
Wager will win by one buck.
David M. Barnert, Albany, N.Y.
sp. ment.: George Cohen, Charlottesville, Va.

Pretty co-ed had no chance,
She'll be leaving with a Barcalounger,
Guy named Leonard won it all,
Hail the king of study hall.
Virginia Urban, N.Y.C.

I am good at *Jeopardy!*,
I can run the toughest category.
Formed in a question it will be—
What the heck is potpourri?
Lisa Gail Zabludovsky, Springfield, N.J.

"Alex! You're on borrowed time!
Reading 'answers' . . . line-by-boring-line,
(As) rigid as Young Frankenstein.
The smart aleck's me . . . Ben Stein."
Dave Rapp, New City, N.Y.

I know all these useless facts:
Weight of gerbils; dates of NATO pacts;
(The) size of Venus; types of webs—
What's the "G." in Maynard Krebs?
Dan McInerney, Providence, Utah

Thank you, Alex, I'll go first.
Give me "Shakespeare" for five hundred big
ones.
Will's bell-ringer . . . Yes, I know,
Ding! Who was the Avon girl?
Barbara J. Warren, University Heights, Ohio

Here I am on *Jeopardy!*
How I loathe that stupid melody
(But) there's Trebek, he's caught my eye,
Oh, my God! I'll die! *My fly!*
Ron Nelson, Brandon, Vt.

Now it's time to rack your brain
Which is largest: Sweden, France, or Spain?
(And) who wrote "Stardust"? Do you
care?
Jeopardy! is on the air.
John F. Talmadge, Dolton, Ill.

Daily Double, down three grand.
Category: "Famous Bodybuilders."
Risked the whole thing, all I had—
Trip to Branson not so bad.
Sam Glantzow, Tulare, S.D.

First the local news, then Dan
Rather smugly shows that he's the man
And then we've got the chance to choose:
Jeopardy! or Headline News.
Bob Dean, Raleigh, N.C.

B.A., M.A., Ph.D.,
Costly sheepskin all bestowed on me.
(So) let me buzz in first, I pray,
I have student loans to pay.
Sheri Kocen, Hoboken, N.J.

I'm embarrassed. Guess Trebek
Must be thinking that I'm very dumb
(But) I'm as smart as both of them
Though I've got a lazy thumb.
Louis B. Raffel, Northbrook, Ill.

I just penned my question mark:
Formed my prefab interrogatory!
But I'm doomed: What is a quark?
Why's it under "Potpourri"?
Alan Brudner, Brooklyn, N.Y.

Once I thought that I was bright
Till I turned on *Jeopardy!* one night
(Oh) it's no fun to have to view
Someone else's high I.Q.
Barbara P. Alpren, West Orange, N.J.

Tristan, Dutchman, Tannhäuser,
Rheingold, Valkyries, Die Meistersinger,
Sigfried, Götterdämmerung,
Parsifal or Lohengrin?
Jim Czajka, N.Y.C.

Names of kings and presidents
Fly around my head like buzzing bees.
(I) must remember question form.
Hope my fingers do not freeze.
Al Easter, Minneapolis, Minn.

Hi, Merv! Hope you're watching now.
Okay if I wipe my brow before I
Have my say and hope I'm right?
Wish my rivals weren't so bright.
Rita Guess, Fairhaven, Mass.

Daily Double, bet it all
"Ancient Egypt"—Oh! I'm bound to fall.
"(The) answer is: *He built the Sphinx.*"
Unprepared—the home game stinks.
Bill Noke, St. James, N.Y.

This tune—catchy, fun to sing—
Ends up with a most familiar ring
(My) little teapot wants to shout
"Tip me over, pour me out."
Gene Schinto, Shelburne, Vt.

I've been wond'ring just how long
It would take to write some lyrics to this
Dumb insipid, dopey song
I don't care if I don't win.
David Jaffe, Boynton Beach, Fla.

Rules: Postcards, please, typed if possible. **ONE ENTRY ONLY** to Competition Number 938, *New York* Magazine, 444 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10022-6999. E-mail to 104700.2563@compuserve.com, **WITH STREET ADDRESS.** Entries must be received by April 9. Editor's decisions are final, and all entries become property of *New York.* Results and winners' names will appear in the May 10 issue.

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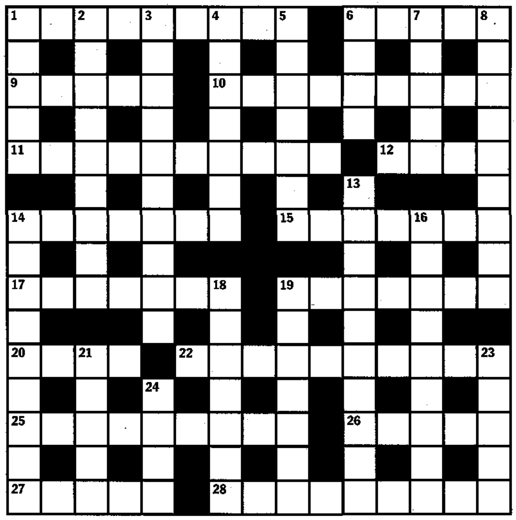
E	N	S	■	H	O	D	■	P	A	U	S	E	■	F	A	R	■	O	P	A
■	■	■	B	E	N	■	A	R	I	S	E	■	B	L	I	S	S	F	U	L
T	A	P	E	M	E	A	S	U	R	E	S	■	O	A	R	■	A	F	R	O
A	L	I	C	E	■	T	I	D	E	■	■	A	R	I	■	A	D	I	E	U
B	A	C	K	S	L	I	D	E	■	O	U	T	E	R	S	P	A	C	E	■
S	W	A	Y	■	A	L	E	S	■	P	R	O	D	■	E	S	T	E	■	■
■	■	■	S	H	U	T	S	■	B	I	N	■	■	M	A	E	■	S	T	S
O	R	C	H	I	D	■	■	A	R	A	■	A	H	A	B	■	A	T	A	T
T	U	L	A	N	E	■	F	L	A	T	A	S	A	P	A	N	C	A	K	E
I	N	U	R	E	D	■	A	T	T	E	S	T	S	■	S	U	R	F	E	R
S	E	E	P	S	■	■	T	O	S	S	P	O	T	■	S	T	E	F	A	N

The 'Guardian' Crossword

ACROSS

1 Schemes at odds with high-rise architecture. (9)
6 Notes written in bars. (5)
9 A hundred years old, and so restrained. (5)
10 Rope in the same crooked characters. (9)
11 Try to get into attractive instrumentalist's concern. (4-6)
12 There's some point to the equestrian urge. (4)
14 Attack when alone. (7)
15 Finish up with mutated mice becoming prevalent in the area. (7)
17 It's not in fashion to scandalise. (7)
19 Wine is really essential to such a blissful dinner. (7)
20 River claims two lives. (4)
22 Rip one so it can be put in a different place. (10)
25 Anxious and sickened by a needle. (3,2,4)
26 Article I: Right of the people. (5)
27 Equipment for climbers? (3-2)
28 Dance and drink—only youngsters would find this fun. (9)



DOWN

1 The man who's caught and mounted insects. (5)
2 Place of entertainment offering various things to have a shot at. (9)
3 Walker is far from imaginative. (10)
4 Servicemen's code for contrition? (7)
5 Possibly go in and look around, being smart. (7)
6 A patroness of arts study. (4)
7 Small, very small, quiet, and clean. (5)
8 Falls about before a sailor does something. (9)
13 Italicised letters may well be impractical. (10)
14 Getting on—holding on—is struggling. (9)
16 Pound, a single coin, taken by a girl. (9)
18 Anti-irritant extracted from the yew, ash, and willow. (3-4)
19 Photograph sporting couples. (5-2)
21 Little land is rented out. (5)
23 Leading statesman once given direction. (5)
24 Stage a favourite's comeback. (4)

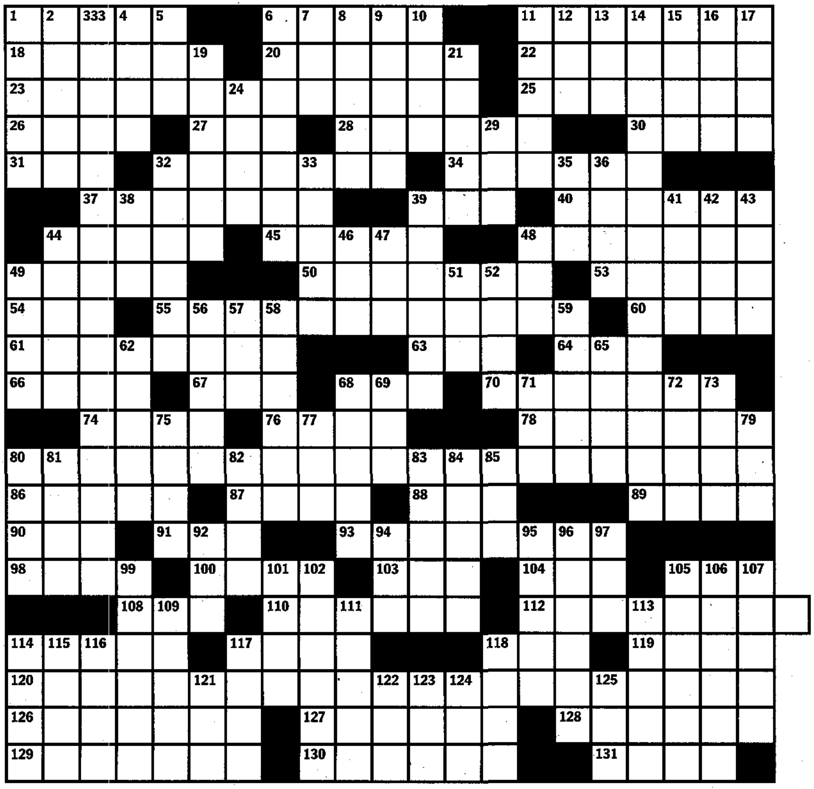
'Oops!': 'Cue' Crossword • By Maura B. Jacobson

ACROSS

1 Hydrant hookups
6 Nanking nursemaids
11 Make a conjecture
18 Becomes weatherworn
20 Femme —— (temptress)
22 Consecrates with oil
23 OOPS!
25 Sonora snoozes
26 To be, to Balzac
27 Munson who played Belle in "G.W.T.W."
28 Whodunit awards
30 "And —— bed"
31 Marshal at Waterloo
32 OOPS!
34 Airport porter
37 Charmin's adperson
39 M-G-M's lion
40 Start of a carol
44 Intersect
45 Word with preneur or cote
48 Played for time
49 Snapshot
50 Over-the-door window
53 "Sophie's Choice" co-star Kevin
54 Changeable Chaney
55
60 School on the Thames
61 Stiff sheer material
63 Actress Zadora
64 Conducted
66 Calligraphers' needs
67 Ending for velvet
68 Mt. Rushmore face
70 Golf-course area
74 Hawaiian guitars, for short
76 Perlman of "Cheers"
78 Signified
80 EXPLANATION: I
86 Identification tag
87 —— buco
88 Before a B
89 Four-person tennis: abbr.
90 Bullring bravo
91 "Casablanca" pianist
93 Purebred's ancestry
98 Bacterium
100 Big butte
103 Part of MoMA
104 EXPLANATION: II
105 Drink that sounds helpful
108 One of the Gardners
110 Main dish
112 OOPS!
114 New Zealand native
117 Utah ski resort
118 Dr. Ruth's topic
119 Forearm bone
120 EXPLANATION: III
126 Kids' metal marble
127 Small rounded bump
128 Sharp reply
129 Summer footwear
130 High on drugs
131 Ideologies

DOWN

1 Macho guys
2 Speak from the soapbox
333 OOPS!
4 Rim
5 Six, in Siena
6 Pleasant-mannered
7 Memorable West
8 What "only God can make," in a poem
9 Slangily moneyless
10 Trudge through mud
11 Impudent
12 One: prefix
13 Caviar, essentially
14 WODR
15 Opposite of out of
16 Immediately, in the E.R.
17 Exxon, formerly
19 Pries into others' affairs
21 Do a blackboard job
24 "Movin' ——" ("The Jeffersons" theme)
29 Hollywood film co.
32 Renounce, as an heir
33 Slow, in music
35 Tabby
36 Island east of Attu
38 Right from the oven
39 Lenni ——, Delaware tribe
41 Use a letter opener
42 "A ——'clock scholar"
43 Chez Eve
44 Routine task
46 Capote, to friends
47 Stool pigeon
48 Dallas coll.
49 Kerplunk
51 Chem. or geol.
52 Royal Norwegian name
56 I.e., unabbreviated
57 Reason for overtime play
58 Eight English kings
59 Eero Saarinen's father
62 "—— no questions . . ."
65 Sea eagle
68 Famed fabulist
69 Sheep's statement
71 Axlike carpentry tool
72 ". . . three men in ——"
73 Holler
75 Sushi selections
77 Towel inscription
79 —— Moines
80 OOPS!
81 Ivy League biggie
82 The Eternal City
83 Chaplain, G.I. style
84 Join forces
85 Zig's reciprocal
92 Physicians' org.
94 Listen here
95 One having a tantrum
96 Potion
97 Santa's helper
99 Damaged
101 Egotist's concern
102 Dvořák and Chekov
105 In flower
106 Fund contributors
107 Glorify
109 String-quartet instrument
111 Fortune card
113 Decorative yarn clusters
114 Fail to hit
115 "Thin Man" pet
116 Author Wister
117 Has another birthday
118 Burned up the road
121 Nothing
122 Shakespearean fuss
123 Monastic lady
124 Foamy brew
125 Aloha garland



Solutions to last week's puzzles appear on page 127.

Summer is just around the corner
and right now, so is your butt.

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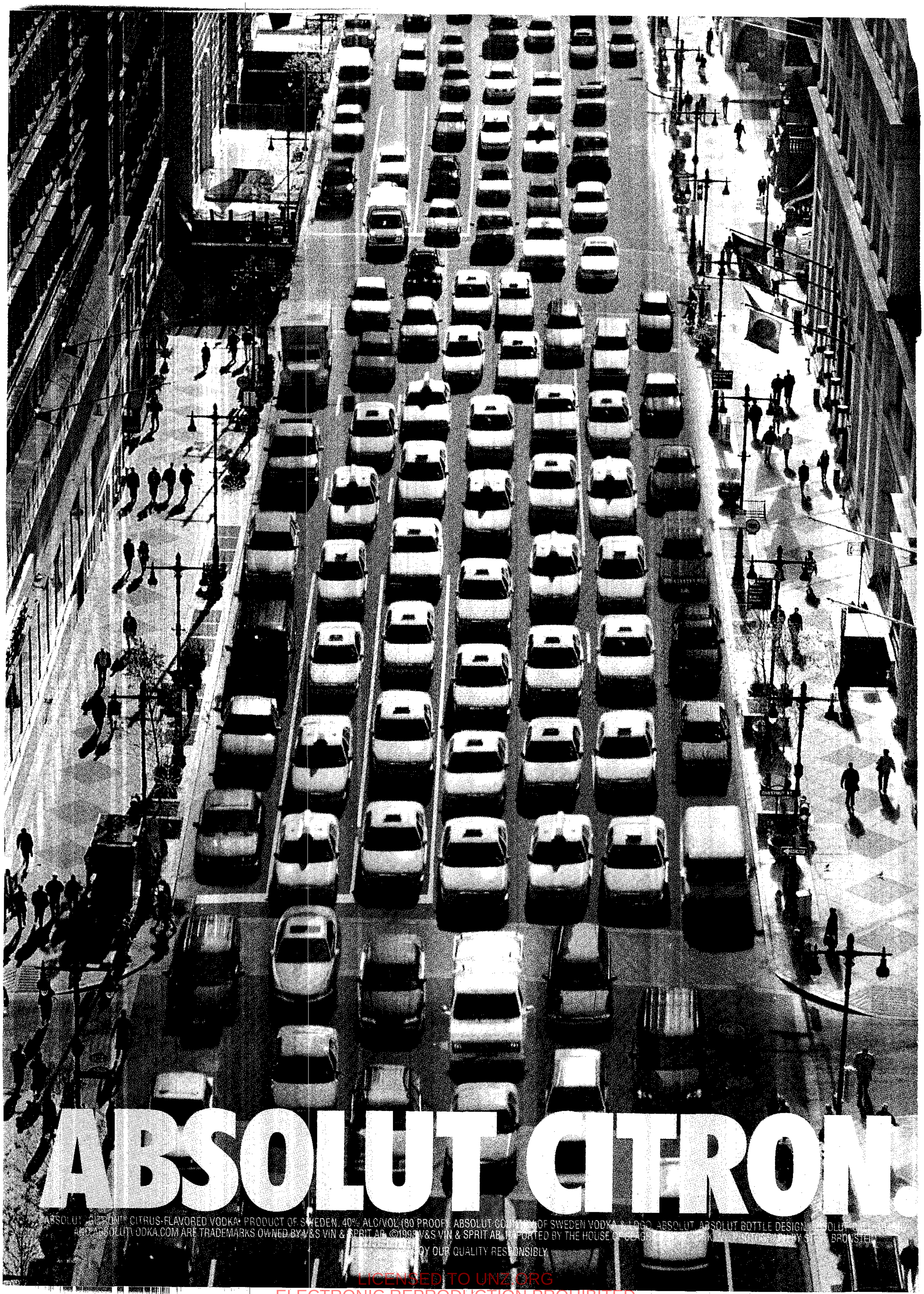

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